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THE

PLAYS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

VOLUME THE EIGHTEENTH.

CONTAINING

HAMLET.
CYMBELINE.

48289

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HAMLET.*

* HAMLET, PRINCE OF DENMARK.] The original ſtory on which this play is built, may be found in Saxo Grammaticus the Daniſh hiſtorian. From thence Belleforeſt adopted it in his collection of novels, in ſeven volumes, which he began in 1564, and continued to publiſh through ſucceeding years. From this work, *The Hyſtorie of Hamblet*, quarto, bl. l. was tranſlated. I have hitherto met with no earlier edition of the play than one in the year 1604, though it muſt have been performed before that time, as I have ſeen a copy of Speght's edition of Chaucer, which formerly belonged to Dr. Gabriel Harvey, (the antagoniſt of Naſh) who, in his own hand-writing, has ſet down *Hamlet*, as a performance with which he was well acquainted, in the year 1598. His words are theſe: "The younger ſort take much delight in Shakſpeare's Venus and Adonis; but his Lucrece, and his tragedy of Hamlet Prince of Denmarke, have it in them to pleaſe the wiſer ſort, 1598."

In the books of the Stationers' Company, this play was entered by James Roberts, July 26, 1602, under the title of "A booke called *The Revenge of Hamlett, Prince of Denmarke*, as it was lately acted by the Lord Chamberlain his ſervantes."

In *Eaſtward Hoe*, by George Chapman, Ben Jonſon, and John Marſton, 1605, is a fling at the hero of this tragedy. A footman named *Hamlet* enters, and a tankard-bearer aſks him—"'Sfoote, *Hamlet*, are you *mad?*"

The frequent alluſions of contemporary authors to this play ſufficiently ſhow its popularity. Thus, in Decker's *Bel-man's Nightwalkes*, 4to. 1612, we have—"But if any *mad Hamlet*, hearing this, ſmell villainie, and ruſh in by violence to ſee what the tawny diuels [gypſies] are dooing, then they excuſe the fact" &c. Again, in an old collection of Satirical Poems, called *The Night-Raven*, is this couplet:

"I will not cry *Hamlet, Revenge* my greeves,
"But I will call Hangman, Revenge on thieves."

STEEVENS.

Surely no ſatire was intended in *Eaſtward Hoe*, which was acted at Shakſpeare's own playhouſe, (Blackfriers,) by the children of the revels, in 1605. MALONE.

The following particulars relative to the date of this piece, are borrowed from Dr. Farmer's *Eſſay on the Learning of Shakſpeare*, p. 85, 86, ſecond edition:

"Greene, in the Epiſtle prefixed to his *Arcadia*, hath a laſh at ſome 'vaine glorious tragedians,' and very plainly at Shakſpeare in particular.—'I leave all theſe to the mercy of their *mother-tongue*, that feed on nought but the crums that fall from the *tranſlators* trencher.—That could ſcarcely *latinize* their neck

verſe if they ſhould have neede, yet *Engliſh Seneca*, read by candlelight yeelds many good ſentences—heé will afford you whole *Hamlets*, I ſhould ſay, *handfuls* of tragicall ſpeeches.'—I cannot determine exactly when this *Epiſtle* was firſt publiſhed; but, I fancy, it will carry the original *Hamlet* ſomewhat further back than we have hitherto done: and it may be obſerved, that the oldeſt copy now extant, is ſaid to be 'enlarged to almoſt as much againe as it was.' *Gabriel Harvey* printed at the end of the year 1592, 'Foure Letters and certaine Sonnetts, eſpecially touching *Robert Greene*:' in one of which his *Arcadia* is mentioned. Now *Naſh's* Epiſtle muſt have been previous to theſe, as *Gabriel* is quoted in it with applauſe; and the *Foure Letters* were the beginning of a quarrel. *Naſh* replied in 'Strange News of the intercepting certaine Letters, and a Convoy of Verſes, as they were going *privilie* to victual the *Low Countries*, 1593.' *Harvey* rejoined the ſame year in '*Pierce's* Supererogation, or a new Praiſe of the old Aſſe.' And *Naſh* again, in 'Have with you to *Saffron Walden*, or *Gabriell Harvey's* Hunt is up;' containing a full anſwer to the eldeſt ſonne of the halter-maker, 1596."—*Naſh* died before 1606, as appears from an old comedy called *The Return from Parnaſſus*. STEVENS.

A play on the ſubject of *Hamlet* had been exhibited on the ſtage before the year 1589, of which Thomas Kyd was, I believe, the author. On that play, and on the bl. l. *Hiſtorie of Hamblet*, our poet, I conjecture, conſtructed the tragedy before us. The earlieſt edition of the proſe-narrative which I have ſeen, was printed in 1608, but it undoubtedly was a republication.

Shakſpeare's *Hamlet* was written, if my conjecture be well founded, in 1596. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the Order of his Plays*, Vol. II. MALONE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Claudius, *King of* Denmark.
Hamlet,[1] *Son to the former, and Nephew to the present King.*
Polonius, *Lord Chamberlain.*
Horatio, *Friend to* Hamlet.
Laertes, *Son to* Polonius.
Voltimand,
Cornelius,
Roſencrantz,
Guildenſtern, } *Courtiers.*
Oſric, *a Courtier.*
Another Courtier.
A Prieſt.
Marcellus,
Bernardo, } *Officers.*
Franciſco, *a Soldier.*
Reynaldo, *Servant to* Polonius.
A Captain. An Ambaſſador.
Ghoſt of Hamlet's *Father.*
Fortinbras, *Prince of* Norway.

Gertrude, *Queen of* Denmark, *and Mother of* Hamlet.
Ophelia, *Daughter of* Polonius.

Lords, Ladies, Officers, Soldiers, Players, Grave-Diggers, Sailors, Meſſengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, Elſinore.

[1] *Hamlet,*] i. e. *Amleth.* The *h* transferred from the end to the beginning of the name. STEEVENS.

HAMLET,

PRINCE OF DENMARK.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Elſinore. *A Platform before the Caſtle.*

FRANCISCO *on his Poſt. Enter to him* BERNARDO.

BER. Who's there?

FRAN. Nay, anſwer me:[2] ſtand, and unfold Yourſelf,

BER. Long live the king![3]

FRAN. Bernardo?

BER. He.

FRAN. You come moſt carefully upon your hour.

BER. 'Tis now ſtruck twelve;[4] get thee to bed, Franciſco.

[2] —— *me:*] i. e. *me* who am already on the watch, and have a right to demand the watch-word. STEEVENS.

[3] *Long live the king!*] This ſentence appears to have been the watch-word. MALONE.

[4] *'Tis* now *ſtruck twelve;*] I ſtrongly ſuſpect that the true reading is—*new* ſtruck, &c. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, Act I. ſc. i;

"But *new* ſtruck nine." STEEVENS.

Fran. For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,
And I am ſick at heart.

Ber. Have you had quiet guard?

Fran. Not a mouſe ſtirring.

Ber. Well, good night.
If you do meet Horatio and Marcellus,
The rivals of my watch,[5] bid them make haſte.

[5] *The* rivals *of my watch.*,] *Rivals* for partners. Warburton.

So, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1636:

"*Tullia.* Aruns, aſſociate him.

"*Aruns.* A *rival* with my brother," &c.

Again, in *The Tragedy of Hoffman*, 1637:

"And make thee *rival* in thoſe governments."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act III. ſc. v:

"——having made uſe of him in the wars againſt Pompey, preſently deny'd him *rivality*." Steevens.

By *rivals* the ſpeaker certainly means *partners* (according to Dr. Warburton's explanation,) or thoſe whom he expected to watch with him. Marcellus had watched with him before; whether as a centinel, a volunteer, or from mere curioſity, we do not learn: but, which ever it was, it ſeems evident that his ſtation was on the ſame ſpot with Bernardo, and that there is no other centinel by them relieved. Poſſibly Marcellus was an officer, whoſe buſineſs it was to viſit each watch, and perhaps to continue with it ſome time. Horatio, as it appears, watches out of curioſity. But in Act. II. ſc. i. to Hamlet's queſtion,—"Hold you the watch to-night?" Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo, all anſwer,—"We do, my honour'd lord." The folio indeed, reads—*both*, which one may with great propriety refer to Marcellus and Bernardo. If we did not find the latter gentleman in ſuch good company, we might have taken him to have been like Franciſco whom he relieves, an honeſt but common ſoldier. The ſtrange indiſcriminate uſe of Italian and Roman names in this and other plays, makes it obvious that the author was very little converſant in even the rudiments of either language. Ritson.

Rival is conſtantly uſed by Shakſpeare for a partner or aſſociate. In Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 8vo. 1616, it is de-

Enter HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS.

FRAN. I think, I hear them.—Stand, ho! Who is there!

HOR. Friends to this ground.

MAR. And liegemen to the Dane.

FRAN. Give you good night.

MAR. O, farewell, honeſt ſoldier: Who hath reliev'd you?

FRAN. Bernardo hath my place. Give you good night. [*Exit* FRANCISCO.

MAR. Holla! Bernardo!

BER. Say. What, is Horatio there?

fined "*One that ſueth for the ſame thing with another;*" and hence Shakſpeare, with his uſual licence, always uſes it in the ſame ſenſe of *one engaged in the ſame employment or office with another. Competitor,* which is explained by Bullokar by the very ſame words which he has employed in the definition of *rival,* is in like manner (as Mr. M. Maſon has obſerved,) always uſed by Shakſpeare for *aſſociate.* See Vol. IV. p. 233, n. 6.

Mr. Warner would read and point thus:

If you do meet Horatio, and Marcellus
The rival *of my watch,—*

becauſe Horatio is a gentleman of no profeſſion, and becauſe, as he conceived, there was but one perſon on each watch. But there is no need of change. Horatio is certainly not an officer, but Hamlet's fellow-ſtudent at Wittenberg: but as he accompanied Marcellus and Bernardo on the watch from a motive of curioſity, our poet conſiders him very properly as an *aſſociate* with them. Horatio himſelf ſays to Hamlet in a ſubſequent ſcene—

"—— This to me
"In dreadful ſecrecy impart they did,
"And *I with them* the third night *kept the watch.*"

MALONE.

Hor. A piece of him.[6]

Ber. Welcome, Horatio; welcome, good Marcellus.

Hor. What,[7] has this thing appear'd again tonight?

Ber. I have ſeen nothing.

Mar. Horatio ſays, 'tis but our fantaſy;
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded ſight, twice ſeen of us:
Therefore I have entreated him along,
With us to watch the minutes of this night;[8]
That, if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes,[9] and ſpeak to it.

[6] *Hor.* A piece *of him,*] But why a *piece?* He ſays this as he gives his hand. Which direction ſhould be marked. WARBURTON.

A piece of him, is, I believe, no more than a cant expreſſion. It is uſed, however, on a ſerious occaſion in *Pericles:*

"Take in your arms this *piece* of your dead queen." STEEVENS.

[7] Hor. *What,* &c.] Thus the quarto, 1604. STEEVENS.

Theſe words are in the folio given to Marcellus. MALONE.

[8] —— *the minutes of this night;*] This ſeems to have been an expreſſion common in Shakſpeare's time. I found it in one of Ford's plays, *The Fancies chaſte and noble,* A 6 V:

"I promiſe ere *the minutes of the night.*" STEEVENS.

[9] —— approve *our eyes,*] Add a new teſtimony to that of our eyes. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Lear:*

"—— this *approves* her letter,
"That ſhe would ſoon be here."

See Vol. XVII. p. 12, n. 4. STEEVENS.

He may approve *our eyes,*] He may make good the teſtimony of our eyes; be aſſured by his own experience of the truth of that which *we* have related, in *conſequence of having been eye-witneſſes to it.* To *approve* in Shakſpeare's age, ſignified to

Hor. Tuſh! tuſh! 'twill not appear.

Ber. Sit down awhile;
And let us once again aſſail your ears,
That are ſo fortified againſt our ſtory,
What we two nights have ſeen.[1]

Hor. Well, ſit we down,
And let us hear Bernardo ſpeak of this.

Ber. Laſt night of all,
When yon ſame ſtar, that's weſtward from the pole,
Had made his courſe to illume that part of heaven
Where now it burns, Marcellus, and myſelf,
The bell then beating one,—

Mar. Peace, break thee off; look, where it comes again!

Enter Ghoſt.

Ber. In the ſame figure, like the king that's dead.

Mar. Thou art a ſcholar, ſpeak to it, Horatio.[2]

make good, or eſtabliſh, and is ſo defined in Cawdrey's *Alphabetical Table of hard Engliſh Words*, 8vo. 1604. So, in *King Lear*:

"Good king that muſt *approve* the common ſaw!
"Thou out of heaven's benediction com'ſt
"To the warm ſun." Malone.

[1] *What we two nights have ſeen.*] This line is by Sir Thomas Hanmer given to Marcellus, but without neceſſity. Johnson.

[2] *Thou art a ſcholar, ſpeak to it, Horatio.*] It has always been a vulgar notion that ſpirits and ſupernatural beings can only be ſpoken to with propriety or effect by perſons of learning. Thus, Toby, in *The Night-walker*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, ſays:

"——It grows ſtill longer,
"'Tis ſteeple-high now; and it ſails away, nurſe.
"Let's call the butler up, for *he ſpeaks Latin*,
"*And that will daunt the devil.*"

Ber. Looks it not like the king? mark it, Horatio.

Hor. Moſt like:—it harrows me[2] with fear, and wonder.

Ber. It would be ſpoke to.

Mar. Speak to it, Horatio.

Hor. What art thou, that uſurp'ſt this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form
In which the majeſty of buried Denmark
Did ſometimes march? by heaven I charge thee, ſpeak.

Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See! it ſtalks away.

Hor. Stay; ſpeak: ſpeak I charge thee, ſpeak. [*Exit* Ghoſt.

Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not anſwer.

Ber. How now, Horatio? you tremble, and look pale:
Is not this ſomething more than fantaſy?
What think you of it?

Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the ſenſible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.

In like manner the honeſt Butler in Mr. Addiſon's *Drummer*, recommends the Steward to ſpeak *Latin* to the Ghoſt in that play. Reed.

[2] ——*it* harrows *me* &c.] To *harrow* is to conquer, to ſubdue. The word is of Saxon origin. So, in the old black letter romance of *Syr Eglamoure of Artoys*:

"He ſwore by him that *harrowed* hell."

Milton has adopted this phraſe in his *Comus*:

"Amaz'd I ſtood, *harrow'd with* grief and *fear*."

Steevens.

Mar. Is it not like the king?

Hor. As thou art to thyſelf:
Such was the very armour he had on,
When he the ambitious Norway combated;
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,[4]
He ſmote the ſledded[5] Polack on the ice.[6]
'Tis ſtrange.

[4] ——*an angry* parle,] This is one of the affected words introduced by Lyly. So, in *The Two wiſe Men and all the reſt Fools*, 1619:

" —— that you told me at our laſt *parle*." STEEVENS.

[5] ——*ſledded*—] A *ſled*, or *ſledge*, is a carriage without wheels, made uſe of in the cold countries. So, in *Tamburlaine, or the Scythian Shepherd*, 1590:

" ———— upon an ivory *ſled*
" Thou ſhalt be drawn among the frozen poles."
STEEVENS.

[6] *He ſmote the ſledded* Polack *on the ice.*] *Pole-ax* in the common editions. He ſpeaks of a Prince of Poland whom he ſlew in battle. He uſes the word *Polack* again, Act II. ſc. iv.
POPE.

Polack was, in that age, the term for an inhabitant of Poland: *Polaque*, French. As in F. Daviſon's tranſlation of Paſſeratius's epitaph on Henry III. of France, publiſhed by Camden:

" Whether thy chance or choice thee hither brings,
" Stay, paſſenger, and wail the hap of kings.
" This little ſtone a great king's heart doth hold,
" Who rul'd the fickle French and *Polacks* bold:
" Whom, with a mighty warlike hoſt attended,
" With trait'rous knife a cowled monſter ended.
" So frail are even the higheſt earthly things!
" Go, paſſenger, and wail the hap of kings."
JOHNSON.

Again, in *The White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona*, &c. 1612:

" ——I ſcorn him
" Like a ſhav'd *Polack*—." STEEVENS.

All the old copies have *Polax*. Mr. Pope and the ſubſequent editors read—*Polack*; but the corrupted word ſhows, I think, that Shakſpeare wrote—*Polacks*. MALONE.

With *Polack* for *Polander*, the tranſcriber, or printer, might

Mar. Thus, twice before, and jump at this dead hour,[7]
With martial ſtalk hath he gone by our watch.

Hor. In what particular thought to work,[8] I know not;
But, in the groſs and ſcope[9] of mine opinion,
This bodes ſome ſtrange eruption to our ſtate.

Mar. Good now, ſit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this ſame ſtrict and moſt obſervant watch
So nightly toils the ſubject of the land?

have no acquaintance; he therefore ſubſtituted *pole-ax* as the only word of like ſound that was familiar to his ear. Unluckily, however, it happened that the *ſingular* of the latter has the ſame ſound as the *plural* of the former. Hence it has been ſuppoſed that Shakſpeare meant to write *Polacks*. We cannot well ſuppoſe that in a *parley* the King belaboured many, as it is not likely that provocation was given by more than one, or that on ſuch an occaſion he would have condeſcended to ſtrike a meaner perſon than a prince. STEEVENS.

[7] ——jump *at this dead hour,*] So, the 4to. 1604. The folio —*juſt*. STEEVENS.

The correction was probably made by the author. JOHNSON.

In the folio we ſometimes find a familiar word ſubſtituted for one more ancient. MALONE.

Jump and *juſt* were ſynonymous in the time of Shakſpeare. Ben Jonſon ſpeaks of verſes made on *jump names*, i. e. names that ſuit exactly. Naſh ſays—" and *jumpe* imitating a verſe in As in præſenti." So, in Chapman's *May Day*, 1611:

" Your appointment was *jumpe* at three, with me."

Again, in M. Kyffin's tranſlation of the *Andria* of Terence 1588:

" Comes he this day ſo *jump* in the very time of this marriage?" STEEVENS.

[8] *In what particular thought to work,*] i. e. What particular train of thinking to follow. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*groſs and ſcope*——] General thoughts, and tendency at large. JOHNSON.

And why ſuch daily caſt[1] of brazen cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war;
Why ſuch impreſs of ſhipwrights,[2] whoſe ſore taſk
Does not divide the Sunday from the week:
What might be toward, that this ſweaty haſte
Doth make the night joint-labourer with the day;
Who is't, that can inform me?

Hor. That can I;
At leaſt, the whiſper goes ſo. Our laſt king,
Whoſe image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by Fortinbras of Norway,
Thereto prick'd on by a moſt emulate pride,
Dar'd to the combat; in which our valiant Hamlet
(For ſo this ſide of our known world eſteem'd him,)
Did ſlay this Fortinbras; who, by a ſeal'd compact,
Well ratified by law, and heraldry,[3]

[1] —— *daily* caſt—] The quartos read—*coſt*. Steevens.

[2] *Why ſuch* impreſs *of ſhipwrights,*] Judge Barrington, *Obſervations on the more ancient Statutes*, p. 300, having obſerved that Shakſpeare gives Engliſh manners to every country where his ſcene lies, infers from this paſſage, that in the time even of Queen Elizabeth, ſhipwrights as well as ſeamen were forced to ſerve. Whalley.

Impreſs ſignifies only the act of retaining ſhipwrights by giving them what was called *preſt* money (from *pret*, Fr.) for holding themſelves in *readineſs* to be employed. Thus, Chapman, in his verſion of the ſecond Book of Homer's *Odyſſey*:

" I, from the people ſtraight, will *preſs* for you
" *Free voluntaries*;—."

See Mr. Douce's note on *King Lear*, Act IV. ſc. vi. Steevens.

[3] —— *by law, and heraldry,*] Mr. Upton ſays, that Shakſpeare ſometimes expreſſes one thing by two ſubſtantives, and that *law and heraldry* means, by the *herald law*. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act IV:

" Where rather I expect victorious life,
" Than *death and honour*."

i. e. honourable death. Steevens.

Did forfeit, with his life, all thoſe his lands,
Which he ſtood ſeiz'd of, to the conqueror:
Againſt the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our king; which had return'd
To the inheritance of Fortinbras,
Had he been vanquiſher; as, by the ſame co-mart,
And carriage of the article deſign'd,[4]

Puttenham, in his *Art of Poeſie*, ſpeaks of *The Figure of Twynnes*: "*horſes and barbes*, for *barbed horſes*, *venim* and *dartes*, for *venimous dartes*," &c. FARMER.

——*law, and heraldry*,] That is, according to the forms of *law and heraldry*. When the right of property was to be determined by combat, the rules of *heraldry* were to be attended to, as well as thoſe of *law*. M. MASON.

i. e. to be well ratified by the rules of law, and the forms preſcribed *jure feciali*; ſuch as proclamation, &c. MALONE.

[4] ——*as, by* the ſame co-mart,
And carriage of the article deſign'd,] *Co-mart* ſignifies a bargain, and *carrying of the article*, the *covenant* entered into to confirm that bargain. Hence we ſee the common reading [*covenant*] makes a tautology. WARBURTON.

Thus the quarto, 1604. The folio reads—as by *the ſame covenant*: for which the late editions have given us—as by *that* covenant.

Co-mart is, I ſuppoſe, a *joint bargain*, a word perhaps of our poet's coinage. A *mart* ſignifying a great fair or market, he would not have ſcrupled to have written—*to mart*, in the ſenſe of *to make a bargain*. In the preceding ſpeech we find *mart* uſed for bargain or purchaſe. MALONE.

He has not ſcrupled ſo to write in *Cymbeline*, Act I. ſc. vii:

"——to *mart*,
"As in a Romiſh ſtew," &c. STEEVENS.

And carriage *of the article* deſign'd,] *Carriage* is *import*: *deſign'd*, is *formed, drawn up between them*. JOHNSON.

Cawdrey in his *Alphabetical Table*, 1604, defines the verb *deſign* thus: "To marke out or appoint for any purpoſe." See alſo Minſheu's *Dict.* 1617: "To *deſigne* or ſhew by a token." *Deſigned* is yet uſed in this ſenſe in Scotland. The old copies have *deſeigne*. The correction was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

His fell to Hamlet: Now, ſir, young Fortinbras,
Of unimproved mettle hot and full,[5]
Hath in the ſkirts of Norway, here and there,
Shark'd up a liſt of landleſs reſolutes,[6]
For food and diet, to ſome enterprize
That hath a ſtomach in't:[7] which is no other
(As it doth well appear unto our ſtate,)
But to recover of us, by ſtrong hand,
And terms compulſatory,[8] thoſe 'foreſaid lands
So by his father loſt: And this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations;
The ſource of this our watch; and the chief head
Of this poſt-haſte and romage[9] in the land.

[5] *Of unimproved* &c.] *Full of unimproved mettle,* is full of ſpirit not regulated or guided by knowledge or experience. JOHNSON.

[6] Shark'd *up a liſt* &c.] I believe, to *ſhark up* means to pick up without diſtinction, as the *ſhark*-fiſh collects his prey. The quartos read *lawleſs* inſtead of *landleſs*. STEEVENS.

[7] *That hath a ſtomach in't:*] *Stomach*, in the time of our author, was uſed for *conſtancy, reſolution*. JOHNSON.

[8] *And terms* compulſatory,] Thus the quarto, 1604. The folio—*compulſative*. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*romage*—] Tumultuous hurry. JOHNSON.

Commonly written—*rummage*. I am not, however, certain that the word *romage* has been properly explained. The following paſſage in Hackluyt's *Voyages*, 1599, Vol. II. Ppp 3, ſeems indicative of a different meaning: "——the ſhips growne foule, unroomaged, and ſcarcely able to beare any ſaile" &c. Again, Vol. III. 88: "—the mariners were *romaging* their ſhippes" &c.

Romage, on ſhipboard, muſt have ſignified a ſcrupulous examination into the ſtate of the veſſel and its ſtores. Reſpecting land-ſervice, the ſame term implied a ſtrict inquiry into the kingdom, that means of defence might be ſupplied where they were wanted. STEEVENS.

Rummage, is properly explained by Johnſon himſelf in his Dictionary, as it is at preſent daily uſed,—to ſearch for any thing. HARRIS.

[*Ber.* I think,[1] it be no other, but even ſo:
Well may it ſort,[2] that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch; ſo like the king
That was, and is, the queſtion of theſe wars.[3]

Hor. A mote it is,[4] to trouble the mind's eye.
In the moſt high and palmy ſtate of Rome,[5]

[1] [*I think*, &c.] Theſe, and all other lines, confined within crotchets, throughout this play, are omitted in the folio edition of 1623. The omiſſions leave the play ſometimes better and ſometimes worſe, and ſeem made only for the ſake of abbreviation. JOHNSON.

It may be worth while to obſerve, that the title pages of the firſt quartos in 1604 and 1605, declare this play to be *enlarged to almoſt as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect copy.*

Perhaps, therefore, many of its abſurdities, as well as beauties, aroſe from the quantity added after it was firſt written. Our poet might have been more attentive to the amplification than the coherence of his fable.

The degree of credit due to the title-page that ſtyles the MS. from which the quartos, 1604 and 1605 were printed, the *true and perfect copy*, may alſo be diſputable. I cannot help ſuppoſing this publication to contain all Shakſpeare rejected, as well as all he ſupplied. By reſtorations like the former, contending bookſellers or theatres might have gained ſome temporary advantage over each other, which at this diſtance of time is not be underſtood. The patience of our anceſtors exceeded our own, could it have out-laſted the tragedy of *Hamlet* as it is now printed; for it muſt have occupied almoſt five hours in repreſentation. If, however, it was too much dilated on the ancient ſtage, it is as injudiciouſly contracted on the modern one. STEEVENS.

[2] *Well may it ſort,*] The cauſe and effect are proportionate and ſuitable. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*the* queſtion *of theſe wars.*] The theme or ſubject. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" ——You were the *word of war.*" MALONE.

[4] *A* mote *it is,*] The firſt quarto reads—*a moth.* STEEVENS.

A *moth* was only the old ſpelling of *mote*, as I ſuſpected in reviſing a paſſage in *King John*, Vol. X. p. 466, n. 1, where we certainly ſhould read *mote.* MALONE.

[5] ——palmy *ſtate of Rome,*] *Palmy*, for *victorious.* POPE.

A little ere the mightieſt Julius fell,
The graves ſtood tenantleſs, and the ſheeted dead
Did ſqueak and gibber in the Roman ſtreets.

— — — — — — — — — — —

As, ſtars with trains of fire and dews of blood,
Diſaſters in the ſun;[6] and the moiſt ſtar,[7]

[6] *As, ſtars with trains of fire and dews of blood,*
Diſaſters in *the ſun*;] Mr. Rowe altered theſe lines, becauſe they have inſufficient connection with the preceding ones, thus:

Stars ſhone *with trains of fire, dews of blood* fell,
Diſaſters veil'd *the ſun*,——.

This paſſage is not in the folio. By the quartos therefore our imperfect text is ſupplied; for an intermediate verſe being evidently loſt, it were idle to attempt a union that never was intended. I have therefore ſignified the ſuppoſed deficiency by a vacant ſpace.

When Shakſpeare had told us that *the grave ſtood tenantleſs*, &c. which are wonders confined to the earth, he naturally proceeded to ſay (in the line now loſt) that *yet other prodigies appeared in the ſky*; and theſe phœnomena he exemplified by adding,—*As* [i. e. as for inſtance] *Stars with trains of fire*, &c.

So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II: "—to bear the inventory of thy ſhirts; *as*, one for ſuperfluity," &c.

Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. III:

"Two Cliffords, *as* the father and the ſon,
"And two Northumberlands;—"

Again, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"They ſay, this town is full of cozenage;
"*As*, nimble jugglers that deceive the eye" &c.

Diſaſters dimm'd *the ſun*;] The quarto, 1604, reads:

Diſaſters in *the ſun*;——.

For the emendation I am reſponſible. It is ſtrongly ſupported not only by Plutarch's account in *The Life of Cæſar*, ["alſo the brightneſs of the *ſunne* was *darkened*, the which, all that yeare through, roſe very *pale*, and *ſhined not out*,"] but by various paſſages in our author's works. So, in *The Tempeſt*:

"——I have be-*dimm'd*,
"The noon-tide *ſun*."

Again, in *King Richard II*:

"As doth the bluſhing diſcontented *ſun*,—
"When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
"To *dim* his glory."

Upon whoſe influence Neptune's empire ſtands,
Was ſick almoſt to dooms-day with eclipſe.

Again, in our author's 18th Sonnet:

" Sometimes too hot *the eye of heaven* ſhines,
" And often is his gold complexion *dimm'd.*"

I ſuſpect that the words *As ſtars* are a corruption, and have no doubt that either a line preceding or following the firſt of thoſe quoted at the head of this note, has been loſt; or that the beginning of one line has been joined to the end of another, the intervening words being omitted. That ſuch conjectures are not merely chimerical, I have already proved. See Vol. XI. p. 376, &c. n. 3; and Vol. XIV. p. 351, n. 8.

The following lines in *Julius Cæſar*, in which the prodigies that are ſaid to have preceded his death, are recounted, may throw ſome light on the paſſage before us:

" ——There is one within,
" Beſides the things that we have heard and ſeen,
" Recounts moſt horrid ſights ſeen by the watch.
" A lioneſs hath whelped in the ſtreets;
" And graves have yawn'd and yielded up their dead:
" Fierce fiery warriors fight upon the clouds,
" In ranks, and ſquadrons, and right form of war,
" Which drizzled blood upon the capitol:
" The noiſe of battle hurtled in the air,
" Horſes do neigh, and dying men did groan;
" And ghoſts did ſhriek and ſqueal about the ſtreets."

The loſt words perhaps contained a deſcription of *fiery warriors fighting on the clouds*, or of *brands burning bright beneath the ſtars.*

The 15th Book of Ovid's *Metamorphoſes*, tranſlated by Golding, in which an account is given of the prodigies that preceded Cæſar's death, furniſhed Shakſpeare with ſome of the images in both theſe paſſages:

" ——battels fighting in the clouds with craſhing armour flew,
" And dreadful trumpets ſounded in the ayre, and hornes eke blew,
" As warning men beforehand of the miſchiefe that did brew;
" And Phœbus alſo looking *dim* did caſt a drowſie light,
" Uppon the earth, which ſeemde likewiſe to be in ſory plighte:
" From underneath beneath the ſtarres brandes oft ſeemde burning bright,

&c

And even [8] the like precurſe of fierce events,[9]—
As harbingers preceding ſtill the fates,

" It often rain'd drops of blood. The morning ſtar look'd blew,
" And was beſpotted here and there with ſpecks of ruſtic hew.
" The moone had alſo ſpots of blood.—
" Salt teares from ivorie—images in ſundry places fell;—
" The dogges did howle, and every where appeared ghaſtly ſprights,
" And with an earthquake ſhaken was the towne."—

Plutarch only ſays, that " the ſunne was darkened," that " diverſe men were ſeen going up and down in fire;" there were " fires in the element; ſprites were ſeene running up and downe in the night, and ſolitarie birds ſitting in the great market-place."

The diſagreeable recurrence of the word *ſtars* in the ſecond line induces me to believe that *As ſtars* in that which precedes, is a corruption. Perhaps Shakſpeare wrote:

Aſtres *with trains of fire,*——
——— *and dews of blood*
Diſaſterous *dimm'd the ſun.*

The word *aſtre* is uſed in an old collection of poems entitled *Diana*, addreſſed to the Earl of Oxenforde, a book of which I know not the date, but believe it was printed about 1580. In *Othello* we have *antres*, a word exactly of a ſimilar formation. MALONE.

The word—*aſtre*, (which is no where elſe to be found) was affectedly taken from the French by John Southern, author of the poems cited by Mr. Malone. This wretched plagiariſt ſtands indebted both for his verbiage and his imagery to *Ronſard*. See the *European Magazine*, for June, 1788, p. 389. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*and the moiſt ſtar*, &c.] i. e. the moon. So, in Marlowe's *Hero and Leander*, 1598:

" Not that night-wand'ring, pale, and *watry ſtar*," &c. MALONE.

[8] *And even*—] Not only ſuch prodigies have been ſeen in Rome, but the elements have ſhown our countrymen like forerunners and foretokens of violent events. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*precurſe of* fierce *events*,] *Fierce*, for terrible. WARBURTON.

And prologue to the omen coming on,[1]—
Have heaven and earth together démonſtrated
Unto our climatures and countrymen.—]

I rather believe that *fierce* ſignifies *conſpicuous, glaring.* It is uſed in a ſomewhat ſimilar ſenſe in *Timon of Athens:*

" O the *fierce* wretchedneſs that glory brings!"

Again, in *King Henry VIII.* we have "*fierce* vanities."

STEEVENS.

[1] *And* prologue *to the* omen *coming on,*] But *prologue* and *omen* are merely ſynonymous here. The poet means, that theſe ſtrange *phœnomena* are prologues and forerunners of the events *preſag'd:* and ſuch ſenſe the ſlight alteration which I have ventured to make, by changing *omen* to *omen'd,* very aptly gives.

THEOBALD.

Omen, for *fate.* WARBURTON.

Hanmer follows Theobald.

A diſtich from the life of Merlin, by Heywood, however, will ſhow that there is no occaſion for correction:

" *Merlin* well vers'd in many a hidden ſpell,
" His countries *omen* did long ſince foretell." FARMER.

Again, in *The Vowbreaker:*

" And much I fear the weakneſs of her braine
" Should draw her to ſome *ominous* exigent."

Omen, I believe, is danger. STEEVENS.

And even the like precurſe *of fierce events,*
As harbingers *preceding ſtill the fates,*
And prologue to the omen *coming on,*] So, in one of our author's poems:

" But thou ſhrieking *harbinger*
" Foul *precurrer* of the fiend,
" *Augur* of the fever's end," &c.

The omen coming on is, the approaching dreadful and portentous event. So, in *King Richard III:*

" Thy name is *ominous* to children."

i. e. (not boding ill fortune, but) *deſtructive* to children.

Again, *ibidem:*

" O Pomfret, Pomfret, O, thou bloody priſon,
" Fatal and *ominous* to noble peers." MALONE.

Re-enter Ghoſt.

But, ſoft; behold! lo, where it comes again!
I'll croſs it, though it blaſt me.—Stay, illuſion!
If thou haſt any ſound,[2] or uſe of voice,
Speak to me:
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do eaſe, and grace to me,
Speak to me:
If thou art privy to thy country's fate,
Which, happily, foreknowing may avoid,
O, ſpeak!
Or, if thou haſt uphoarded[3] in thy life
Extorted treaſure in the womb of earth,
For which, they ſay, you ſpirits oft walk in death,
[*Cock crows.*
Speak of it:—ſtay, and ſpeak.—Stop it, Marcellus.

Mar. Shall I ſtrike at it with my partizan?

Hor. Do, if it will not ſtand.[4]

Ber. 'Tis here!

Hor. 'Tis here!

[2] If *thou haſt any* ſound,] The ſpeech of Horatio to the ſpectre is very elegant and noble, and congruous to the common traditions of the cauſes of apparitions. JOHNSON.

[3] *Or, if thou haſt uphoarded* &c.] So, in Decker's *Knight's Conjuring*, &c. "—If any of them had bound the ſpirit of gold by any charmes *in caves, or in* iron fetters *under the ground*, they ſhould *for their own ſoules quiet* (*which queſtionleſſe elſe would whine up and down*) if not for the good of their children, releaſe it." STEEVENS.

[4] —— *Stop it, Marcellus.*——
Hor. *Do, if it will not ſtand.*] I am unwilling to ſuppoſe that Shakſpeare could appropriate theſe abſurd effuſions to *Horatio*, who is a ſcholar, and has ſufficiently proved his good un-

Mar. 'Tis gone! [*Exit* Ghoſt.
We do it wrong, being ſo majeſtical,
To offer it the ſhow of violence;
For it is, as the air, invulnerable,[5]
And our vain blows malicious mockery.

Ber. It was about to ſpeak, when the cock crew.

Hor. And then it ſtarted like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful ſummons. I have heard,

derſtanding by the propriety of his addreſſes to the phantom. Such a man therefore muſt have known that—

" As eaſy might he the intrenchant air
" With his keen ſword impreſs,"

as commit any act of violence on the royal ſhadow. The words —*Stop it, Marcellus.*—and *Do, if it will not ſtand*—better ſuit the next ſpeaker, *Bernardo*, who, in the true ſpirit of an unlettered officer, *nihil non arroget armis*. Perhaps the firſt idea that occurs to a man of this deſcription, is to ſtrike at what offends him. Nicholas Pouſſin, in his celebrated picture of the Criciſixion, has introduced a ſimilar occurrence. While lots are caſting for the ſacred veſture, the graves are giving up their dead. This prodigy is perceived by one of the ſoldiers, who inſtantly graſps his ſword, as if preparing to defend himſelf, or reſent ſuch an invaſion from the other world.

The two next ſpeeches—*'Tis here!*—*'Tis here!*—may be allotted to *Marcellus and Bernardo*; and the third—*'Tis gone!* &c. to Horatio, whoſe ſuperiority of character indeed ſeems to demand it.—As the text now ſtands, Marcellus propoſes to ſtrike the Ghoſt with his partizan, and yet afterwards is made to deſcant on the indecorum and impotence of ſuch an attempt.

The names of ſpeakers have ſo often been confounded by the firſt publiſhers of our author, that I ſuggeſt this change with leſs heſitation than I ſhould expreſs concerning any conjecture that could operate to the diſadvantage of his words or meaning.—Had the aſſignment of the old copies been ſuch, would it have been thought liable to objection? STEEVENS.

[5] ——*it is, as* the air, invulnerable,] So, in *Macbeth*:

" As eaſy may'ſt thou the *intrenchant air*
" With thy keen ſword impreſs."

Again, in *King John*:

" Againſt the *invulnerable clouds* of heaven."

MALONE.

The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,[6]
Doth with his lofty and ſhrill-ſounding throat
Awake the god of day; and, at his warning,
Whether in ſea or fire, in earth or air,[7]

[6] *The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,*] So, the quarto, 1604. Folio—to the *day.*

In *England's Parnaſſus,* 8vo. 1600, I find the two following lines aſcribed to Drayton, but know not in which of his poems they are found:

" And now *the cocke, the morning's trumpeter,*
" Play'd huntſup for the day-ſtar to appear

Mr. Gray has imitated our poet:

" The *cock's* ſhrill *clarion,* or the echoing horn,
" No more ſhall rouſe them from their lowly bed."

MALONE.

Our Cambridge poet was more immediately indebted to Philips's *Cider,* B. I. 753:

" When Chanticleer, with *clarion ſhrill,* recalls
" The tardy day,—."

Thus alſo, Spenſer, in his *Fairy Queen,* B. I. c. ii. ſ. 1:

" And cheerful *Chanticleer with his note ſhrill.*"

STEEVENS.

[7] *Whether in ſea,* &c.] According to the pneumatology of that time, every element was inhabited by its peculiar order of ſpirits, who had diſpoſitions different, according to their various places of abode. The meaning therefore is, that all *ſpirits extravagant,* wandering out of their element, whether aërial ſpirits viſiting earth, or earthly ſpirits ranging the air, return to their ſtation, to their proper limits in which they are *confined.* We might read:

" —— And at his warning
" Th' extravagant and erring ſpirit hies
" To his confine, whether in ſea or air,
" Or earth, or fire. And of," &c.

But this change, though it would ſmooth the conſtruction, is not neceſſary, and, being unneceſſary, ſhould not be made againſt authority. JOHNSON.

A Chorus in Andreini's drama, called *Adamo,* written in 1613, conſiſts of ſpirits of fire, air, water, and hell, or ſubterraneous, being the exiled angels. " Choro di Spiriti ignei, aerei, acquatici, ed infernali," &c. Theſe are the demons to which Shakſpeare alludes. Theſe ſpirits were ſuppoſed to controul the elements in which they reſpectively reſided; and when formally invoked or commanded by a magician, to produce tempeſts, con-

The extravagant[8] and erring ſpirit[9] hies

flagrations, floods, and earthquakes. For thus ſays *The Spaniſh Mandeville of Miracles*, &c. 1600: "Thoſe which are in the middle region of the ayre, and thoſe that are under them nearer the earth, are thoſe, which ſometimes out of the ordinary operation of nature doe moove the windes with greater fury than they are accuſtomed; and do, out of ſeaſon, congeele the cloudes, cauſing it to thunder, lighten, hayle, and to deſtroy the graſſe, corne, &c. &c.——Witches and negromancers worke many ſuch like things by the help of thoſe ſpirits," &c. *Ibid.* Of this ſchool therefore was Shakſpeare's Proſpero in *The Tempeſt*.

T. WARTON.

Bourne of Newcaſtle, in his *Antiquities of the common People*, informs us, "It is a received tradition among the vulgar, that at the time of cock-crowing, the midnight ſpirits forſake theſe lower regions, and go to their proper places.—Hence it is, (ſays he) that in country places, where the way of life requires more early labour, they always go chearfully to work at that time; whereas if they are called abroad ſooner, they imagine every thing they ſee a wandering ghoſt." And he quotes on this occaſion, as all his predeceſſors had done, the well-known lines from the firſt hymn of *Prudentius*. I know not whoſe tranſlation he gives us, but there is an old one by Heywood. The *pious chanſons*, the *hymns* and *carrols*, which Shakſpeare mentions preſently, were uſually copied from the elder Chriſtian poets.

FARMER.

[8] *The extravagant*—] i. e. got out of his bounds.

WARBURTON.

So, in *Nobody and Somebody*, 1598: "—— they took me up for a *'ſtravagant*."

Shakſpeare imputes the ſame effect to *Aurora's harbinger* in the laſt ſcene of the third Act of the *Midſummer Night's Dream*. See Vol. IV. p. 432, n. 9. STEEVENS.

[9] —— *erring* ſpirit,] *Erring* is here uſed in the ſenſe of *wandering*. Thus, in Chapman's verſion of the fourth Book of Homer's *Odyſſey*, Telemachus calls Ulyſſes—

"My *erring* father:—"

And in the ninth Book, Ulyſſes deſcribing himſelf and his companions to the Cyclop, ſays—

"—— *Erring* Grecians we,
"From Troy were turning homewards—"

Erring, in ſhort, is *erraticus*. STEEVENS.

To his confine: and of the truth herein
This preſent object made probation.

Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.[1]
Some ſay, that ever 'gainſt that ſeaſon comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
This bird of dawning ſingeth all night long:
And then, they ſay, no ſpirit dares ſtir abroad;[2]
The nights are wholeſome; then no planets ſtrike,
No fairy takes,[3] nor witch hath power to charm,
So hallow'd and ſo gracious is the time.

Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But, look, the morn, in ruſſet mantle clad,

[1] *It faded on the crowing of the cock.*] This is a very ancient ſuperſtition. Philoſtratus giving an account of the apparition of Achilles' ſhade to Apollonius Tyaneus, ſays that it vaniſhed with a little glimmer as ſoon as the *cock crowed.* Vit. Apol. iv. 16.
STEEVENS.

Faded has here its original ſenſe; it *vaniſhed.* *Vado,* Lat. So, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen,* Book I. c. v. ſt. 15:
" He ſtands amazed how he thence ſhould *fade.*"
That our author uſes the word in this ſenſe, appears from the following lines:
" —— The morning *cock crew* loud;
" And at the ſound it ſhrunk in haſte away,
" And *vaniſh'd* from our ſight." MALONE.

[2] —— dares ſtir *abroad*;] Thus the quarto. The folio reads—*can walk.* STEEVENS.

Spirit was formerly uſed as a monoſyllable: *ſprite.* The quarto, 1604, has—*dare* ſtir abroad. Perhaps Shakſpeare wrote—no *ſpirits* dare ſtir abroad. The neceſſary correction was made in a late quarto of no authority, printed in 1637.
MALONE.

[3] *No fairy* takes,] No fairy *ſtrikes* with lameneſs or diſeaſes. This ſenſe of *take* is frequent in this author. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor:*
" And there he blaſts the tree, and *takes* the cattle."
STEEVENS.

Walks o'er the dew of yon high eaſtern hill: [4]
Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have ſeen to-night
Unto young Hamlet: for, upon my life,
This ſpirit, dumb to us, will ſpeak to him:
Do you conſent we ſhall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?

Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we ſhall find him moſt convenient.

[*Exeunt.*

[4] —— *high* eaſtern *hill*:] The old quarto has it better *eaſtward.* WARBURTON.

The ſuperiority of the latter of theſe readings is not, to me at leaſt, very apparent. I find the former uſed in *Lingua,* &c. 1607:

" —— and overclimbs
" Yonder gilt *eaſtern* hills."

Again, in Browne's *Britannia's Paſtorals,* Book IV. Sat. iv. p. 75, edit. 1616.

" And ere the ſunne had clymb'd the *eaſtern hils.*"

Again, in Chapman's verſion of the thirteenth Book of Homer's *Odyſſey:*

" —— Ulyſſes ſtill
" An eye directed to the *eaſtern hill.*"

Eaſtern and *eaſtward,* alike ſignify *toward the eaſt.*

STEEVENS.

SCENE II.

The ſame. A Room of State in the ſame.

Enter the King, Queen, HAMLET, POLONIUS, LAERTES, VOLTIMAND, CORNELIUS, Lords, *and Attendants.*

KING. Though yet of Hamlet our dear brother's death
The memory be green; and that it us befitted [5]
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet ſo far hath diſcretion fought with nature,
That we with wiſeſt ſorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of ourſelves.
Therefore our ſometime ſiſter, now our queen,
The imperial jointreſs of this warlike ſtate,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,—
With one aúſpicious, and one dropping eye; [6]

[5] —— *and* that it *us befitted*—] Perhaps our author elliptically wrote

—— *and us befitted*—

i. e. and *that it* befitted us. STEEVENS.

[6] *With* one *auſpicious, and* one *dropping eye*;] Thus the folio. The quarto, with ſomewhat leſs of quaintneſs:

With an *auſpicious and* a *dropping eye.*

The ſame thought, however, occurs in *The Winter's Tale*: "She had *one eye* declined for the loſs of her huſband; *another* elevated that the oracle was fulfilled."

After all, perhaps, we have here only the ancient proverbial phraſe—"To cry with one eye and laugh with the other," buckram'd by our author for the ſervice of tragedy. See *Ray's Collection*, edit. 1768, p. 188. STEEVENS.

Dropping in this line probably means *depreſſed* or caſt downwards: an interpretation which is ſtrongly ſupported by the

With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal ſcale weighing delight and dole,—
Taken to wife: nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wiſdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along:—For all, our thanks.
Now follows, that you know, young Fortinbras,—
Holding a weak ſuppoſal of our worth;
Or thinking, by our late dear brother's death,
Our ſtate to be diſjoint and out of frame,
Colleagued with this dream of his advantage,[7]
He hath not fail'd to peſter us with meſſage,
Importing the ſurrender of thoſe lands
Loſt by his father, with all bands of law,
To our moſt valiant brother.—So much for him.
Now for ourſelf, and for this time of meeting.
Thus much the buſineſs is: We have here writ
To Norway, uncle of young Fortinbras,—
Who, impotent and bed-rid, ſcarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpoſe,—to ſuppreſs

paſſage already quoted from *The Winter's Tale*. It may, however, ſignify *weeping*. "*Dropping* of the eyes" was a technical expreſſion in our author's time.—"If the ſpring be wet with much ſouth wind,—the next ſummer will happen agues and blearneſs, *dropping of the eyes*, and pains of the bowels." Hopton's *Concordance of Years*, 8vo. 1616.

Again, in Montaigne's *Eſſaies*, 1603: "—— they never ſaw any man there—with eyes *dropping*, or crooked and ſtooping through age." MALONE.

[7] Colleagued *with this dream of his advantage*,] The meaning is,—He goes to war ſo indiſcreetly, and unprepared, that he has no allies to ſupport him but a *dream*, with which he is *colleagued* or confederated. WARBURTON.

Mr. Theobald in his *Shakſpeare Reſtored*, propoſed to read—*collogued*, but in his edition very properly adhered to the ancient copies. MALONE.

This dream of his advantage (as Mr. Maſon obſerves) means only "this imaginary advantage, which Fortinbras hoped to derive from the unſettled ſtate of the kingdom." STEEVENS.

His further gait herein;[8] in that the levies,
The lists, and full proportions, are all made
Out of his subject:—and we here despatch
You, good Cornelius, and you, Voltimand,
For bearers of this greeting to old Norway;
Giving to you no further personal power
To business with the king, more than the scope[9]
Of these dilated articles[1] allow.
Farewell; and let your haste commend your duty.

Cor. Vol. In that, and all things, will we show our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing; heartily farewell.
[*Exeunt* Voltimand *and* Cornelius.
And now, Laertes, what's the news with you?
You told us of some suit; What is't, Laertes?
You cannot speak of reason to the Dane,
And lose your voice: What would'st thou beg, Laertes,

[8] —— *to suppress*
His further gait *herein,*] *Gate* or *gait* is here used in the northern sense, for *proceeding, passage*; from the A. S. verb *gae.* A *gate* for a path, passage, or street, is still current in the north. Percy.

So, in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream,* Act V. sc. ii:
" Every fairy take his *gait.*" Harris.

[9] —— *more than the scope*—] More is comprized in the general design of these articles, which you may explain in a more diffused and dilated style. Johnson.

[1] —— *these* dilated *articles,* &c.] i. e. the articles when dilated. Musgrave.

The poet should have written *allows.* Many writers fall into this error, when a plural noun immediately precedes the verb; as I have had occasion to observe in a note on a controverted passage in *Love's Labour Lost.* So, in *Julius Cæsar:*
" The *posture* of your *blows are* yet unknown."
Again, in *Cymbeline:* " —— and the *approbation* of *those are* wonderfully to extend him," &c. Malone.

Surely, all such defects in our author, were merely the errors of illiterate transcribers or printers. Steevens.

That ſhall not be my offer, not thy aſking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more inſtrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.[2]
What would'ſt thou have, Laertes?

Laer. My dread lord,
Your leave and favour to return to France;
From whence though willingly I came to Denmark,
To ſhow my duty in your coronation;
Yet now, I muſt confeſs, that duty done,
My thoughts and wiſhes bend again toward France,
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? What ſays Polonius?

Pol. He hath, my lord, [wrung from me my ſlow leave,[3]
By labourſome petition; and, at laſt,
Upon his will I ſeal'd my hard conſent:]
I do beſeech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,

[2] *The* head *is not more native to the heart,*
The hand more inſtrumental to the mouth,
Than is the throne of Denmark to thy father.] The ſenſe ſeems to be this: The head is not formed to be more uſeful to the heart, the hand is not more at the ſervice of the mouth, than my power is at your father's ſervice. That is, he may command me to the utmoſt, he may do what he pleaſes with my kingly authority. Steevens.

By *native to the heart* Dr. Johnſon underſtands, "natural and congenial to it, born with it, and co-operating with it."

Formerly the heart was ſuppoſed the ſeat of wiſdom; and hence the poet ſpeaks of the cloſe connection between the heart and head. See Vol. XVI. p. 12. n. 7. Malone.

[3] —— *wrung from me my ſlow leave,*] Theſe words and the two following lines are omitted in the folio. Malone.

And thy beſt graces: ſpend it at thy will.[4]—
But now, my couſin Hamlet, and my ſon,——

Ham. A little more than kin, and leſs than kind.[5] [*Aſide.*

[4] *Take thy fair hour, Laertes; time be thine,*
And thy beſt graces: ſpend it at thy will.] The ſenſe is,—You have my leave to go, Laertes; make the faireſt uſe you pleaſe of your time, and ſpend it at your will with the faireſt graces you are maſter of. THEOBALD.

So, in *King Henry VIII:*
" —— and bear the inventory
" Of your *beſt graces* in your mind." STEEVENS.

I rather think this line is in want of emendation. I read:
——————— *time is thine,*
And my *beſt graces: ſpend it at thy will.* JOHNSON.

[5] am. *A little more than* kin, *and leſs than* kind.] *Kind* is th eutonick word for *child*. Hamlet therefore anſwers with ety, to the titles of *couſin* and *ſon*, which the king had him, that he was ſomewhat more than *couſin*, and leſs than JOHNSON.

this line, with which Shakſpeare introduces *Hamlet*, Dr. ſon has perhaps pointed out a nicer diſtinction than it can boaſt of. To eſtabliſh the ſenſe contended for, it ſhould been proved that *kind* was ever uſed by any Engliſh writer ild. *A little more than kin*, is a little more than a common ion. The King was certainly ſomething *leſs than kind*, by ing betrayed the mother of Hamlet into an indecent and in-uous marriage, and obtained the crown by means which he ects to be unjuſtifiable. In the fifth Act, the prince accuſes uncle of having *popp'd in between the election and his hopes*, ich obviates Dr. Warburton's objection to the old reading, viz. it " the king had given no occaſion for ſuch a reflection."

A jingle of the ſame ſort is found in *Mother Bombie*, 1594, d ſeems to have been proverbial, as I have met with it more an once: " —the nearer we are in blood, the further we muſt be from love; the greater the *kindred* is, the leſs the *kindneſs* muſt be."

Again, in *Gorboduc*, a tragedy, 1561:
" In kinde a father, but not *kindelyneſs*."

In the *Battle of Alcazar*, 1594, Muly Mahomet is called " Traitor to *kinne* and *kinde*."

As *kind*, however, ſignifies *nature*, Hamlet may mean that

King. How is it that the clouds ſtill hang on you?

Ham. Not ſo, my lord, I am too much i'the ſun.[6]

Queen. Good Hamlet, caſt thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.
Do not, for ever, with thy vailed lids[7]

his relationſhip was become an *unnatural* one, as it was partly founded upon inceſt. Our author's *Julius Cæſar, Antony and Cleopatra, King Richard II.* and *Titus Andronicus,* exhibit inſtances of *kind* being uſed for *nature*; and ſo too in this play of *Hamlet,* Act II. ſc. the laſt:

" Remorſeleſs, treacherous, lecherous, *kindleſs* villain."

Dr. Farmer, however, obſerves that *kin,* is ſtill uſed for *couſin* in the midland counties. Steevens.

Hamlet does not, I think, mean to ſay, as Mr. Steevens ſuppoſes, that *his uncle* is a little more than kin, &c. The King had called the Prince—" My couſin Hamlet, and my ſon." His reply, therefore, is,—" I am a little more than *thy* kin, [for I am thy ſtep-ſon;] and ſomewhat leſs than kind to [for I hate thee, as being the perſon who has entered into an inceſtuous marriage with my mother.] Or, if we underſtand *kind* in its ancient ſenſe, then the meaning will be,—*I am more than thy kinſman, for I am thy ſtep-ſon*; being ſuch, *I am leſs dear to thee than thy natural offſpring,* and therefore not entitled to the appellation of *ſon,* which you have now given me.

Malone.

[6] ——*too much i'the ſun.*] He perhaps alludes to the proverb, " Out of heaven's bleſſing into the warm ſun." Johnson.

Meaning probably his being ſent for from his ſtudies to be expoſed at his uncle's marriage as his *chiefeſt courtier,* &c.

Steevens.

I queſtion whether a quibble between *ſun* and *ſon* be not here intended. Farmer.

[7] ——*vailed lids*—] With lowering eyes, caſt down eyes.

Johnson.

So, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

" *Vailing* her high-top lower than her ribs."

Steevens.

See Vol. XII. p. 17, n. 9. Malone.

Seek for thy noble father in the duſt:
Thou know'ſt, 'tis common; all, that live, muſt die,[8]
Paſſing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,
Why ſeems it ſo particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not ſeems.
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor cuſtomary ſuits of ſolemn black,
Nor windy ſuſpiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
Nor the dejected haviour of the viſage,
Together with all forms, modes, ſhows of grief,[9]
That can denote me truly: Theſe, indeed, ſeem,
For they are actions that a man might play:
But I have that within, which paſſeth ſhow;
Theſe, but the trappings and the ſuits of woe.[1]

King. 'Tis ſweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,

[8] *Thou know'ſt, 'tis common; all, that live, muſt die,*] Perhaps the ſemicolon placed in this line, is improper. The ſenſe, elliptically expreſſed, is,—Thou knoweſt it is common *that* all that live, muſt die.—The firſt *that* is omitted for the ſake of metre, a practice often followed by Shakſpeare. Steevens.

[9] —— ſhows *of grief,*] Thus the folio. The firſt quarto reads—*chapes*—I ſuppoſe, for *ſhapes*. Steevens.

[1] *But I have that within, which paſſeth ſhow;*
Theſe, but the trappings and the ſuits of woe.] So, in *King Richard II:*

" —— my grief lies all within;
" And theſe external manners of lament
" Are merely ſhadows to the unſeen grief
" That ſwells with ſilence in the tortur'd ſoul."

Malone.

To give theſe mourning duties to your father:
But, you muſt know, your father loſt a father;
That father loſt, loſt his;[2] and the ſurvivor bound
In filial obligation, for ſome term
To do obſequious ſorrow:[3] But to perſéver
In obſtinate condolement,[4] is a courſe
Of impious ſtubbornneſs; 'tis unmanly grief:
It ſhows a will moſt incorrect[5] to heaven;

[2] ——*your father loſt a father;*
That father loſt, loſt his;] Mr. Pope judiciouſly corrected the faulty copies thus:
——*your father loſt a father;*
That father, his;——.
On which the editor Mr. Theobald thus deſcants:—*This ſuppoſed refinement is from Mr. Pope, but all the editions elſe, that I have met with, old and modern, read:*
That father loſt, loſt *his;*——
The reduplication of which word here gives an energy and an elegance, WHICH IS MUCH EASIER TO BE CONCEIVED THAN EXPLAINED IN TERMS. I believe ſo: for when *explained in terms* it comes to this:—That father after he had loſt himſelf, loſt his father. But the reading is *ex fide codicis,* and that is enough. WARBURTON.
I do not admire the repetition of the word, but it has ſo much of our author's manner, that I find no temptation to recede from the old copies. JOHNSON.
The meaning of the paſſage is no more than this,—*Your father loſt a father,* i. e. your grandfather, which *loſt grandfather,* alſo loſt his father.
The metre, however, in my opinion, ſhows that Mr. Pope's correction ſhould be adopted. The ſenſe, though elliptically expreſſed, will ſtill be the ſame. STEEVENS.

[3] —— obſequious *ſorrow:*] *Obſequious* is here from *obſequies,* or *funeral ceremonies.* JOHNSON.
So, in *Titus Andronicus:*
" To ſhed *obſequious* tears upon his trunk."
See Vol. XIV. p. 282, n. 4. STEEVENS.

[4] *In obſtinate* condolement,] *Condolement,* for *ſorrow.* WARBURTON.

[5] —— *a will moſt* incorrect—] *Incorrect,* for *untutored.* WARBURTON.

A heart unfortified, or mind impatient;
An underſtanding ſimple and unſchool'd:
For what, we know, muſt be, and is as common
As any the moſt vulgar thing to ſenſe,
Why ſhould we, in our peeviſh oppoſition,
Take it to heart? Fye! 'tis a fault to heaven,
A fault againſt the dead, a fault to nature,
To reaſon moſt abſurd;[6] whoſe common theme
Is death of fathers, and who ſtill hath cried,
From the firſt corſe, till he that died to-day,
This muſt be ſo. We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe; and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the moſt immediate to our throne;
And, with no leſs nobility of love,[7]
Than that which deareſt father bears his ſon,
Do I impart toward you.[8] For your intent

Incorrect does not mean *untutored*, as Warburton explains it; but *ill-regulated*, not *ſufficiently ſubdued*. M. Mason.

Not ſufficiently regulated by a ſenſe of duty and ſubmiſſion to the diſpenſations of Providence. Malone.

[6] *To* reaſon *moſt abſurd*;] *Reaſon* is here uſed in its common ſenſe, for the *faculty* by which we form concluſions from arguments. Johnson.

[7] *And, with no leſs* nobility *of love,*] *Nobility*, for *magnitude*. Warburton.

Nobility is rather *generoſity*. Johnson.

By nobility of love, Mr. Heath underſtands, eminence and diſtinction of love. Malone.

So, afterwards, the Ghoſt, deſcribing his affection for the Queen:

"To me, whoſe *love was that of dignity*" &c.

Steevens.

[8] *Do I impart toward you.*] I believe *impart* is, *impart myſelf, communicate* whatever I can beſtow. Johnson.

The crown of Denmark was elective. So, in *Sir Clyomon, Knight of the Golden Shield*, &c. 1599:

In going back to ſchool in Wittenberg,[9]
It is moſt retrograde to our deſire:

" And me poſſeſs for ſpouſed wife, who in *election* am
" To have the *crown of Denmark* here, as heir unto the
ſame."

The King means, that as Hamlet ſtands the faireſt chance to be next elected, he will ſtrive with as much love to enſure the crown to him, as a father would ſhow in the continuance of heirdom to a ſon. STEEVENS.

I agree with Mr. Steevens, that the crown of Denmark (as in moſt of the Gothick kingdoms) was elective, and not hereditary; though it muſt be cuſtomary, in elections, to pay ſome attention to the royal blood, which by degrees produced hereditary ſucceſſion. Why then do the reſt of the commentators ſo often treat Claudius as an *uſurper*, who had deprived young Hamlet of his *right* by *heirſhip* to his father's crown? Hamlet calls him drunkard, murderer, and villain; one who had carried the election by low and mean practices; had—

" Popp'd in between the election and my hopes—."

had—

" From a ſhelf the precious diadem ſtole,
" And put it in his pocket:"

but never hints at his being an *uſurper*. His diſcontent aroſe from his uncle's being preferred before him, not from any legal right which he pretended to ſet up to the crown. Some regard was probably had to the recommendation of the preceding prince, in electing the ſucceſſor. And therefore young Hamlet had " the voice of the king himſelf for his ſucceſſion in Denmark;" and he at his own death prophecies that " the election would light on Fortinbras, who had his dying voice," conceiving that by the death of his uncle, he himſelf had been king for an inſtant, and had therefore a right to recommend. When, in the fourth Act, the rabble wiſhed to chooſe Laertes king, I underſtand that antiquity was forgot, and cuſtom violated, by electing a new king in the life-time of the old one, and perhaps alſo by the calling in a ſtranger to the royal blood. BLACKSTONE.

[9] ——*to ſchool in Wittenberg*,] In Shakſpeare's time there was an univerſity at Wittenberg, to which he has made Hamlet propoſe to return.

The univerſity of Wittenberg was not founded till 1502, conſequently did not exiſt in the time to which this play is referred. MALONE.

Our author may have derived his knowledge of this famous

And, we beſeech you, bend you to remain[1]
Here, in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefeſt courtier, couſin, and our ſon.

Queen. Let not thy mother loſe her prayers, Hamlet;
I pray thee, ſtay with us, go not to Wittenberg.

Ham. I ſhall in all my beſt obey you, madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving and a fair reply;
Be as ourſelf in Denmark.—Madam, come;
This gentle and unforc'd accord of Hamlet
Sits ſmiling to my heart:[2] in grace whereof,
No jocund health,[3] that Denmark drinks to-day,
But the great cannon to the clouds ſhall tell;
And the king's rouſe[4] the heaven ſhall bruit again,
Re-ſpeaking earthly thunder. Come away.

[*Exeunt* King, Queen, Lords, &c. Polonius, *and* Laertes.

univerſity from *The Life of Iacke Wilton*, 1594, or *The Hiſtory of Doctor Fauſtus*, of whom the *ſecond report* (printed in the ſame year) is ſaid to be "written by an Engliſh gentleman, *ſtudent* at *Wittenberg*, an *Univerſity* of Germany in Saxony." Ritson.

[1] —— *bend you to remain* —] i. e. ſubdue your inclination to go from hence, and remain, &c. Steevens.

[2] *Sits ſmiling to my heart:*] Thus, the dying Lothario:
"That ſweet revenge *comes ſmiling to my thoughts.*"
Steevens.

Sits ſmiling to *my heart:*] Surely it ſhould be:
Sits ſmiling on *my heart.* Ritson.

To my heart, I believe, ſignifies—*near to, cloſe, next to,* my heart. Steevens.

[3] *No jocund health,*] The King's intemperance is very ſtrongly impreſſed; every thing that happens to him gives him occaſion to drink. Johnson.

[4] —— *the king's* rouſe —] i. e. the King's draught of jollity. See *Othello*, Act II. ſc. iii. Steevens.

Ham. O, that this too too ſolid fleſh would melt,
Thaw, and reſolve itſelf into a dew![5]
Or that the Everlaſting had not fix'd
His canon 'gainſt ſelf-ſlaughter![6] O God! O God!
How weary, ſtale, flat, and unprofitable

So, in Marlowe's *Tragical Hiſtorie of Doctor Fauſtus:*
" He *tooke his rouſe* with ſtoopes of *Rhennish* wine."
RITSON.

[5] ——reſolve *itſelf into a dew!*] *Reſolve* means the ſame as *diſſolve.* Ben Jonſon uſes the word in his *Volpone,* and in the ſame ſenſe:
" Forth the *reſolved* corners of his eyes."
Again, in *The Country Girl,* 1647:
" —— my ſwoln grief, *reſolved* in theſe tears."
Pope has employed the ſame word in his verſion of the ſecond *Iliad,* 44:
" *Reſolves* to air, and mixes with the night."
STEEVENS.

Again, in Giles Fletcher's *Ruſſe Commonwealth,* 1591: "In winter time, when all is covered with ſnow, the dead bodies (ſo many as die all the winter time) are piled up in a houſe in the ſuburbs, like billets on a woodſtack, as hard with the froſt as a very ſtone, 'till the ſpring tide come and *reſolve* the froſt, what time every man taketh his dead friend and committeth him to the ground." REED.

[6] *Or that the Everlaſting had not fix'd*
His canon *'gainſt ſelf-ſlaughter!*] The generality of the editions read—*cannon,* as if the poet's thought were,—Or *that the Almighty had not planted his* artillery, *or* arms *of* vengeance, *againſt ſelf-murder.* But the word which I reſtored (and which was eſpouſed by the accurate Mr. Hughes, who gave an edition of this play) is the true reading, i. e. *that he had not reſtrained ſuicide by his* expreſs law and peremptory prohibition.
THEOBALD.

There are yet thoſe who ſuppoſe the old reading to be the true one, as they ſay the word *fixed* ſeems to decide very ſtrongly in its favour. I would adviſe ſuch to recollect Virgil's expreſſion:
" ——*fixit* leges pretio, atque *refixit.*" STEEVENS.

If the true reading wanted any ſupport, it might be found in *Cymbeline:*

Seem to me all the uſes of this world!
Fye on't! O fye! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to ſeed; things rank, and groſs in nature,
Poſſeſs it merely.[7] That it ſhould come to this!
But two months dead!—nay, not ſo much, not two:
So excellent a king; that was, to this,
Hyperion to a ſatyr:[8] ſo loving to my mother,

" ——'gainſt ſelf ſlaughter
" There is a *prohibition* ſo divine,
" That cravens my weak hand."

In Shakſpeare's time *canon* (*norma*) was commonly ſpelt *cannon*. MALONE.

[7] ——*merely*.] is *entirely, abſolutely*. See Vol. IV. p. 9, n. 3; and Vol. XVI. p. 139, n. 8. STEEVENS.

[8] *So excellent a king; that was, to this,*
Hyperion *to a ſatyr:*] This ſimilitude at firſt ſight ſeems to be a little far-fetched; but it has an exquiſite beauty. By the *Satyr* is meant *Pan*, as by *Hyperion, Apollo*. *Pan* and *Apollo* were brothers, and the alluſion is to the contention between thoſe gods for the preference in muſick. WARBURTON.

All our Engliſh poets are guilty of the ſame falſe quantity, and call Hypĕrion Hypērĭon; at leaſt the only inſtance I have met with to the contrary, is in the old play of *Fuimus Troes*, 1633:

" ——Blow gentle Africus,
" Play on our poops, when Hypĕrion's ſon
" Shall couch in weſt."

Shakſpeare, I believe, has no alluſion in the preſent inſtance, except to the beauty of Apollo, and its immediate oppoſite, the deformity of a Satyr. STEEVENS.

Hyperion or Apollo is repreſented in all the ancient ſtatues, &c. as exquiſitely beautiful, the ſatyrs hideouſly ugly.—Shakſpeare may ſurely be pardoned for not attending to the *quantity* of Latin names, here and in *Cymbeline*; when we find Henry Parrot, the author of a collection of Epigrams printed in 1613, to which a *Latin* preface, is prefixed, writing thus:

" *Poſthúmus*, not the laſt of many more,
" Aſks why I write in ſuch an idle vaine," &c.

Laquei ridiculoſi, or Springes for Woodcocks, 16mo. ſign. c. 3. MALONE.

That he might not beteem the winds of heaven[9]
Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!

[9] *That he* might not beteem *the winds of heaven*—] In former editions:

That he permitted not *the winds of heaven*—.

This is a sophisticated reading, copied from the players in some of the modern editions, for want of understanding the poet, whose text is corrupt in the old impressions: all of which that I have had the fortune to see, concur in reading:

——*so loving to my mother,*
That he might not beteene *the winds of heaven*
Visit her face too roughly.

Beteene is a corruption without doubt, but not so inveterate a one, but that, by the change of a single letter, and the separation of two words mistakenly jumbled together, I am verily persuaded, I have retrieved the poet's reading—

That he might not let e'en *the winds of heaven* &c.

THEOBALD.

The obsolete and corrupted verb—*beteene*, (in the first folio) which should be written (as in all the quartos) *beteeme*, was changed, as above, by Mr. Theobald; and with the aptitude of his conjecture succeeding criticks appear to have been satisfied.

Beteeme, however, occurs in the tenth Book of Arthur Golding's version of Ovid's *Metamorphosis*, 4to. 1587; and, from the corresponding Latin, must necessarily signify, to *vouchsafe, deign, permit*, or *suffer*:

" ——Yet could he not *beteeme*
" The shape of anie other bird than egle for to seeme."
Sign. R. 1. b.

" ——nulla tamen alite verti
" *Dignatur*, nisi quæ possit sua fulmina ferre." V. 157.

Jupiter (though anxious for the possession of Ganymede) would not *deign* to assume a meaner form, or *suffer* change into an humbler shape, than that of the august and vigorous fowl who bears the thunder in his pounces.

The existence and signification of the verb *beteem* being thus established, it follows, that the attention of Hamlet's father to his queen was exactly such as is described in the Enterlude of the *Life and Repentaunce of Marie Magdalaine*, &c. by Lewis Wager, 4to. 1567:

" But evermore they were unto me very tender,
" They *would not suffer the wynde on me to blowe*."

I have therefore replaced the ancient reading, without the slightest hesitation, in the text.

Muſt I remember? why, ſhe would hang on him,
As if increaſe of appetite had grown
By what it fed on: And yet, within a month,—
Let me not think on't;—Frailty, thy name is woman!—
A little month; or ere thoſe ſhoes were old,
With which ſhe follow'd my poor father's body,
Like Niobe, all tears;[1]—why ſhe, even ſhe,—
O heaven! a beaſt, that wants diſcourſe of reaſon,
Would have mourn'd longer,—married with my uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to Hercules: Within a month;
Ere yet the ſalt of moſt unrighteous tears

This note was inſerted by me in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, ſome years before Mr. Malone's edition of our author (in which the ſame juſtification of the old reading—*beteeme*, occurs,) had made its appearance. STEEVENS.

This paſſage ought to be a perpetual memento to all future editors and commentators to proceed with the utmoſt caution in emendation, and never to diſcard a word from the text, merely becauſe it is not the language of the preſent day.

Mr. Hughes or Mr. Rowe, ſuppoſing the text to be unintelligible, for *beteem* boldly ſubſtituted *permitted*. Mr. Theobald, in order to favour his own emendation, ſtated untruly that *all* the old copies which he had ſeen, read *beteene*. His emendation appearing uncommonly happy, was adopted by all the ſubſequent editors.

We find a ſentiment ſimilar to that before us, in Marſton's *Inſatiate Counteſs*, 1613:

" ——— ſhe had a lord,
" Jealous that air ſhould raviſh her chaſte looks."

MALONE.

[1] *Like Niobe, all tears;*] Shakſpeare might have caught this idea from an ancient ballad intitled *The falling out of Lovers is the renewing of Love:*

" Now I, like weeping *Niobe*,
" May waſh my handes in teares," &c.

Of this ballad *Amantium iræ* &c. is the burden. STEEVENS.

Had left the flushing in her galled eyes,
She married :—O most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to, good;
But break, my heart; for I must hold my tongue!

Enter HORATIO, BERNARDO, *and* MARCELLUS.

Hor. Hail to your lordship?

Ham. I am glad to see you well:
Horatio,—or I do forget myself.

Hor. The same, my lord, and your poor servant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name[2] with you.
And what make you[3] from Wittenberg, Horatio?—
Marcellus?

Mar. My good lord,——

Ham. I am very glad to see you; good even, sir.[4]—
But what, in faith, make you from Wittenberg?

[2] ——*I'll change that name*—] I'll be your servant, you shall be my friend. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*what make you*—] A familiar phrase for *what are you doing*. JOHNSON.

See Vol. VIII. p. 4, n. 7. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*good* even, *sir*.] So the copies. Sir Thomas Hanmer and Dr. Warburton put it—good *morning*. The alteration is of no importance, but all licence is dangerous. There is no need of any change. Between the first and eighth scene of this Act it is apparent, that a natural day must pass, and how much of it is already over, there is nothing that can determine. The King has held a council. It may now as well be *evening* as *morning*. JOHNSON.

Hor. A truant diſpoſition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy ſay ſo;
Nor ſhall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it truſter of your own report
Againſt yourſelf: I know, you are no truant.
But what is your affair in Elſinore?
We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to ſee your father's funeral.

Ham. I pray thee, do not mock me, fellow-ſtudent;
I think, it was to ſee my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, Horatio! the funeral bak'd meats[5]
Did coldly furniſh forth the marriage tables.

The change made by Sir T. Hanmer might be juſtified by what Marcellus ſaid of Hamlet at the concluſion of ſc. i:

" —— and I this *morning* know
" Where we ſhall find him moſt convenient."

STEEVENS.

[5] —— *the funeral bak'd meats* —] It was anciently the general cuſtom to give a cold entertainment to mourners at a funeral. In diſtant counties this practice is continued among the yeomanry. See *The Tragique Hiſtorie of the Faire Valeria of London*, 1598: " His corpes was with funerall pompe conveyed to the church, and there ſollemnly enterred, nothing omitted which neceſſitie or cuſtom could claime; a ſermon, a *banquet*, and like obſervations." Again, in the old romance of *Syr Degore*, bl. l. no date:

" A great *feaſte* would he holde
" Upon his quenes mornynge day,
" That was buryed in an abbay." COLLINS.

See alſo, Hayward's *Life and Raigne of King Henrie the Fourth*, 4to. 1599, p. 135: " Then hee [King Richard II.] was conveyed to Langley Abby in Buckinghamſhire,—and there obſcurely interred,—without the charge of a *dinner* for celebrating the funeral." MALONE.

'Would I had met my deareſt foe in heaven [6]
Or ever [7] I had ſeen that day, Horatio!—
My father,—Methinks, I ſee my father.

Hor. Where,
My lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye,[8] Horatio.

[6] ——deareſt *foe in heaven*—] *Deareſt* for *direſt*, moſt dreadful, moſt dangerous. JOHNSON.

Deareſt is *moſt immediate, conſequential, important.* So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" ——a ring that I muſt uſe
" In *dear* employment."

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Maid in the Mill:*

" You meet your *deareſt* enemy in love,
" With all his hate about him." STEEVENS.

See *Timon of Athens*, Act V. ſc. ii. Vol. XIX. MALONE.

[7] Or *ever*—] Thus the quarto, 1604. The folio reads—*ere* ever. This is not the only inſtance in which a familiar phraſeology has been ſubſtituted for one more ancient, in that valuable copy. MALONE.

[8] *In my mind's eye,*] This expreſſion occurs again in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*

" ——himſelf behind
" Was left unſeen, ſave to *the eye of mind.*"

Again, in Chaucer's *Man of Lawes Tale:*

" But it were with thilke *eyen of his minde*,
" With which men mowen ſee whan they ben blinde."

Ben Jonſon has borrowed it in his Maſque called *Love's Triumph through Callipolis:*

" As only by *the mind's eye* may be ſeen."

Again, in the *Microcoſmos* of John Davies of Hereford, 4to. 1605:

" And through their cloſed eies their *mind's eye* peeps."

Telemachus lamenting the abſence of Ulyſſes, is repreſented in like manner:

" Ὀσσόμενος πατρὸς ἐσθλὸν ἐνὶ φρεσίν." *Odyſſ.* L. I. 115.
STEEVENS.

This expreſſion occurs again in our author's 113th Sonnet:

" Since I left you, mine *eye is in my mind.*"
MALONE.

Hor. I ſaw him once, he was a goodly king.

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
I ſhall not look upon his like again.[9]

Hor. My lord, I think I ſaw him yeſternight.

Ham. Saw! who?

Hor. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father!

Hor. Seaſon your admiration[1] for a while
With an attent ear;[2] till I may deliver,
Upon the witneſs of theſe gentlemen,
This marvel to you.

Ham. For God's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had theſe gentlemen,
Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
In the dead waiſt and middle of the night,[3]

[9] *I ſhall not look upon his like again.*] Mr Holt propoſes to read, from an emendation of Sir Thomas Samwell, Bart. of Upton, near Northampton:

Eye *ſhall not look upon his like again*;

and thinks it is more in the true ſpirit of Shakſpeare than the other. So, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 746: "In the greateſt pomp that euer *eye* behelde." Again, in Sandys's *Travels*, p. 150: "We went this day through the moſt pregnant and pleaſant valley that ever *eye* beheld."

Again, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Lib. III. p. 293, edit. 1633.

"——as cruell a fight as *eye* did ever ſee."

STEEVENS.

[1] Seaſon *your admiration*—] That is, *temper* it. JOHNSON.

[2] *With an* attent *ear*;] Spenſer, as well as our poet, uſes *attent* for *attentive*. MALONE.

[3] *In the dead* waiſt *and middle of the night,*] This ſtrange phraſeology ſeems to have been common in the time of Shakſpeare. By *waiſt* is meant nothing more than *middle*; and hence the epithet *dead* did not appear incongruous to our poet. So, in Marſton's *Malecontent*, 1604:

"'Tis now about the immodeſt *waiſt* of *night*."

Been thus encounter'd. A figure like your father,
Armed at point,[4] exactly, cap-à-pé,
Appears before them, and, with ſolemn march,
Goes ſlow and ſtately by them: thrice he walk'd,
By their oppreſs'd and fear-ſurprized eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilſt they, diſtill'd
Almoſt to jelly with the act of fear,[5]
Stand dumb, and ſpeak not to him. This to me
In dreadful ſecrecy impart they did;
And I with them, the third night kept the watch:
Where, as they had deliver'd, both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The apparition comes: I knew your father;
Theſe hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this?

Mar. My lord, upon the platform where we watch'd.

i. e. midnight. Again, in *The Puritan*, a comedy, 1607: "—ere the day be ſpent to the *girdle*,—."

In the old copies the word is ſpelt *waſt*, as it is in the ſecond Act, ſc. ii: "Then you live about her *waſt*, or in the middle of her favours." The ſame ſpelling is found in *King Lear*, Act IV. ſc. vi: "Down from the *waſt*, they are centaurs." See alſo, Minſheu's Dict. 1617: "*Waſt, middle*, or girdle-ſteed." We have the ſame pleonaſm in another line in this play:

"And given my heart a working *mute* and *dumb*."

All the modern editors read—In the dead *waſte* &c.

MALONE.

Dead waſte may be the true reading. See Vol. IV. p. 39, n. 4.

STEEVENS.

[4] *Armed at point,*] Thus the quartos. The folio: *Arm'd at* all *points*. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*with the act of* fear,] *Fear* was the cauſe, the active cauſe that *diſtilled* them by the force of operation which we ſtrictly call *act* in voluntary, and *power* in involuntary *agents*, but popularly call *act* in both. JOHNSON.

The folio reads—*bestil'd*. STEEVENS.

Ham. Did you not ſpeak to it?[6]

Hor. My lord, I did;

[6] *Did you not ſpeak to it?*] Fielding, who was well acquainted with vulgar ſuperſtitions, in his *Tom Jones*, B. XI. ch. ii. obſerves that Mrs. Fitzpatrick, "like a ghoſt, only wanted to be ſpoke to," but then very readily anſwered. It ſeems from this paſſage, as well as from others in books too mean to be formally quoted, that ſpectres were ſuppoſed to maintain an obdurate ſilence, till interrogated by the people to whom they appeared.

The drift therefore of Hamlet's queſtion is, whether his father's ſhade had been ſpoken to; and not whether Horatio, as a particular or privileged perſon, was the ſpeaker to it. Horatio tells us he had ſeen the late King but once, and therefore cannot be imagined to have any particular intereſt with his apparition.

The vulgar notion that a ghoſt could only be ſpoken to with propriety and effect by a ſcholar, agrees very well with the character of Marcellus, a common officer; but it would have diſgraced the Prince of Denmark to have ſuppoſed the ſpectre would more readily comply with Horatio's ſolicitation, merely becauſe it was that of a man who had been ſtudying at a univerſity.

We are at liberty to think the Ghoſt would have replied to Franciſco, Bernardo, or Marcellus, had either of them ventured to queſtion it. It was actually preparing to addreſs Horatio, when the cock crew. The convenience of Shakſpeare's play, however, required that the phantom ſhould continue dumb, till Hamlet could be introduced to hear what was to remain concealed in his own breaſt, or to be communicated by him to ſome intelligent friend, like Horatio, in whom he could implicitly confide.

By what particular perſon therefore an apparition which exhibits itſelf only for the purpoſe of being urged to ſpeak, was addreſſed, could be of no conſequence.

Be it remembered likewiſe, that the words are not as lately pronounced on the ſtage,—"Did not *you* ſpeak to it?"—but—"Did you not *ſpeak* to it?"—How aukward will the innovated ſenſe appear, if attempted to be produced from the paſſage as it really ſtands in the true copies!

Did you *not ſpeak to it?*

The emphaſis, therefore, ſhould moſt certainly reſt on—*ſpeak.*

STEEVENS.

But anſwer made it none: yet once, methought,
It lifted up its head, and did addreſs
Itſelf to motion, like as it would ſpeak:
But, even then, the morning cock crew loud;[7]
And at the ſound it ſhrunk in haſte away,
And vaniſh'd from our ſight.

Ham. 'Tis very ſtrange.

Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty,
To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, ſirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to-night?

All. We do, my lord.

Ham. Arm'd, ſay you?

All. Arm'd, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe?

All. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then ſaw you not
His face.

[7] —— *the morning cock crew loud;*] The moment of the evaneſcence of ſpirits was ſuppoſed to be limited to the crowing of the cock. This belief is mentioned ſo early as by Prudentius, *Cathem. Hymn.* I. v. 40. But ſome of his commentators prove it to be of much higher antiquity.

It is a moſt inimitable circumſtance in Shakſpeare, ſo to have managed this popular idea, as to make the Ghoſt, which has been ſo long obſtinately ſilent, and of courſe muſt be diſmiſſed by the morning, begin or rather prepare to ſpeak, and to be interrupted, at the very critical time of the crowing of a cock.

Another poet, according to cuſtom, would have ſuffered his Ghoſt tamely to vaniſh, without contriving this ſtart, which is like a ſtart of guilt. To ſay nothing of the aggravation of the future ſuſpence, occaſioned by this preparation to ſpeak, and to impart ſome myſterious ſecret. Leſs would have been expected, had nothing been promiſed. T. Warton.

Hor. O, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.[8]

Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?

Hor. A countenance more
In ſorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fix'd his eyes upon you?

Hor. Moſt conſtantly.

Ham. I would, I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.

Ham. Very like,
Very like: Stay'd it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haſte might tell a hundred.

Mar. Ber. Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I ſaw it.

Ham. His beard was grizzl'd? no?

Hor. It was, as I have ſeen it in his life,
A ſable ſilver'd.[9]

[8] —— *wore his* beaver up.] Though *beaver* properly ſignified that part of the helmet which was *let down*, to enable the wearer to drink, Shakſpeare always uſes the word as denoting that part of the helmet which, when raiſed up, expoſed the face of the wearer: and ſuch was the popular ſignification of the word in his time. In Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 8vo. 1616, *beaver* is defined thus:—"In armour it ſignifies that part of the helmet which may be *lifted up*, to take breath the more freely."
MALONE.

So, in Laud's *Diary*: "The Lord Broke ſhot in the left eye, and killed in the place at Lichfield—his *bever up*, and armed to the knee, ſo that a muſket at that diſtance could have done him little harm." FARMER.

[9] *A ſable ſilver'd.*] So, in our poet's 12th Sonnet:
"And *ſable curls*, all *ſilver'd* o'er with white."
MALONE.

Ham. I will watch to-night;
Perchance, 'twill walk again.

Hor. I warrant, it will.

Ham. If it aſſume my noble father's perſon,
I'll ſpeak to it, though hell itſelf ſhould gape,
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this ſight,
Let it be tenable in your ſilence ſtill;[1]
And whatſoever elſe ſhall hap to-night,
Give it an underſtanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves: So, fare you well:
Upon the platform, 'twixt eleven and twelve,
I'll viſit you.

All. Our duty to your honour.

Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: Farewell.
[*Exeunt* Horatio, Marcellus, *and* Bernardo.
My father's ſpirit in arms![2] all is not well;
I doubt ſome foul play: 'would, the night were come!
Till then ſit ſtill, my ſoul: Foul deeds will riſe,
Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes.
[*Exit.*

[1] *Let it be* tenable *in your ſilence ſtill;*] Thus the quartos, and rightly. The folio, 1623, reads—*treble.* Steevens.

[2] *My father's ſpirit in arms!*] From what went before, I once hinted to Mr. Garrick, that theſe words might be ſpoken in this manner:

My father's ſpirit! in arms! all is not well;—.

Whalley.

SCENE III.

A Room in Polonius' *Houſe.*

Enter LAERTES *and* OPHELIA.

LAER. My neceſſaries are embark'd; farewell:
And, ſiſter, as the winds give benefit,
And convoy is aſſiſtant, do not ſleep,
But let me hear from you.

OPH. Do you doubt that?

LAER. For Hamlet, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a faſhion, and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent, ſweet, not laſting,
The pérfume and ſuppliance of a minute;[3]
No more.

[3] *The* pérfume and ſuppliance *of a minute*;] Thus the quarto, the folio has it:

——*ſweet, not laſting,*
The ſuppliance of a minute.

It is plain that *perfume* is neceſſary to exemplify the idea of *ſweet, not laſting.* With the word *ſuppliance* I am not ſatisfied, and yet dare hardly offer what I imagine to be right. I ſuſpect that *ſuffiance*, or ſome ſuch word, formed from the Italian, was then uſed for the act of fumigating with ſweet ſcents. JOHNSON.

The perfume and ſuppliance *of a minute*;] i. e. what was ſupplied to us for a minute; or, as Mr. M. Maſon ſuppoſes, "an amuſement to fill up a vacant moment, and render it agreeable." This word occurs in Chapman's verſion of the ninth *Iliad*, of Homer:

"——by my *ſuppliance* given." STEEVENS.

The words—*perfume and*, which are found in the quarto, 1604, were omitted in the folio. MALONE.

Oph. No more but ſo?

Laer. Think it no more:
For nature, creſcent, does not grow alone
In thews,[4] and bulk; but, as this temple waxes,
The inward ſervice of the mind and ſoul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now;
And now no ſoil, nor cautel, doth beſmirch
The virtue of his will:[5] but, you muſt fear,
His greatneſs weigh'd, his will is not his own;
For he himſelf is ſubject to his birth:[6]
He may not, as unvalued perſons do,
Carve for himſelf; for on his choice depends

[4] *In* thews,] i. e. in ſinews, muſcular ſtrength. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II: "Care I for the limb, the *thewes*, the ſtature," &c. See Vol. XII. p. 141, n. 6. Steevens.

[5] *And now no ſoil, nor* cautel, *doth beſmirch*
The virtue *of his will*;] From *cautela*, which ſignifies only a *prudent foreſight* or caution; but, paſſing through French hands, it loſt its innocence, and now ſignifies *fraud, deceit.* And ſo he uſes the adjective in *Julius Cæſar*:

"Swear prieſts and cowards, and men *cautelous.*"

Warburton.

So, in the ſecond part of Greene's *Art of Coneycatching*, 1592: "—and their ſubtill *cautels* to amend the ſtatute." *To amend the ſtatute*, was the cant phraſe for evading the law.

Steevens.

Cautel is ſubtlety or deceit. Minſheu in his Dictionary, 1617, defines it, "A crafty way to deceive." The word is again uſed by Shakſpeare, in *A Lover's Complaint*:

"In him a plenitude of ſubtle matter,
"Applied to *cautels*, all ſtrange forms receives."

Malone.

Virtue ſeems here to compriſe both *excellence* and *power*, and may be explained the *pure effect.* Johnson.

The *virtue of his will* means, his *virtuous intentions. Cautel* means *craft.* So, Coriolanus ſays:

"——be caught by *cautelous* baits and practice."

M. Mason.

[6] *For he himſelf* &c.] This line is not in the quarto.

Malone.

The ſafety and the health of the whole ſtate;[7]
And therefore muſt his choice be circumſcrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
Whereof he is the head: Then if he ſays he loves you,
It fits your wiſdom ſo far to believe it,
As he in his particular act and place
May give his ſaying deed;[8] which is no further,
Than the main voice of Denmark goes withal.
Then weigh what loſs your honour may ſuſtain,
If with too credent ear you liſt his ſongs;
Or loſe your heart; or your chaſte treaſure open
To his unmaſter'd[9] importunity.
Fear it, Ophelia, fear it, my dear ſiſter;
And keep you in the rear of your affection,[1]
Out of the ſhot and danger of deſire.
The charieſt maid[2] is prodigal enough,
If ſhe unmaſk her beauty to the moon:

[7] *The* ſafety *and* the *health of the whole ſtate*;] Thus the quarto, 1604, except that it has—*this* whole ſtate, and the ſecond *the* is inadvertently omitted. The folio reads:

The ſanctity *and health of the whole ſtate.*

This is another proof of arbitrary alterations being ſometimes made in the folio. The editor, finding the metre defective, in conſequence of the article being omitted before *health*, inſtead of ſupplying it, for *ſafety* ſubſtituted a word of three ſyllables. MALONE.

[8] *May give his* ſaying deed;] So, in *Timon of Athens*: "—the *deed* of *ſaying* is quite out of uſe." Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*:

"*Speaking in deeds*, and deedleſs in his tongue."

MALONE.

[9] ——*unmaſter'd*—] i. e. *licentious*. JOHNSON.

[1] ——*keep you in the rear* &c.] That is, do not advance ſo far as your affection would lead you. JOHNSON.

[2] *The* charieſt *maid*—] *Chary* is cautious. So, in Greene's *Never too Late*, 1616: "Love requires not chaſtity, but that her ſoldiers be *chary*." Again: "She liveth chaſtly enough, that liveth *charily*." STEEVENS.

Virtue itſelf ſcapes not calumnious ſtrokes:
The canker galls the infants of the ſpring,
Too oft before their buttons be diſclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blaſtments are moſt imminent.
Be wary then: beſt ſafety lies in fear;
Youth to itſelf rebels, though none elſe near.

Oph. I ſhall the effect of this good leſſon keep,
As watchman to my heart: But, good my brother,
Do not, as ſome ungracious paſtors do,
Show me the ſteep and thorny way to heaven;
Whilſt, like a puff'd and reckleſs libertine,
Himſelf the primroſe path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read.[3]

Laer. O fear me not.
I ſtay too long;—But here my father comes.

[3] ——recks *not his own* read.] That is, heeds not his own leſſons. Pope.

So, in the old Morality of *Hycke Scorner*:
" ——— I *reck* not a feder."
Again, *ibidem*:
" And of thy living, I *reed* amend thee."
Ben Jonſon uſes the word *reed* in his *Cataline*:
" So that thou could'ſt not move
" Againſt a publick *reed*."
Again, in Sir Thomas North's tranſlation of Plutarch: " —Diſpatch, I *read* you, for your enterprize is betrayed." Again, the old proverb, in *The Two angry Women of Abington*, 1599:
" Take heed, is a good *reed*."
i. e. good *counſel*, good *advice*. Steevens.

So, Sternhold, *Pſalm* i:
" ——— that hath not lent
" To wicked *rede* his ear." Blackstone.

Enter POLONIUS.

A double bleſſing is a double grace;
Occaſion ſmiles upon a ſecond leave.

Pol. Yet here, Laertes! aboard, aboard, for ſhame;
The wind ſits in the ſhoulder of your ſail,[4]
And you are ſtaid for: There,—my bleſſing with you;
[*Laying his Hand on* LAERTES' *Head.*
And theſe few precepts in thy memory
Look thou charácter.[5] Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou haſt, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy ſoul with hooks of ſteel;[6]

[4] —— *the ſhoulder of your ſail,*] This is a common ſea phraſe. STEEVENS.

[5] *And theſe few precepts in thy* memory
Look thou charácter.] i. e. write, ſtrongly infix. The ſame phraſe is again uſed by our author in his 122d Sonnet:
" —— thy tables are within my brain
" Full *character'd* with laſting *memory*."
Again, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*:
" ——— I do conjure thee,
" Who art the table wherein all my thoughts
" Are viſibly *charácter'd* and engrav'd." MALONE.

[6] *Grapple them to thy ſoul with* hooks *of ſteel*;] The old copies read—with *hoops* of ſteel. I have no doubt that this was a corruption in the original quarto of 1604, ariſing, like many others, from ſimilitude of ſounds. The emendation, which was made by Mr. Pope, and adopted by three ſubſequent editors, is ſtrongly ſupported by the word *grapple*. See Minſheu's *Dict.* 1617: "To *hook* or *grapple*, viz. to grapple and to board a ſhip."
A *grapple* is an inſtrument with ſeveral *hooks* to lay hold of a ſhip, in order to board it.
This correction is alſo juſtified by our poet's 137th Sonnet:

But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade.[7] Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel: but, being in,
Bear it that the oppoſer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's cenſure,[8] but reſerve thy judgement.
Coſtly thy habit as thy purſe can buy,
But not expreſs'd in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;[9]
And they in France, of the beſt rank and ſtation,
Are moſt ſelect and generous, chief in that.[1]

" Why of eyes' falſhood haſt thou forged *hooks*,
" Whereto the judgement of my heart is *tyʼd* ?"

It may be alſo obſerved, that *hooks* are ſometimes made of ſteel, but *hoops* never. MALONE.

We have, however, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:

" A *hoop* of gold to bind thy brothers in."

The former part of the phraſe occurs alſo in *Macbeth:*

" *Grapples* you to the heart and love of us."

STEEVENS.

[7] *But do not dull thy palm with entertainment*
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade.] The literal ſenſe is, *Do not make thy palm callous by ſhaking every man by the hand.* The figurative meaning may be, *Do not by promiſcuous converſation make thy mind inſenſible to the difference of characters.* JOHNSON.

[8] —— *each man's* cenſure,] *Cenſure* is opinion. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. II:

" The king is old enough to give his *cenſure.*"

STEEVENS.

[9] *For the apparel oft proclaims the man;*] " A *man's attire,* and exceſſive laughter, and gait, *ſhew what he is.*" *Eccūs* XIX. ver. 30. TODD.

[1] *Are moſt ſelect and generous,* chief *in that.*] I think the whole deſign of the precept ſhows that we ſhould read:

Are moſt ſelect, and generous chief, in that.

Chief may be an *adjective* uſed *adverbially,* a practice common to our author: *chiefly* generous. Yet it muſt be owned that the punctuation recommended is very ſtiff and harſh.

Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
For loan oft loſes both itſelf and friend;

I would, however, more willingly read:

And they in France, of the beſt rank and ſtation,
Select and generous, are moſt choice *in that.*

Let the reader, who can diſcover the ſlighteſt approach towards ſenſe, harmony, or metre, in the original line,—

Are of a *moſt ſelect and generous chief, in that,*—

adhere to the old copies. STEEVENS.

The genuine meaning of the paſſage requires us to point the line thus:

Are moſt ſelect and generous, chief in that.

i. e. the nobility of France are ſelect and generous above all other nations, and chiefly in the point of apparel; the richneſs and elegance of their dreſs. RITSON.

Are of a *moſt ſelect and generous* chief, *in that.*] Thus the quarto, 1604, and the folio, except that in that copy the word *chief* is ſpelt *cheff*. The ſubſtantive *chief*, which ſignifies in heraldry the upper part of the ſhield, appears to have been in common uſe in Shakſpeare's time, being found in Minſheu's *Dictionary*, 1617. He defines it thus: *Eſt ſuperior et ſcuti nobilior pars; tertiam partem ejus obtinet; ante Chriſti adventum dabatur in maximi honoris ſignum; ſenatoribus et honoratis viris.*" B. Jonſon has uſed the word in his *Poetaſter*.

The meaning then ſeems to be, *They in France approve themſelves of a moſt ſelect and generous eſcutcheon by their dreſs. Generous* is uſed with the ſignification of *generoſus*. So, in *Othello*: "The *generous* iſlanders," &c.

Chief, however, may have been uſed as a ſubſtantive, for *note* or *eſtimation*, without any alluſion to heraldry, though the word was perhaps originally *heraldick*. So, in Bacon's *Colours of Good and Evil*, 16mo. 1597: "In the warmer climates the people are generally more wiſe, but in the northern climates the wits of *chief* are greater."

If *chief* in this ſenſe had not been familiarly underſtood, the editor of the folio muſt have conſidered the line as unintelligible, and would have probably omitted the words—*of a* in the beginning of it, or attempted ſome other correction. That not having been done, I have adhered to the old copies.

Our poet from various paſſages in his works, appears to have been accurately acquainted with all the terms of heraldry.

MALONE.

And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.[2]
This above all,—To thine ownself be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,[3]
Thou canst not then be false to any man.
Farewell; my blessing season this in thee![4]

Laer. Most humbly do I take my leave, my lord.

Pol. The time invites you;[5] go, your servants tend.[6]

Laer. Farewell, Ophelia; and remember well
What I have said to you.

Oph. 'Tis in my memory lock'd,
And you yourself shall keep the key of it.[7]

Of chief, in the passage quoted from Bacon, is, I believe, a bald translation of the old French phrase—*de chef,* whatever, in the present instance, might be its intended meaning. Steevens.

[2] ——*of* husbandry.] i. e. of thrift; œconomical prudence. See Vol. X. p. 93, n. 5. Malone.

[3] *And it must follow, as the* night *the* day,] So, in the 145th Sonnet of Shakspeare:

" That follow'd it *as gentle day*
" *Doth follow night,*" &c. Steevens.

[4] —— *my blessing* season *this in thee!*] *Season,* for *infuse.* Warburton.

It is more than to *infuse,* it is to infix it in such a manner as that it never may wear out. Johnson.

So, in the mock tragedy represented before the king:

" —— who in want a hollow friend doth try,
" Directly *seasons* him his enemy." Steevens.

[5] *The time* invites *you*;] So, in *Macbeth*:

" I go, and it is done, the bell *invites* me." Steevens.

Thus the folio. The quarto, 1604, reads—The time *invests* you: which Mr. Theobald preferred, supposing that it meant, " the time *besieges,* presses upon you on every side." But to *invest,* in Shakspeare's time, only signified, to clothe, or give possession. Malone.

[6] —— *your servants* tend.] i. e. your servants are waiting for you. Johnson.

[7] —— *yourself shall keep the key of it.*] The meaning is,

Laer. Farewell. [*Exit* Laertes.

Pol. What is't, Ophelia, he hath ſaid to you?

Oph. So pleaſe you, ſomething touching the lord Hamlet.

Pol. Marry, well bethought:
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you: and you yourſelf
Have of your audience been moſt free and bounteous:
If it be ſo, (as ſo 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution,) I muſt tell you,
You do not underſtand yourſelf ſo clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour:
What is between you? give me up the truth.

Oph. He hath, my lord, of late, made many tenders
Of his affection to me.

Pol. Affection? puh! you ſpeak like a green girl,
Unſifted in ſuch perilous circumſtance.[8]

that your counſels are as ſure of remaining locked up in my memory, as if yourſelf carried the key of it. So, in *Northward Hoe*, by Decker and Webſter, 1607: "You ſhall cloſe it up like a treaſure of your own, and yourſelf *ſhall keep the key of it.*"
Steevens.

[8] —— Unſifted *in ſuch perilous circumſtance.*] *Unſifted* for *untried. Untried* ſignifies either not *tempted*, or not *refined*; *unſifted* ſignifies the *latter* only, though the ſenſe requires the *former*. Warburton.

It means, I believe, one who has not ſufficiently conſidered, or thoroughly ſifted ſuch matters. M. Mason.

I do not think that the ſenſe requires us to underſtand *untempted*. "Unſifted in," &c. means, I think, one who has not nicely *canvaſſed* and examined the peril of her ſituation. Malone.

That *ſifted* means *tempted*, may be ſeen in the 31ſt verſe of the 22d chapter of St. Luke's goſpel. Harris.

Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?

Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I ſhould think.

Pol. Marry, I'll teach you: think yourſelf a baby;
That you have ta'en theſe tenders for true pay,
Which are not ſterling. Tender yourſelf more dearly;
Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phraſe,
Wronging it thus,) you'll tender me a fool.[9]

[9] ——— *Tender yourſelf more dearly;*
Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phraſe,
Wronging *it thus,*) *you'll tender me a fool.*] The *parentheſis* is cloſed at the wrong place; and we muſt have likewiſe a ſlight correction in the laſt verſe. [*Wringing* it, &c.] Polonius is racking and playing on the word *tender*, till he thinks proper to correct himſelf for the licence; and then he would ſay—not farther to crack the wind of the phraſe, by *twiſting* it and *contorting* it, as I have done. Warburton.

I believe the word *wronging* has reference, not to the phraſe, but to Ophelia; if you go on *wronging it thus*, that is, *if you continue to go on thus wrong*. This is a mode of ſpeaking perhaps not very grammatical, but very common; nor have the beſt writers refuſed it.

"To finner it or ſaint it,"

is in Pope. And Rowe,

"——— Thus to *coy it*,
"With one who knows you too."

The folio has it—*Roaming* it thus. That is, *letting yourſelf looſe to ſuch improper liberty*. But *wronging* ſeems to be more proper. Johnson.

"See you do not *coy it*," is in Maſſinger's *New Way to pay old Debts*. Steevens.

I have followed the punctuation of the firſt quarto, 1604, where the parentheſis is extended to the word *thus*, to which word the context in my apprehenſion clearly ſhows it ſhould be carried. "Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phraſe, playing upon it, and abuſing it thus,") &c. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

"To *wrong* the wronger, till he render right."

Oph. My lord, he hath impórtun'd me with love,
In honourable faſhion.

Pol. Ay, faſhion you may call it;[1] go to, go to.

Oph. And hath given countenance to his ſpeech, my lord,
With almoſt all the holy vows of heaven.

Pol. Ay, ſpringes to catch woodcocks.[2] I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the ſoul
Lends the tongue vows: theſe blazes, daughter,[3]
Giving more light than heat,—extinct in both,
Even in their promiſe, as it is a making,—
You muſt not take for fire. From this time,
Be ſomewhat ſcanter of your maiden preſence;
Set your entreatments[4] at a higher rate,

The quarto, by the miſtake of the compoſitor, reads—*Wrong* it thus. The correction was made by Mr. Pope.

—— Tender *yourſelf more dearly*;] To *tender* is to regard with affection. So, in *King Richard II:*

" —————— And ſo betide me,
" As well I *tender* you and all of yours."

Again, in *The Maydes Metamorphoſis*, by Lyly, 1601:

" —— if you account us for the ſame
" That *tender* thee, and love Apollo's name." Malone.

[1] —— faſhion *you may call it*;] She uſes *faſhion* for *manner*, and he for a *tranſient practice*. Johnson.

[2] ——*ſpringes to catch woodcocks.*] A proverbial ſaying, " Every woman has a *ſpringe to catch a woodcock*." Steevens.

[3] —— *theſe blazes, daughter,*] Some epithet to *blazes* was probably omitted, by the careleſſneſs of the tranſcriber or compoſitor, in the firſt quarto, in conſequence of which the metre is defective. Malone.

[4] *Set your* entreatments—] *Entreatments* here mean *company, converſation*, from the French *entrétien*. Johnson.

Entreatments, I rather think, means the objects of *entreaty*; the favours for which lovers ſue. In the next ſcene we have a word of a ſimilar formation:

" As if it ſome *impartment* did deſire," &c. Malone.

Than a command to parley. For lord Hamlet,
Believe ſo much in him, That he is young;
And with a larger tether[5] may he walk,
Than may be given you: In few, Ophelia,
Do not believe his vows: for they are brokers[6]
Not of that die which their inveſtments ſhow,
But mere implorators of unholy ſuits,
Breathing like ſanctified and pious bonds,[7]

[5] —— *larger* tether—] A ſtring to tie horſes. POPE.

Tether is that ſtring by which an animal, ſet to graze in grounds unincloſed, is confined within the proper limits. JOHNSON.

So, in Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1601:—"To tye the ape and the bear in one *tedder*." *Tether* is a ſtring by which any animal is faſtened, whether for the ſake of feeding or the air. STEEVENS.

[6] *Do not believe his* vows, *for they are* brokers—] A *broker* in old Engliſh meant a *bawd* or *pimp*. See the Gloſſary to Gawin Douglas's tranſlation of *Virgil*. So, in *King John*:

"This *bawd*, this *broker*," &c.

See alſo, Vol. XV. p. 478, n. 2. In our author's *Lover's Complaint* we again meet with the ſame expreſſion, applied in the ſame manner:

"Know, *vows* are ever *brokers* to defiling." MALONE.

[7] *Breathing like ſanctified and pious* bonds,] On which the editor, Mr. Theobald, remarks, *Though all the editors have ſwallowed this reading implicitly, it is certainly corrupt; and I have been ſurprized how men of genius and learning could let it paſs without ſome ſuſpicion. What idea can we frame to ourſelves of a breathing bond, or of its being ſanctified and pious*, &c. But he was too haſty in *framing ideas* before he underſtood thoſe already framed by the poet, and expreſſed in very plain words. Do not believe (ſays Polonius to his daughter) Hamlet's amorous vows made *to you*; which pretend religion in them (*the better to beguile*) like thoſe ſanctified and pious vows [*or bonds*] made *to heaven*. And why ſhould not this *paſs without ſuſpicion?* WARBURTON.

Theobald for *bonds* ſubſtitutes *bawds*. JOHNSON.

Notwithſtanding Warburton's elaborate explanation of this paſſage, I have not the leaſt doubt but Theobald is right, and

The better to beguile. This is for all,—
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you ſo ſlander any moment's leiſure,[8]
As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet.
Look to't, I charge you; come your ways.

Oph. I ſhall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

that we ought to read *bawds* inſtead of *bonds.* Indeed the preſent reading is little better than nonſenſe.

Polonius had called Hamlet's vows, *brokers,* but two lines before, a ſynonymous word to *bawds,* and the very title that Shakſpeare gives to Pandarus, in his *Troilus and Creſſida.* The words *implorators of unholy ſuits,* are an exact deſcription of a *bawd*; and all ſuch of them as are crafty in their trade, put on the appearance of ſanctity, and are "not of that die which their inveſtments ſhow." M. Mason.

The old reading is undoubtedly the true one. Do not, ſays Polonius, believe his vows, for they are merely uttered for the purpoſe of perſuading you to yield to a criminal paſſion, though they appear only the genuine effuſions of a pure and lawful affection, and aſſume the ſemblance of thoſe ſacred engagements entered into at the altar of wedlock. The *bonds* here in our poet's thoughts were *bonds of love.* So, in his 142d Sonnet:

"——— thoſe lips of thine,
"That have profan'd their ſcarlet ornaments,
"And ſeal'd falſe *bonds of love,* as oft as mine."

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice:*

"O, ten times faſter Venus' pigeons fly,
"To ſeal *love's bonds* new made, than they are wont
"To keep obliged faith unforfeited."

"Sanctified and pious bonds," are the *true bonds of love,* or, as our poet has elſewhere expreſſed it:

"A contract and *eternal bond of love.*"

Dr. Warburton certainly miſunderſtood this paſſage; and when he triumphantly aſks "may not this paſs without ſuſpicion?" if he means his own comment, the anſwer is, becauſe it is not perfectly accurate. Malone.

[8] *I would not,* in plain terms, *from this time forth,*
Have you ſo ſlander any moment's leiſure,] Polonius ſays, *in plain terms,* that is, not in language leſs elevated or embelliſhed before, but *in terms that cannot be miſunderſtood: I would not have you ſo diſgrace your moſt idle moments, as not to find better employment for them than lord Hamlet's converſation.*
Johnson.

SCENE IV.

The Platform.

Enter HAMLET, HORATIO, *and* MARCELLUS.

Ham. The air bites ſhrewdly; it is very cold.

Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.[9]

Ham. What hour now?

Hor. I think, it lacks of twelve.

Mar. No, it is ſtruck.

Hor. Indeed? I heard it not; it then draws near the ſeaſon,
Wherein the ſpirit held his wont to walk.
[*A Flouriſh of Trumpets, and Ordnance ſhot off, within.*
What does this mean, my lord?

Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouſe,[1]
Keeps waſſel,[2] and the ſwaggering up-ſpring[3] reels;

[9] ——*an* eager *air.*] That is, a ſharp air, *aigre*, Fr. So, in a ſubſequent ſcene:
"And curd, like *eager* droppings into milk."
MALONE.

[1] ——*takes his* rouſe,] A *rouſe* is a large doſe of liquor, a debauch. So, in *Othello*: "—they have given me a *rouſe* already." It ſhould ſeem from the following paſſage in Decker's *Gul's Hornbook*, 1609, that the word *rouſe* was of Daniſh extraction: "Teach me, thou ſoveraigne ſkinker, how to take the German's upſy freeze, the *Daniſh rouſa*, the Switzer's ſtoop of rheniſh," &c. STEEVENS.

[2] *Keeps* waſſel,] See Vol. X. p. 88, n. 4. Again, in *The Hog hath loſt his Pearl*, 1614:

And, as he drains his draughts of Rheniſh down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out [4]
The triumph of his pledge.

Hor. Is it a cuſtom?

Ham. Ay, marry, is't:
But to my mind,—though I am native here,
And to the manner born,—it is a cuſtom
More honour'd in the breach, than the obſervance.
This heavy-headed revel, eaſt and weſt,[5]

" By Croeſus name and by his caſtle,
" Where winter nights he *keepeth waſſel.*"

i. e. devotes his nights to jollity. Steevens.

[3] ——*the ſwaggering* up-ſpring—] The bluſtering upſtart. Johnson.

It appears from the following paſſage in *Alphonſus, Emperor of Germany*, by Chapman, that the *up-ſpring* was a *German dance*:

" We Germans have no changes in our dances;
" An *almain* and an *up-ſpring*, that is all."

Spring was anciently the name of a tune: ſo in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Propheteſs*:

" —— we will meet him,
" And ſtrike him ſuch new *ſprings*—."

This word is uſed by G. Douglas in his tranſlation of Virgil, and, I think, by Chaucer. Again, in an old Scots proverb: " Another would play a *ſpring*, ere you tune your pipes." Steevens.

[4] ——*thus* bray *out*—] So, in Chapman's verſion of the 5th *Iliad*:

" —— he laid out ſuch a throat
" As if nine or ten thouſand men had *brayd* out all their breaths
" In one confuſion." Steevens.

[5] *This* heavy-headed *revel*, eaſt *and* weſt,] This heavy-headed revel makes us traduced eaſt and weſt, and taxed of other nations. Johnson.

By *eaſt and weſt*, as Mr. Edwards has obſerved, is meant, throughout the world; *from one end of it to the other*.—This and the following twenty-one lines have been reſtored from the quarto. Malone.

Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations:
They clepe us, drunkards,[6] and with ſwiniſh phraſe
Soil our addition; and, indeed it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.[7]
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That, for ſome vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot chooſe his origin,)[8]

[6] *They clepe us, drunkards,*] And well our Engliſhmen might; for in Queen Elizabeth's time there was a *Dane* in London, of whom the following mention is made in a collection of characters entitled, *Looke to it, for Ile ſtab ye,* no date:

"You that will drinke *Keynaldo* unto deth,
"The *Dane* that would carowſe out of his boote."

Mr. M. Maſon adds, that "it appears from one of Howell's letters, dated at Hamburgh in the year 1632, that the then King of Denmark had not degenerated from his jovial predeceſſor.—In his account of an entertainment given by his majeſty to the Earl of Leiceſter, he tells us, that the king, after beginning thirty-five toaſts, was carried away in his chair, and that all the officers of the court were drunk." STEEVENS.

See alſo the *Nugæ Antiquæ*, Vol. II. p. 133, for the ſcene of drunkenneſs introduced into the court of James I. by the King of Denmark, in 1606.

Roger Aſcham in one of his Letters, mentions being preſent at an entertainment where the Emperor of Germany ſeemed in drinking to rival the King of Denmark: "The Emperor, (ſays he) drank the beſt that ever I ſaw; he had his head in the glaſs five times as long as any of us, and never drank leſs than *a good quart at once of Rheniſh wine.*" REED.

[7] *The pith and marrow of our attribute.*] The beſt and moſt valuable part of the praiſe that would be otherwiſe attributed to us. JOHNSON.

[8] *That, for ſome vicious* mole *of nature in them,*
As, in their birth, (*wherein* they are not guilty,
Since nature *cannot chooſe his origin,*)] We have the ſame ſentiment in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

"For *marks* deſcried in man's nativity
"Are nature's fault, not their own infamy."

By the o'ergrowth of ſome complexion,[9]
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reaſon;
Or by ſome habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plauſive manners;[1]—that theſe men,—
Carrying, I ſay, the ſtamp of one defect;
Being nature's livery, or fortune's ſtar,[2]—

Mr. Theobald, without neceſſity, altered *mole* to *mould*. The reading of the old copies is fully ſupported by a paſſage in *King John*:

" Patch'd with foul *moles*, and eye-offending marks."

MALONE.

[9] —— *complexion*,] i. e. humour; as ſanguine, melancholy, phlegmatick, &c. WARBURTON.

The quarto, 1604, for *the* has *their*; as a few lines lower it has *his* virtues, inſtead of *their* virtues. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[1] —— *that too much* o'er-leavens
The form of plauſive *manners*;] That intermingles too much with their manners; infects and *corrupts* them. See *Cymbeline*, Act III. ſc. iv. *Plauſive* in our poet's age ſignified gracious, pleaſing, popular. So, in *All's well that ends well*:

" —— his *plauſive* words
" He ſcatter'd not in ears, but grafted them,
" To grow there, and to bear."

Plauſible, in which ſenſe *plauſive* is here uſed, is defined by Cawdrey, in his *Alphabetical Table*, &c. 1604: " *Pleaſing*, or received joyfully and willingly." MALONE.

[2] —— *fortune's* ſtar,] The word *ſtar* in the text ſignifies a *ſcar* of that appearance. It is a term of *farriery*: the *white ſtar* or mark ſo common on the forehead of a dark coloured horſe, is uſually produced by making a *ſcar* on the place. RITSON.

—— *fortune's* ſtar,] Some accidental blemiſh, the conſequence of *the overgrowth of ſome complexion* or humour allotted to us by fortune at our birth, or ſome vicious habit accidentally acquired afterwards.

Theobald, plauſibly enough, would read—fortune's *ſcar*. The emendation may be ſupported by a paſſage in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" The *ſcars* upon your honour therefore he
" Does pity as conſtrained *blemiſhes*,
" Not as deſerv'd." MALONE.

Their virtues elſe (be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,)[3]
Shall in the general cenſure take corruption
From that particular fault: The dram of baſe
Doth all the noble ſubſtance often dout,
To his own ſcandal.[4]

[3] *As infinite as man may* undergo,)] As large as can be accumulated upon man. JOHNSON.

So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

" To *undergo* ſuch ample grace and honour,—."

STEEVENS.

[4] —— *The dram of* baſe
Doth all the noble ſubſtance often dout,
To his *own ſcandal.*] I once propoſed to read—*Doth all the noble ſubſtance* (i. e. the ſum of good qualities) *oft do out.* We ſhould now ſay,—To *its* own ſcandal; but *his* and *its* are perpetually confounded in the old copies.

As I underſtand the paſſage, there is little difficulty in it. This is one of the phraſes which at preſent are neither employed in writing, nor perhaps are reconcileable to propriety of language.

To *do a thing out,* is *to extinguiſh it,* or *to efface* or *obliterate any thing painted or written.*

In the firſt of theſe ſignifications it is uſed by Drayton, in the 5th Canto of his *Barons' Wars:*

" Was ta'en in battle, and his eyes *out-done.*"

My conjecture—*do out,* inſtead of *doubt,* might have received ſupport from the pronunciation of this verb in Warwickſhire, where they always ſay—" *dout* the candle,"—" *dout* the fire;" i. e. put out or extinguiſh them. The forſex by which a candle is extinguiſhed is alſo there called—*a douter.*

Dout, however, is a word formed by the coaleſcence of two others,—(*do* and *out*) like *don* for *do on, doff* for *do off,* both of which are uſed by Shakſpeare.

The word in queſtion (and with the ſame blunder in ſpelling) has already occurred in the ancient copies in *King Henry V:*

" —— make inciſion in their hides,
" That their hot blood may ſpin in Engliſh eyes,
" And *doubt* them with ſuperfluous courage:"

i. e. *put* or *do* them *out.* I therefore now think we ſhould read:

Doth all the noble ſubſtance often dout, *&c.*

for ſurely it is needleſs to ſay—

—— *the* noble *ſubſtance of* worth *dout,*

Enter Ghoſt.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!

becauſe the idea of *worth* is comprehended in the epithet—*noble.*

N. B. The improvement which my former note on this paſſage has received, I owed, about four years ago, to the late Rev. Henry Homer, a native of Warwickſhire. But as Mr. Malone appears to have been furniſhed with almoſt the ſame intelligence, I ſhall not ſuppreſs his mode of communicating it, as he may fairly plead priority in having laid it before the publick. This is the ſole cauſe why our readers are here preſented with two annotations, of almoſt ſimilar tendency, on the ſame ſubject: for unwilling as I am to withhold juſtice from a dead friend, I ſhould with equal reluctance defraud a living critick of his due.

STEEVENS.

The quarto, where alone this paſſage is found, exhibits it thus:

——— *the dram of* eale
Doth all the noble ſubſtance of a doubt,
To his own ſcandal.

To *dout*, as I have already obſerved in a note on *King Henry V.* Vol. XII. p. 444, n. 1, ſignified in Shakſpeare's time, and yet ſignifies in Devonſhire and other weſtern counties, to *do out*, to efface, to extinguiſh. Thus they ſay, "*dout* the candle,"—"*dout* the fire," &c. It is exactly formed in the ſame manner as to *don* (or *do on*,) which occurs ſo often in the writings of our poet and his contemporaries.

I have no doubt that the corruption of the text aroſe in the following manner. *Dout*, which I have now printed in the text, having been written by the miſtake of the tranſcriber, *doubt*, and the word *worth* having been inadvertently omitted, the line, in the copy that went to the preſs, ſtood—

Doth all the noble ſubſtance of doubt,——

The editor or printer of the quarto copy, finding the line too ſhort, and thinking *doubt* muſt want an article, inſerted it, without attending to the context; and inſtead of correcting the erroneous, and ſupplying the true word, printed—

Doth all the noble ſubſtance of a doubt, &c.

The very ſame error has happenod in *King Henry V:*

"That their hot blood may ſpin in Engliſh eyes,
"And *doubt* them with ſuperfluous courage:"

where *doubt* is again printed inſtead of *dout.*

Ham. Angels and miniſters of grace defend us!—

That *worth* (which was ſupplied firſt by Mr. Theobald) was the word omitted originally in the hurry of tranſcription, may be fairly collected from a paſſage in *Cymbeline,* which fully juſtifies the correction made:

" ——— Is ſhe with Poſthumus?
" From whoſe ſo many weights of *baſeneſs* cannot
" A *dram* of *worth* be drawn."

This paſſage alſo adds ſupport to the correction of the word *eale* in the firſt of theſe lines, which was likewiſe made by Mr. Theobald.—*Baſe* is uſed ſubſtantively for *baſeneſs:* a practice not uncommon in Shakſpeare. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

" Say what thou canſt, my *falſe* outweighs your *true.*"

Shakſpeare, however, might have written the—dram of *ill.* This is nearer the corrupted word *eale,* but the paſſage in *Cymbeline* is in favour of the other emendation.

The meaning of the paſſage thus corrected is, The ſmalleſt particle of vice ſo blemiſhes the whole maſs of virtue, as to eraſe from the minds of mankind the recollection of the numerous good qualities poſſeſſed by him who is thus blemiſhed by a ſingle ſtain, and taints his general character.

To his own ſcandal, means, *ſo as to reduce the whole maſs of worth to* its *own* vicious and unſightly appearance; *to tranſlate his* virtue *to the likeneſs of* vice.

His for *its,* is ſo common in Shakſpeare, that every play furniſhes us with examples. So, in a ſubſequent ſcene in this play:—" than the force of honeſty can tranſlate beauty into *his* likeneſs."

Again, in *Timon of Athens:*

" When every feather ſticks in *his* own wing,——."

Again, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream:*

" Whoſe liquor hath this virtuous property,
" To take from thence all error with *his* might."

Again, in *King Richard II:*

" That it may ſhow me what a face I have,
" Since *it* is bankrupt of *his* majeſty."

So, in *Grim, the Collier of Croydon:*

" Contented life, that gives the heart *his* eaſe,——."

We meet with a ſentiment ſomewhat ſimilar to that before us, in *King Henry IV.* P. I.

" —— oftentimes it doth preſent harſh rage,
" Defect of manners, want of government,
" Pride, haughtineſs, opinion, and diſdain:

Be thou a ſpirit of health, or goblin damn'd,[6]
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blaſts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,

" The *leaſt of which,* haunting a nobleman,
" Loſeth men's hearts, and leaves behind *a ſtain*
" *Upon the beauty of all parts beſides,*
" *Beguiling them of commendation.*" MALONE.

[5] *Angels and miniſters of grace defend us!* &c.] Hamlet's ſpeech to the apparition of his father ſeems to conſiſt of three parts. When firſt he ſees the ſpectre, he fortifies himſelf with an invocation:

Angels and miniſters of grace defend us!

As the ſpectre approaches, he deliberates with himſelf, and determines, that whatever it be he will venture to addreſs it.

Be thou a ſpirit of health, or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blaſts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,
Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape,
That I will ſpeak to thee. I'll call thee, &c.

This he ſays while his father is advancing; he then, as he had determined, *ſpeaks to him,* and *calls him—Hamlet, King, Father, Royal Dane: O! anſwer me.* JOHNSON.

[6] *Be thou a ſpirit of health, or goblin damn'd,* &c.] So, in *Acolaſtus his After-wit,* 1600:

" Art thou a god, a man, or elſe a ghoſt?
" Com'ſt thou from heaven, where bliſs and ſolace dwell?
" Or from the airie cold-engendering coaſt?
" Or from the darkſome dungeon-hold of hell?"

The firſt known edition of this play is in 1604.

The ſame queſtion occurs alſo in the MS. known by the title of *William and the Werwolf,* in the Library of King's College, Cambridge:

" Whether thou be a gode goſt in goddis name that ſpeakeſt,
" Or any foul fiend fourmed in this wiſe,
" And if we ſchul of the hent harme or gode." p. 36.

Again, in Barnaby Googe's *Fourth Eglog:*

" What ſoever thou art yt thus doſt com,
" Ghooſt, hagge, or fende of hell,
" I the comaunde by him that lyves
" Thy name and caſe to tell." STEEVENS.

Thou com'ſt in ſuch a queſtionable ſhape,[7]
That I will ſpeak to thee; I'll call thee, Hamlet,
King, father, royal Dane: O, anſwer me:
Let me not burſt in ignorance! but tell,
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearſed in death,
Have burſt their cerements![8] why the ſepulchre,

[7] —— queſtionable *ſhape,*] By *queſtionable* is meant provoking queſtion. HANMER.

So, in *Macbeth:*

" Live you, or are you aught
" That man may queſtion?" JOHNSON.

Queſtionable, I believe, means only *propitious to converſation, eaſy and willing to be converſed with.* So, in *As you like it:* " An *unqueſtionable* ſpirit, which you have not." *Unqueſtionable* in this laſt inſtance certainly ſignifies *unwilling to be talked with.* STEEVENS.

Queſtionable perhaps only means *capable of being converſed with. To queſtion,* certainly in our author's time ſignified *to converſe.* So, in his *Rape of Lucrece,* 1594:

" For after ſupper long he *queſtioned*
" With modeſt Lucrece—."

Again, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" Out of our *queſtion* wipe him."

See alſo *King Lear,* Act V. ſc. iii. MALONE.

[8] —————— *tell,*
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearſed in death,
Have burſt their cerements!] Hamlet, amazed at an apparition, which, though in all ages credited, has in all ages been conſidered as the moſt wonderful and moſt dreadful operation of ſupernatural agency, enquires of the ſpectre, in the moſt emphatick terms, why he breaks the order of nature, by returning from the dead; this he aſks in a very confuſed circumlocution, confounding in his fright the ſoul and body. Why, ſays he, have *thy bones,* which with due ceremonies have been entombed *in death,* in the common ſtate of departed mortals, *burſt* the folds in which they were embalmed? Why has the tomb, in which we ſaw thee quietly laid, opened his mouth, that mouth which, by its weight and ſtability, ſeemed cloſed for ever? The whole ſentence is this: *Why doſt thou appear, whom we know to be dead?* JOHNSON.

To tell the ſecrets of my priſon-houſe,
I could a tale unfold, whoſe lighteſt word
Would harrow up thy ſoul; freeze thy young blood;
Make thy two eyes, like ſtars, ſtart from their ſpheres;[6]
Thy knotted and combined locks to part,
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:[7]

The expreſſion is very ſimilar to the Biſhop's. I will give you his verſion as conciſely as I can: "It is a nedeful thyng to ſuffer panis and torment;—Sum in the wyndis, ſum under the watter, and in the fire uthir ſum: thus the mony vices—

"Contrakkit in the corpis be *done away*
"*And purgit.*"—— Sixte Book of Eneados, fol. p. 191.

FARMER.

Shakſpeare might have found this expreſſion in *The Hyſtorie of Hamblet*, bl. l. F. 2, edit. 1608: "He ſet fire in the foure corners of the hal, in ſuch ſort, that of all that were as then therein not one eſcaped away, but were forced *to purge their ſinnes by fire.*" MALONE.

Shakſpeare talks more like a Papiſt, than a Platoniſt; but the language of Biſhop Douglas is that of a good Proteſtant:

"Thus the mony vices
"Contrakkit in the corpis be done away
"And purgit."

Theſe are the very words of our Liturgy, in the commendatory prayer for a ſick perſon at the point of departure, in the office for the viſitation of the ſick:—"Whatſoever defilements it may have contracted—being purged and done away." WHALLEY.

[6] *Make thy two* eyes, *like ſtars,* ſtart from their ſpheres:] So, in our poet's 108th Sonnet:

"How have mine *eyes out of their ſpheres been fitted,*
"In the diſtraction of this madding fever!" MALONE.

[7] ——fretful *porcupine:*] The quartos read—*fearful* &c. Either epithet may ſerve. This animal is at once iraſcible and timid. The ſame image occurs in *The Romaunt of the Roſe,* where Chaucer is deſcribing the perſonage of *danger:*

"Like ſharpe urchons his *heere* was grow."

An *urchin* is a hedge-hog.

The old copies, however, have—*porpentine,* which is fre-

But this eternal blazon muſt not be
To ears of fleſh and blood:—Liſt, liſt, O liſt!—
If thou didſt ever thy dear father love,——

Ham. O heaven!

Ghost. Revenge his foul and moſt unnatural murder.[8]

Ham. Murder?

Ghost. Murder moſt foul, as in the beſt it is;
But this moſt foul, ſtrange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haſte me to know it; that I, with wings as ſwift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,[9]

quently written by our ancient poets inſtead of *porcupine*. So, in *Skialetheia*, a collection of Epigrams, Satires, &c. 1598:

"*Porpentine*-backed, for he lies on thornes."

STEEVENS.

[8] *Revenge his foul and moſt unnatural murder.*] As a proof that this play was written before 1597, of which the contrary has been aſſerted by Mr. Holt in Dr. Johnſon's Appendix, I muſt borrow, as uſual, from Dr. Farmer: "Shakſpeare is ſaid to have been no extraordinary actor; and that the top of his performance was the Ghoſt in his own *Hamlet*. Yet this *chef d'oeuvre* did not pleaſe: I will give you an original ſtroke at it. Dr. Lodge publiſhed in the year 1596, a pamphlet called *Wit's Miſerie, or the World's Madneſs, diſcovering the incarnate Devils of the Age*, quarto. One of theſe devils is, *Hate-virtue, or ſorrow for another man's good ſucceſſe*, who, ſays the doctor, is *a foule lubber*, and looks as pale as the vizard of the *Ghoſt*, which cried ſo miſerably at the theatre, *Hamlet revenge*." STEEVENS.

I ſuſpect that this ſtroke was levelled not at Shakſpeare, but at the performer of the Ghoſt in an older play on this ſubject, exhibited before 1589. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the Order of Shakſpeare's Plays*, Vol. II. MALONE.

[9] *As meditation, or the thoughts of love,*] This ſimilitude is extremely beautiful. The word *meditation* is conſecrated, by the *myſticks*, to ſignify that ſtretch and flight of mind which aſpires to the enjoyment of the ſupreme good. So that Hamlet, conſidering with what to compare the ſwiftneſs of his revenge,

May ſweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt;
And duller ſhould'ſt thou be than the fat weed
That rots itſelf in eaſe on Lethe wharf,[1]

chooſes two of the moſt rapid things in nature, the ardency of divine and human paſſion, in an *enthuſiaſt* and a *lover*.

WARBURTON.

The comment on the word *meditation* is ſo ingenious, that I hope it is juſt. JOHNSON.

[1] *And duller ſhould'ſt thou be than the fat weed*
That rots itſelf in eaſe on Lethe wharf,] Shakſpeare, apparently through ignorance, makes Roman Catholicks of theſe Pagan Danes; and here gives a deſcription of purgatory; but yet mixes it with the Pagan fable of Lethe's wharf. Whether he did it to inſinuate to the zealous Proteſtants of his time, that the Pagan and Popiſh purgatory ſtood both upon the ſame footing of credibility, or whether it was by the ſame kind of licentious inadvertence that Michael Angelo brought Charon's bark into his picture of the Laſt Judgment, is not eaſy to decide. WARBURTON.

That rots *itſelf in eaſe* &c.] The quarto reads—That *roots* itſelf. Mr. Pope follows it. Otway has the ſame thought:

"——like a coarſe and uſeleſs dunghill weed
"Fix'd to one ſpot, and *rot* juſt as I grow."

Mr. Cowper alſo, in his verſion of the ſeventh *Iliad*, v. 100, has adopted this phraſe of Shakſpeare, to expreſs—

"Ημενοι αὖθι ἔκοσοι ἀκήριοι,—"
"*Rot* where you ſit." v. 112.

In Pope's *Eſſay on Man*, Ep. II. 64, we meet with a ſimilar compariſon:

"Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar ſpot,
"To draw nutrition, propagate, and *rot*."

The ſuperiority of the reading of the folio is to me apparent: to be in a creſcent ſtate (i. e. to *root* itſelf) affords an idea of activity; to *rot* better ſuits with the dulneſs and inaction to which the Ghoſt refers. Beaumont and Fletcher have a thought ſomewhat ſimilar in *The Humorous Lieutenant*:

"This *dull* root pluck'd from *Lethe's* flood."

STEEVENS.

That roots *itſelf in eaſe* &c.] Thus the quarto, 1604. The folio reads—That *rots* itſelf &c. I have preferred the reading of the original copy, becauſe to *root itſelf* is a natural and eaſy phraſe, but "to *rot* itſelf," not Engliſh. Indeed in general the

Would'ſt thou not ſtir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear:
'Tis given out, that ſleeping in mine orchard,
A ſerpent ſtung me; ſo the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forged proceſs of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble youth,
The ſerpent that did ſting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O, my prophetick ſoul! my uncle!

Ghost. Ay, that inceſtuous, that adulterate beaſt,
With witchcraft of his wit,[2] with traitorous gifts,
(O wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to ſeduce!) won to his ſhameful luſt
The will of my moſt ſeeming virtuous queen:
O, Hamlet, what a falling-off was there!
From me, whoſe love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand even with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whoſe natural gifts were poor
To thoſe of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,

readings of the original copies, when not corrupt, ought, in my opinion, not to be departed from, without very ſtrong reaſon. *That roots itſelf in eaſe*, means, whoſe ſluggiſh root is idly extended.

The modern editors read—*Lethe's* wharf; but the reading of the old copy is right. So, in Sir Aſton Cockain's *Poems*, 1658, p. 177:

" ——fearing theſe great actions might die,
" Neglected caſt all into *Lethe lake*." MALONE.

That Shakſpeare, or his firſt editors, ſuppoſed—*rots itſelf*, to be Engliſh, is evident from the ſame phraſe being uſed in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" ——lackeying the varying tide,
" To *rot itſelf* with motion."

See Vol. XVII. p. 47. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*his* wit,] The old copies have *wits*. The ſubſequent line ſhows that it was a miſprint. MALONE.

Though lewdneſs court it in a ſhape of heaven;
So luſt, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will ſate itſelf in a celeſtial bed,
And prey on garbage.[3]
But, ſoft! methinks, I ſcent the morning air;
Brief let me be:—Sleeping within mine orchard,[4]
My cuſtom always of the afternoon,[5]
Upon my ſecure hour thy uncle ſtole,
With juice of curſed hebenon in a vial,[6]

[3] ——*ſate itſelf in a celeſtial bed,*
And prey on garbage.] The ſame image occurs again in *Cymbeline*:
" ——————ravening firſt
" The lamb, *longs after for the garbage.*" STEEVENS.

The ſame ſentiment is expreſſed in a fragment of Euripides, *Antiope*, v. 86, edit. Barnes:
" Κόρος δὲ πάντων, καὶ γὰρ ἐκ καλλιόνων
" Λέκτροις ἐν αἰσχροῖς εἶδον ἐκπεπληγμένας.
" Δαιτὸς δὲ πληρωθεὶς τις, "ασμενος πάλιν
" Φαύλῃ διαίτῃ προσβαλὼν "ησθη στόμα." TODD.

[4] ——*mine* orchard,] *Orchard* for *garden*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:
" The *orchard* walls are high, and hard to climb."
STEEVENS.

[5] —— Sleeping ——
My cuſtom always of the afternoon,] See the *Paſton Letters*, Vol. III. p. 282: " Written in my *ſleeping time*, at *afternoon*" &c. See note on this paſſage. STEEVENS.

[6] *With juice of curſed* hebenon *in a vial,*] The word here uſed was more probably deſigned by a *metatheſis*, either of the poet or tranſcriber, for *henebon*, that is, *henbane*; of which the moſt common kind (*hyoſcyamus niger*) is certainly *narcotick*, and perhaps, if taken in a conſiderable quantity, might prove poiſonous. Galen calls it cold in the third degree; by which in this, as well as *opium*, he ſeems not to mean an actual coldneſs, but the power it has of benumbing the faculties. Dioſcorides aſcribes to it the property of producing madneſs (ὑοσκυαμος μανιώδης). Theſe qualities have been confirmed by ſeveral caſes related in modern obſervations. In Wepfer we have a good account of the various effects of this root upon moſt of the mem-

And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous diſtilment;[7] whoſe effect
Holds ſuch an enmity with blood of man,
That, ſwift as quickſilver, it courſes through
The natural gates and alleys of the body;
And, with a ſudden vigour, it doth poſſet
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholeſome blood: ſo did it mine;
And a moſt inſtant tetter bark'd about,
Moſt lazar-like, with vile and loathſome cruſt,
All my ſmooth body.
Thus was I, ſleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of crown, of queen, at once deſpatch'd:[8]
Cut off even in the bloſſoms of my ſin,[9]

bers of a *convent* in Germany, who eat of it for ſupper by miſtake, mixed with ſuccory;—heat in the throat, giddineſs, dimneſs of ſight, and delirium. *Cicut. Aquatic.* c. xviii. GREY.

So, in Drayton's *Barons' Wars*, p. 51:

"The pois'ning *henbane*, and the mandrake drad."

Again, in the Philoſopher's 4th Satire of Mars, by Robert Anton, 1616:

"The poiſon'd *henbane*, whoſe cold juice doth kill."

In Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633, the word is written in a different manner:

"——the blood of Hydra, Lerna's bane,
"The juice of *hebon*, and Cocytus' breath."

STEEVENS.

[7] *The leperous* diſtilment;] So, in Painter's *Palace of Pleaſure*, Vol. II. p. 142: "—which being once poſſeſſed, never leaveth the patient till it hath enfeebled his ſtate, like the qualitie of *poiſon diſtilling* through the veins even to the heart."

MALONE.

Surely, the leperous *diſtilment* ſignifies the water *diſtilled* from henbane, that ſubſequently occaſioned leproſy.

STEEVENS.

[8] —— *at once* deſpatch'd:] *Deſpatch'd*, for *bereft*.

WARBURTON.

[9] *Cut off even in the bloſſoms of my ſin*, &c.] The very words of this part of the ſpeech are taken (as I have been informed by

Unhouſel'd, diſappointed, unanel'd ;[1]
No reckoning made, but ſent to my account

a gentleman of undoubted veracity) from an old *Legend of Saints*, where a man, who was accidentally drowned, is introduced as making the ſame complaint. STEEVENS.

[1] *Unhouſel'd, diſappointed, unanel'd ;*] *Unhouſel'd* is without having received the ſacrament.

Diſappointed, as Dr. Johnſon obſerves, "is the ſame as *unappointed*, and may be properly explained *unprepared*. A man well furniſhed with things neceſſary for an enterpriſe, was ſaid to be well *appointed*."

This explanation of *diſappointed* may be countenanced by a quotation of Mr. Upton's from *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"Therefore your beſt *appointment* make with ſpeed."

Iſabella, as Mr. Malone remarks, is the ſpeaker, and her brother, who was condemned to die, is the perſon addreſſed.

Unanel'd is without extreme unction.

I ſhall now ſubjoin as many notes as are neceſſary for the ſupport of the firſt and third of theſe explanations. I adminiſter the bark only, not ſuppoſing any reader will be found who is deſirous to ſwallow the whole tree.

In the *Textus Roſſenſis* we meet with two of theſe words—"The monks offering themſelves to perform all prieſtly functions of *houſeling*, and *aveyling*." *Aveyling* is miſprinted for *aneyling*. STEEVENS.

See *Mort d'Arthur*, p. iii. c. 175: "So when he was *houſeled* and *aneled*, and had all that a Chriſtian man ought to have," &c. TYRWHITT.

The ſubſequent extract from a very ſcarce and curious copy of Fabian's *Chronicle*, printed by Pynſon, 1516, ſeems to remove every poſſibility of doubt concerning the true ſignification of the words *unhouſel'd* and *unanel'd*. The hiſtorian, ſpeaking of Pope Innocent's having laid the whole kingdom of England under an interdict, has theſe words: "Of the manner of this interdiccion of this lande have I ſeen dyverſe opynyons, as ſome ther be that ſaye that the lande was interdyted thorwly and the churchis and houſys of relygyon cloſyd, that no where was uſed maſe, nor dyvyne ſervyce, by whiche reaſon none of the VII ſacramentis all this terme ſhould be mynyſtred or occupyed, nor chyld *crystened*, nor man *confeſſed* nor *marryed*; but it was not ſo ſtrayght. For there were dyverſe placys in Englond, which were occupyed with dyvyne ſervyce all that ſeaſon by lycence purchaſed than or before, alſo chyldren were chryſtenyd throughe

With all my imperfections on my head:
O, horrible! O, horrible! moſt horrible![2]
If thou haſt nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
A couch for luxury[3] and damned inceſt.
But, howſoever thou purſu'ſt this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy ſoul contrive
Againſt thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,
And to thoſe thorns that in her boſom lodge,
To prick and ſting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm ſhows the matin to be near,

all the lande and men *houſelyd* and *anelyd*." Fol. 14, Septima Pars Johannis.

The Anglo-Saxon noun-ſubſtantives *huſel*, (the euchariſt) and *ele* (oil) are plainly the roots of theſe laſt-quoted compound adjectives.—For the meaning of the affix *an* to the laſt, I quote Spelman's Gloſſ. in loco: "Quin et dictionibus (an) adjungitur, ſiquidem vel *majoris notationis* gratia, vel ad *ſingulare aliquid*, vel *unicum* demonſtrandum." Hence *anelyd* ſhould ſeem to ſignify *oiled* or *anointed* by way of eminence, i. e. having received extreme unction. For the confirmation of the ſenſe given here, there is the ſtrongeſt internal evidence in the paſſage. The hiſtorian is ſpeaking of the VII ſacraments, and he expreſsly names five of them, viz. baptiſm, marriage, auricular confeſſion, the *euchariſt*, and *extreme unction*.

The antiquary is deſired to conſult the edition of Fabian, printed by Pynſon, 1516, becauſe there are others, and I remember to have ſeen one in the Bodleian Library at Oxford, with a continuation to the end of Queen Mary, London, 1559, in which the language is much modernized. BRAND.

[2] *O, horrible! O, horrible! moſt horrible!*] It was ingeniouſly hinted to me by a very learned lady, that this line ſeems to belong to Hamlet, in whoſe mouth it is a proper and natural exclamation; and who, according to the practice of the ſtage, may be ſuppoſed to interrupt ſo long a ſpeech. JOHNSON.

[3] *A couch for* luxury—] i. e. for *lewdneſs*. So, in *K. Lear*: "To't *luxury*, pell-mell, for I lack ſoldiers."
STEEVENS.

See Vol. XV. p. 436 and 482. MALONE.

And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire :[4]
Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me.[5] [*Exit.*

Ham. O all you hoſt of heaven! O earth! What elſe?
And ſhall I couple hell?—O fye![6]—Hold, hold, my heart;
And you, my ſinews, grow not inſtant old,
But bear me ſtiffly up!—Remember thee?
Ay, thou poor ghoſt, while memory holds a ſeat
In this diſtracted globe.[7] Remember thee?

[4] ——*pale his uneffectual fire :*] i. e. ſhining without heat. WARBURTON.

To *pale* is a verb uſed by Lady Elizabeth Carew, in her *Tragedy of Mariam*, 1613 :

" —— Death can *pale* as well
" A cheek of roſes, as a cheek leſs bright."

Again, in Urry's Chaucer, p. 368 : " The ſterre *paleth* her white cheres by the flambes of the ſonne," &c.

Uneffectual fire, I believe, rather means, fire that is no longer ſeen when the light of morning approaches. So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609 :

" ——— like a *glow-worm*,—
" The which hath fire in darkneſs, none in light."
STEEVENS.

[5] *Adieu, adieu, adieu!* &c.] The folio reads—
Adieu, adieu, Hamlet: *remember me.* STEEVENS.

[6] —— *O fye!*] Theſe words (which hurt the meaſure, and from that circumſtance, and their almoſt ludicrous turn, may be ſuſpected as an interpolation,) are found only in the two earlieſt quartos.

" *O fye!*" however, might have been the marginal reprehenſion of ſome ſcrupulous reader, to whom the MS. had been communicated before it found its way to the preſs. STEEVENS.

[7] ——— *Remember thee?*
Ay, thou poor ghoſt, while memory holds a ſeat
In this diſtracted globe.] So, in our poet's 122d Sonnet:

" Which ſhall above that idle rank remain,
" Beyond all dates, even to eternity;
" Or at the leaſt, *ſo long as brain and heart*
" *Have faculty by nature to ſubſiſt.*" MALONE.

Yea, from the table of my memory[8]
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All ſaws of books, all forms, all preſſures paſt,
That youth and obſervation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone ſhall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baſer matter: yes, by heaven.
O moſt pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, ſmiling, damned villain!
My tables,—meet it is, I ſet it down,[9]

—— *this diſtracted globe.*] i. e. in this head confuſed with thought. STEEVENS.

[8] *Yea, from* the table of my memory—] This expreſſion is uſed by Sir Philip Sidney in his *Defence of Poeſie.* MALONE.

—— from the table of my memory I'll *wipe away* &c.] This phraſe will remind the reader of Chæria's exclamation in the *Eunuch* of Terence:—" O faciem pulchram! *deleo* omnes dehinc ex animo mulieres." STEEVENS.

[9] *My* tables,—*meet it is, I ſet it down,*] This is a ridicule on the practice of the time. Hall ſays, in his character of the *Hypocrite*, " He will ever ſit where he may be ſeene beſt, and in the midſt of the ſermon pulles out his *tables* in haſte, as if he feared to looſe that note," &c. FARMER.

No ridicule on the practice of the time could with propriety be introduced on this occaſion. Hamlet avails himſelf of the ſame caution obſerved by the Doctor in the fifth act of *Macbeth*: " I will ſet down whatever comes from her, to ſatisfy my remembrance the more ſtrongly."

Dr. Farmer's remark, however, as to the frequent uſe of table-books, may be ſupported by many inſtances. So, in the Induction to *The Malcontent*, 1604: " I tell you I am one that hath ſeen this play often, and give them intelligence for their action: I have moſt of the jeſts of it here in my *table-book*."

Again, in *Love's Sacrifice*, 1633:

" Yet a' one loves courtſhip:
" You find ſome change of words; 'twere no loſt labour
" To ſtuff your *table-books*."

Again, in *Antonio's Revenge*, 1602: Balurdo draws out his *writing-tables* and writes—

" *Retort* and *obtuſe*, good words, very good words."

That one may ſmile, and ſmile, and be a villain;
At leaſt, I am ſure, it may be ſo in Denmark:
[*Writing.*
So, uncle, there you are. Now to my word;[1]
It is, *Adieu, adieu! remember me.*
I have ſworn't.

HOR. [*Within.*] My lord, my lord,——
MAR. [*Within.*] Lord Hamlet,——
HOR. [*Within.*] Heaven ſecure him!
HAM. So be it!
MAR. [*Within.*] Illo, ho, ho, my lord!
HAM. Hillo,[2] ho, ho, boy! come, bird, come.[3]

Again, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609:
" Let your *tables* befriend your memory; write," &c.
STEEVENS.

See alſo *The Second Part of Henry IV:*
" And therefore will he wipe his *tables* clean,
" And keep no *tell-tale* to his *memory*."
York is here ſpeaking of the King. *Table-books* in the time of our author appear to have been uſed by all ranks of people. In the church they were filled with ſhort notes of the ſermon, and at the theatre with the ſparkling ſentences of the play.
MALONE.

[1] —— *Now to my word;*] Hamlet alludes to the *watch-word* given every day in military ſervice, which at this time he ſays is, *Adieu, adieu! remember me.* So, in *The Devil's Charter*, a tragedy, 1607:
" Now to my *watch-word*——." STEEVENS.

[2] *Hillo,*—] This exclamation is of French origin. So, in the *Venerie de Jacques Fouilloux*, 1635, 4to. p. 12: " *Ty a hillaut*," &c. See Vol. V. p. 296. STEEVENS.

[3] —— *come, bird, come.*] This is the call which falconers uſe to their hawk in the air, when they would have him come down to them. HANMER.

This expreſſion is uſed in Marſton's *Dutch Courtezan*, and by many others among the old dramatick writers.

It appears from all theſe paſſages, that it was the falconer's call, as Sir T. Hanmer has obſerved.

Enter HORATIO *and* MARCELLUS.

MAR. How is't, my noble lord?

HOR. What news, my lord?

HAM. O, wonderful!

HOR. Good my lord, tell it.

HAM. No;
You will reveal it.

HOR. Not I, my lord, by heaven.

MAR. Nor I, my lord.

HAM. How ſay you then; would heart of man once think it?—
But you'll be ſecret,——

HOR. MAR. Ay, by heaven, my lord.

HAM. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all Denmark,
But he's an arrant knave.

HOR. There needs no ghoſt, my lord, come from the grave,
To tell us this.

HAM. Why, right; you are in the right;
And ſo, without more circumſtance at all,
I hold it fit, that we ſhake hands, and part:
You, as your buſineſs, and deſire, ſhall point you;—
For every man hath buſineſs, and deſire,
Such as it is,—and, for my own poor part,
Look you, I will go pray.

Again, in *Tyro's Roaring Megge, planted againſt the Walls of Melancholy*, &c. 4to. 1598.

"Yet, ere I iournie, Ile go ſee the kyte:
"*Come, come bird, come:* pox on you, can you mute?"

STEEVENS.

Hor. Theſe are but wild and whirling words, my lord.

Ham. I am ſorry they offend you, heartily; yes, 'Faith, heartily.

Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham. Yes, by Saint Patrick,[4] but there is, Horatio,
And much offence too. Touching this viſion here,—
It is an honeſt ghoſt, that let me tell you;
For your deſire to know what is between us,
O'er-maſter it as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, ſcholars, and ſoldiers,
Give me one poor requeſt.

Hor. What is't, my lord? We will.

Ham. Never make known what you have ſeen to-night.

Hor. Mar. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but ſwear't.

Hor. In faith,
My lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my ſword.

Mar. We have ſworn, my lord, already.

[4] —— *by Saint* Patrick,] How the poet comes to make Hamlet ſwear by *St. Patrick*, I know not. However, at this time all the whole northern world had their learning from Ireland; to which place it had retired, and there flouriſhed under the auſpices of this ſaint. But it was, I ſuppoſe, only ſaid at random; for he makes Hamlet a ſtudent at Wittenberg.

WARBURTON.

Dean Swift's "Verſes on the ſudden drying-up of St. Patrick's Well, 1726," contain many learned alluſions to the early cultivation of literature in Ireland. NICHOLS.

Ham. Indeed, upon my ſword, indeed.

Ghost. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

Ham. Ha, ha, boy! ſay'ſt thou ſo? art thou there, true-penny?[5]
Come on,—you hear this fellow in the cellarage,—
Conſent to ſwear.

Hor. Propoſe the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to ſpeak of this that you have ſeen,
Swear by my ſword.[6]

[5] —— *true-penny?*] This word, as well as ſome of Hamlet's former exclamations, we find in *The Malcontent*, 1604:

" Illo, ho, ho, ho; art thou there old *True-penny?*"

Steevens.

[6] —— *Swear by my ſword.*] Here the poet has preſerved the manners of the ancient Danes, with whom it was *religion* to ſwear upon their ſwords. See *Bartholinus, De cauſis contempt. mort. apud Dan.* Warburton.

I was once inclinable to this opinion, which is likewiſe well defended by Mr. Upton; but Mr. Garrick produced me a paſſage, I think, in *Brantome*, from which it appeared that it was common to ſwear upon the ſword, that is, upon the croſs, which the old ſwords always had upon the hilt. Johnson.

Shakſpeare, it is more than probable, knew nothing of the ancient Danes, or their manners. Every extract from Dr. Farmer's pamphlet muſt prove as inſtructive to the reader as the following:

" In the *Paſſus Primus* of *Pierce Plowman*,

' David in his daies dubbed knightes,
' And did them *ſwere on her ſword* to ſerve truth ever.'

" And in *Hieronymo*, the common butt of our author, and the wits of the time, ſays Lorenzo to Pedringano:

' Swear on this *croſs*, that what thou ſay'ſt is true:
' But if I prove thee perjur'd and unjuſt,
' This very *ſword*, whereon thou took'ſt thine oath,
' Shall be a worker of thy tragedy."

To the authorities produced by Dr. Farmer, the following may be added from *Holinſhed*, p. 664: " Warwick kiſſed the *croſs* of King Edward's ſword, as it were a vow to his promiſe."

Again, p. 1038, it is ſaid—" that Warwick drew out his ſword, which other of the honourable and worſhipful that were

GHOST. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

HAM. *Hic & ubique?* then we'll ſhift our ground:—
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my ſword:
Swear by my ſword,
Never to ſpeak of this that you have heard.

GHOST. [*Beneath.*] Swear by his ſword.

HAM. Well ſaid, old mole! can'ſt work i'the earth ſo faſt?

then preſent likewiſe did, when he commanded that each one ſhould kiſs other's ſword, according to an ancient cuſtom amongſt men of war in time of great danger; and herewith they made a ſolemn vow." &c.

Again, in Decker's comedy of *Old Fortunatus*, 1600:

"He has ſworn to me on the *croſs* of his pure Toledo."

Again, in his *Satiromaſtix:* "By the *croſs* of this ſword and dagger, captain, you ſhall take it."

In the ſoliloquy of *Roland* addreſſed to his ſword, the *croſs* on it is not forgotten: "——capulo eburneo candidiſſime, *cruce* aurea ſplendidiſſime," &c. *Turpini Hiſt. de Geſtis Caroli Mag. cap.* 22.

Again, in an ancient MS. of which ſome account is given in a note on the firſt ſcene of the firſt Act of *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, the oath taken by a *maſter of defence* when his degree was conferred on him, is preſerved, and runs as follows: "Firſt you ſhall ſweare (ſo help you God and halidome, and by all the chriſtendome which God gave you at the fount-ſtone, and by the *croſſe of this ſword which doth repreſent unto you the croſſe which our Saviour ſuffered his moſt payneful deathe upon,*) that you ſhall upholde, maynteyne, and kepe to your power all ſoch articles as ſhall be heare declared unto you, and receve in the preſence of me your maiſter, and theſe the reſt of the maiſters my brethren heare with me at this tyme." STEEVENS.

Spenſer obſerves that the Iriſh in his time uſed commonly to ſwear by their ſword. See his *View of the State of Ireland*, written in 1596. This cuſtom, indeed, is of the higheſt antiquity; having prevailed, as we learn from Lucian, among the Scythians. MALONE.

A worthy pioneer!—Once more remove, good friends.

Hor. O day and night, but this is wondrous ſtrange!

Ham. And therefore as a ſtranger give it welcome.[7]

There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your philoſophy.
But come;——
Here, as before, never, ſo help you mercy!
How ſtrange or odd ſoe'er I bear myſelf,
As I, perchance, hereafter ſhall think meet
To put an antick diſpoſition on,—
That you, at ſuch times ſeeing me, never ſhall,
With arms encumber'd thus, or this head-ſhake,
Or by pronouncing of ſome doubtful phraſe,
As, *Well, well, we know*;—or, *We could, an if we would*;—or, *If we liſt to ſpeak*;—or, *There be, an if they might*;[8]—
Or ſuch ambiguous giving out, to note
That you know aught of me:[9]—This do you ſwear,[1]

[7] *And therefore as a ſtranger give it welcome.*] i. e. receive it to yourſelf; take it under your own roof; as much as to ſay, *Keep it ſecret.* Alluding to the laws of hoſpitality. WARBURTON.

Warburton refines too much on this paſſage. Hamlet means merely to requeſt that they would ſeem not to know it—to be unacquainted with it. M. MASON.

[8] —— *an if* they *might*;] Thus the quarto. The folio reads —an if *there* might. MALONE.

[9] *Or ſuch ambiguous giving out,* to note,
That you know aught of me:] The conſtruction is irregular and elliptical. Swear as before, ſays Hamlet, that you never *ſhall* by folded arms or ſhaking of your head *intimate that a ſecret is lodged in your breaſts*; and by no ambiguous phraſes denote that you know aught of me.

Shakſpeare has in many other places begun to conſtruct a ſen-

So grace and mercy at your moſt need help you!

GHOST. [*Beneath.*] Swear.

HAM. Reſt, reſt, perturbed ſpirit![2] So, gentlemen,

tence in one form, and ended it in another. So, in *All's well that ends well:* "I would the cutting of my garments would ſerve the turn, or the baring of my beard; and *to ſay* it was in ſtratagem."

Again, in the ſame play: "No more of this, Helena;—leſt it be rather thought you affect a ſorrow, than *to have:*" where he ought to have written *than that you have:* or, *leſt you rather be thought to affect a ſorrow, than* to have.

Again, *ibidem:*

"I *bade her*—if her fortunes ever ſtood
"Neceſſitied to help, *that* by this token
"I would relieve her."

Again, in *The Tempeſt:*

"I have with ſuch proviſion in mine art
"So ſafely order'd, that there is *no ſoul*—
"No, not ſo much perdition as an hair
"Betid to any creature in the veſſel."

See Vol. IV. p. 13, n. 6; and Vol. IX. p. 268, n. 9; and p. 396, n. 4.

Having uſed the word *never* in the preceding part of the ſentence, [that you *never* ſhall—] the poet conſidered the *negative* implied in what follows; and hence he wrote—"*or*—to note," inſtead of *nor*. MALONE.

[1] —— *This do you ſwear*, &c.] The folio reads,—*this not to do*, ſwear, &c. STEEVENS.

Swear is uſed here, as in many other places, as a diſſyllable. MALONE.

Here again my untutored ears revolt from a new diſſyllable; nor have I ſcrupled, like my predeceſſors, to ſupply the pronoun —*you*, which muſt accidentally have dropped out of a line that is imperfect without it. STEEVENS.

[2] *Reſt, reſt, perturbed ſpirit!*] The ſkill diſplayed in Shakſpeare's management of his Ghoſt, is too conſiderable to be overlooked. He has rivetted our attention to it by a ſucceſſion of forcible circumſtances:—by the previous report of the terrified centinels,—by the ſolemnity of the hour at which the phantom walks,—by its martial ſtride and diſcriminating armour, viſible only *per incertam lunam*, by the glimpſes of the moon,—by its long taciturnity,—by its preparation to ſpeak, when interrupted

With all my love I do commend me to you:
And what ſo poor a man as Hamlet is
May do, to expreſs his love and friending to you,
God willing, ſhall not lack. Let us go in together;
And ſtill your fingers on your lips, I pray.
The time is out of joint;—O curſed ſpite!
That ever I was born to ſet it right!
Nay, come, let's go together. [*Exeunt.*

by the morning cock,—by its myſterious reſerve throughout its firſt ſcene with Hamlet,—by his reſolute departure with it, and the ſubſequent anxiety of his attendants,—by its conducting him to a ſolitary angle of the platform,—by its voice from beneath the earth,—and by its unexpected burſt on us in the cloſet.

Hamlet's late interview with the ſpectre, muſt in particular be regarded as a ſtroke of dramatick artifice. The phantom might have told his ſtory in the preſence of the Officers and Horatio, and yet have rendered itſelf as inaudible to them, as afterwards to the Queen. But ſuſpenſe was our poet's object; and never was it more effectually created, than in the preſent inſtance. Six times has the royal ſemblance appeared, but till now has been withheld from ſpeaking. For this event we have waited with impatient curioſity, unaccompanied by laſſitude, or remitted attention.

The Ghoſt in this tragedy, is allowed to be the genuine product of Shakſpeare's ſtrong imagination. When he afterwards avails himſelf of traditional phantoms, as in *Julius Cæſar*, and *King Richard III.* they are but inefficacious pageants; nay, the apparition of Banquo is a mute exhibitor. Perhaps our poet deſpaired to equal the vigour of his early conceptions on the ſubject of preter-natural beings, and therefore allotted them no further eminence in his dramas; or was unwilling to diminiſh the power of his principal ſhade, by an injudicious repetition of congenial images. STEEVENS.

The verb *perturb* is uſed by Holinſhed, and by Bacon in his *Eſſay on Superſtition*: "—therefore atheiſm did never *perturb* ſtates." MALONE.

ACT II. SCENE I.

A Room in Polonius's *Houſe.*

Enter POLONIUS *and* REYNALDO.[3]

Pol. Give him this money, and theſe notes, Reynaldo.

Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol. You ſhall do marvellous wiſely, good Reynaldo,
Before you viſit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well ſaid: very well ſaid.[4] Look you, ſir,
Inquire me firſt what Danſkers[5] are in Paris;
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expence; and finding,
By this encompaſſment and drift of queſtion,
That they do know my ſon, come you more nearer

[3] *Enter* Polonius *and* Reynaldo.] The quartos read—*Enter old* Polonius *with his man or two.* STEEVENS.

[4] —— *well ſaid: very well ſaid.*] Thus alſo, the weak and tedious Shallow ſays to Bardolph, in *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* Act III. ſc. ii: "It is well ſaid, ſir; and it is well ſaid indeed too." STEEVENS.

[5] —— *Danſkers*—] *Danſke* (in Warner's *Albion's England*) is the ancient name of Denmark. STEEVENS.

Than your particular demands will touch it:[6]
Take you, as 'twere, ſome diſtant knowledge of him;
As thus,—*I know his father, and his friends,*
And, in part, him;—Do you mark this, Reynaldo?

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.

Pol. *And, in part, him*;—*but,* you may ſay, *not well:*
But, if't be he I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted ſo and ſo;—and there put on him
What forgeries you pleaſe; marry, none ſo rank
As may diſhonour him; take heed of that;
But, ſir, ſuch wanton, wild, and uſual ſlips,
As are companions noted and moſt known
To youth and liberty.

Rey. As gaming, my lord.

Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, ſwearing,[7] quarrelling,
Drabbing:—You may go ſo far

[6] —— *come you more nearer*
Than your particular demands will touch it:] The late editions read, and point, thus:
—— *come you more nearer;*
Then *your particular demands will touch it:*
Throughout the old copies the word which we now write—*than*, is conſtantly written—*thin*. I have therefore printed—*than*, which the context ſeems to me to require, though the old copies have *then*. There is no point after the word *nearer*, either in the original quarto, 1604, or the folio. Malone.

[7] —— *drinking*, fencing, *ſwearing*,] I ſuppoſe, by *fencing* is meant a too diligent frequentation of the fencing-ſchool, a reſort of violent and lawleſs young men. Johnson.

Fencing, I ſuppoſe, means, piquing himſelf on his ſkill in the uſe of the ſword, and quarrelling and brawling, in conſequence of that ſkill. "The cunning of *fencers*, ſays Goſſon, in his *Schoole of Abuſe*, 1579, is now applied to *quarreling*: they thinke themſelves no men, if for ſtirring of a ſtraw, they prove not their valure uppon ſome bodies fleſhe." Malone.

Rey. My lord, that would diſhonour him.

Pol. 'Faith, no; as you may ſeaſon it in the charge.[8]
You muſt not put another ſcandal on him,[9]
That he is open to incontinency;
That's not my meaning:[1] but breathe his faults ſo quaintly,
That they may ſeem the taints of liberty:
The flaſh and out-break of a fiery mind;
A ſavageneſs[2] in unreclaimed blood,
Of general aſſault.[3]

Rey. But, my good lord,——

Pol. Wherefore ſhould you do this?

Rey. Ay, my lord,
I would know that.

Pol. Marry, ſir, here's my drift;
And, I believe, it is a fetch of warrant:[4]
You laying theſe ſlight ſullies on my ſon,
As 'twere a thing a little ſoil'd i'the working,
Mark you,

[8] *'Faith,* no; *as you may ſeaſon it* &c.] The quarto reads—*Faith, as you may ſeaſon it in the charge.* Malone.

[9] —— another *ſcandal on him,*] Thus the old editions. Mr. Theobald reads—*an utter.* Johnson.

—— another *ſcandal*—] i. e. a very different and more ſcandalous failing, namely habitual incontinency. Mr. Theobald in his *Shakſpeare Reſtored* propoſed to read—an *utter* ſcandal on him; but did not admit the emendation into his edition. Malone.

[1] *That's not my meaning:*] That is not what I mean when I permit you to accuſe him of drabbing. M. Mason.

[2] *A* ſavageneſs—] *Savageneſs,* for *wildneſs.* Warburton.

[3] *Of general aſſault.*] i. e. ſuch as youth in general is liable to. Warburton.

[4] *And, I believe, it is a fetch of* warrant:] So the folio. The quarto reads—a fetch of *wit.* Steevens.

Your party in converſe, him you would ſound,
Having ever ſeen in the prenominate crimes,[5]
The youth you breathe of, guilty, be aſſur'd,
He cloſes with you in this conſequence;
Good ſir, or ſo; [6] or *friend*, or *gentleman*,—
According to the phraſe, or the addition,
Of man, and country.

Rey. Very good, my lord.

Pol. And then, ſir, does he this,—He does—
What was I about to ſay?—By the maſs, I was about to ſay ſome ſomething:—Where did I leave?

Rey. At, cloſes in the conſequence.

Pol. At, cloſes in the conſequence,[7]—*Ay, marry*;
He cloſes with you thus:—*I know the gentleman*;
I ſaw him yeſterday, or t'other day,
Or then, or then; *with ſuch, or ſuch*; *and, as you ſay,*
There was he gaming; *there o'ertook in his rouſe*;
There falling out at tennis: or, perchance,
I ſaw him enter ſuch a houſe of ſale,
(*Videlicet*, a brothel,) *or ſo forth.*—
See you now;
Your bait of falſehood takes this carp of truth:
And thus do we of wiſdom and of reach,
With windlaces, and with aſſays of bias,
By indirections find directions out;

[5] —— prenominate *crimes*,] i. e. crimes already named. STEEVENS.

[6] *Good ſir, or* ſo;] I ſuſpect, (with Mr. Tyrwhitt,) that the poet wrote—Good ſir, or *ſir*, or friend, &c. In the laſt Act of this play, *ſo* is uſed for *ſo forth*: "—fix French rapiers and poniards, with their aſſigns, as girdle, hanger, and *ſo*." MALONE.

[7] *At, cloſes in the conſequence*,] Thus the quarto. The folio adds—At friend, or ſo, or gentleman. MALONE.

So, by former lecture and advice,
Shall you my ſon: You have me, have you not?

Rey. My lord, I have.

Pol. God be wi' you; fare you well.

Rey. Good my lord,——

Pol. Obſerve his inclination in yourſelf.[8]

Rey. I ſhall, my lord.

Pol. And let him ply his muſick.

Rey. Well, my lord.
[*Exit.*

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farewell!—How now, Ophelia? what's the matter?

Oph. O, my lord, my lord, I have been ſo affrighted!

Pol. With what, in the name of heaven?

Oph. My lord, as I was ſewing in my cloſet,
Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbrac'd;
No hat upon his head; his ſtockings foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved to his ancle;[9]

[8] —— in *yourſelf.*] Sir T. Hanmer reads—*e'en* yourſelf, and is followed by Dr. Warburton; but perhaps *in* yourſelf, means, *in your own perſon*, not by ſpies. Johnson.

The meaning ſeems to be—The temptations you feel, ſuſpect in him, and be watchful of them. So, in a ſubſequent ſcene:

" For by the image of my cauſe, I ſee
" The portraiture of his."

Again, in *Timon:*

" I weigh my friend's affection with my own." C.

[9] *Ungarter'd, and down-*gyved *to his ancle;*] *Down-gyved* means, hanging down like the looſe cincture which confines the fetters round the ancles. Steevens.

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Pale as his ſhirt; his knees knocking each other;
And with a look ſo piteous in purport,
As if he had been looſed out of hell,
To ſpeak of horrors,—he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My lord, I do not know;
But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What ſaid he?

Oph. He took me by the wriſt, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
He falls to ſuch peruſal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long ſtaid he ſo;
At laſt,—a little ſhaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
He rais'd a ſigh ſo piteous and profound,
As it did ſeem to ſhatter all his bulk,[1]
And end his being: That done, he lets me go:
And, with his head over his ſhoulder turn'd,
He ſeem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o'doors he went without their helps,
And, to the laſt, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me; I will go ſeek the king.
This is the very ecſtaſy of love;
Whoſe violent property foredoes itſelf,[2]

Thus the quartos, 1604, and 1605, and the folio. In the quarto of 1611, the word *gyved* was changed to *gyred*. MALONE.

[1] —— *all his* bulk,] i. e. all his body. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"—— her heart
"Beating her *bulk*, that his hand ſhakes with all."

See Vol. XIV. p. 324, n. 8. MALONE.

[2] —— foredoes *itſelf*,] To *foredo* is to deſtroy. So, in *Othello*:

"That either makes me, or *foredoes* me quite."

STEEVENS.

And leads the will to deſperate undertakings,
As oft as any paſſion under heaven,
That does afflict our natures. I am ſorry,—
What, have you given him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and denied
His acceſs to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I am ſorry, that with better heed and judgment,
I had not quoted him :[3] I fear'd, he did but trifle,

[3] *I had not* quoted *him :*] To *quote* is, I believe, to *reckon*, to take an account of, to take the *quotient* or reſult of a computation. Johnson.

I find a paſſage in *The Iſle of Gulls*, a comedy, by John Day, 1606, which proves Dr. Johnſon's ſenſe of the word to be not far from the true one :

" —— 'twill be a ſcene of mirth
" For me to *quote* his paſſions, and his ſmiles."

To *quote* on this occaſion undoubtedly means to *obſerve*. Again, in Drayton's *Mooncalf:*

" This honeſt man the prophecy that noted,
" And things therein moſt curiouſly had *quoted*,
" Found all theſe ſigns," &c.

Again, in *The Woman Hater*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, the intelligencer ſays,—" I'll *quote* him to a tittle," i. e. I will mark or obſerve him.

To *quote* as Mr. M. Maſon obſerves, is invariably uſed by Shakſpeare in this ſenſe. Steevens.

So, in *The Rape of Lucrece :*

" Yea, the illiterate—
" Will *quote* my loathed treſpaſs in my looks."

In this paſſage, in the original edition of 1594, the word is written *cote*, as it is in the quarto copy of this play. It is merely the old or corrupt ſpelling of the word. See Vol. VII. p. 107, n. 8; and p. 202, n. 6; Vol. VIII. p. 400, n. 2; and Vol. X. p. 483, n. 8. In Minſheu's Dict. 1617, we find, " To *quote*, mark, or note, á *quotus*. Numeris enim ſcribentes ſententias ſuas *notant* et diſtinguunt." See alſo, Cotgrave's Dict. 1611 : " Quoter. To *quote* or *marke* in the margent; to note by the way." Malone.

And meant to wreck thee; but, beſhrew my jealouſy!
It ſeems, it is as proper to our age
To caſt beyond ourſelves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger ſort
To lack diſcretion.[4] Come, go we to the king:
This muſt be known; which, being kept cloſe, might move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.[5]
Come.

[*Exeunt.*

[4] —— *it is as proper to our age*
To caſt *beyond ourſelves in our opinions,*
As it is common for the younger ſort
To lack diſcretion.] This is not the remark of a weak man. The vice of age is too much ſuſpicion. Men long accuſtomed to the wiles of life *caſt* commonly *beyond themſelves*, let their cunning go farther than reaſon can attend it. This is always the fault of a little mind, made artful by long commerce with the world. JOHNSON.

The quartos read—*By heaven* it is as proper &c. STEEVENS.

In Decker's *Wonderful Yeare*, 4to. 1603, we find an expreſſion ſimilar to that in the text: "Now the thirſtie citizen *caſts beyond* the moone." MALONE.

The ſame phraſe occurs alſo in *Titus Andronicus*. REED.

[5] *This muſt be known; which, being kept cloſe, might move*
More grief to hide, than hate to utter love.] i. e. this muſt be made known to the King, for (being kept ſecret) the hiding Hamlet's love might occaſion more miſchief to us from him and the Queen, than the uttering or revealing of it will occaſion hate and reſentment from Hamlet. The poet's ill and obſcure expreſſion ſeems to have been cauſed by his affectation of concluding the ſcene with a couplet.

Sir T. Hanmer reads:

More grief to hide hate, than *to utter love.* JOHNSON.

SCENE II.

A Room in the Caſtle.

Enter King, Queen, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *and Attendants.*

KING. Welcome, dear Roſencrantz, and Guildenſtern!
Moreover that we much did long to ſee you,
The need, we have to uſe you, did provoke
Our haſty ſending. Something have you heard
Of Hamlet's transformation; ſo I call it,
Since not the exterior nor the inward man
Reſembles that it was: What it ſhould be,
More than his father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from the underſtanding of himſelf,
I cannot dream of: I entreat you both,
That,—being of ſo young days brought up with him:
And, ſince, ſo neighbour'd to his youth and humour,[6]—
That you vouchſafe your reſt here in our court
Some little time: ſo by your companies
To draw him on to pleaſures; and to gather,
So much as from occaſion you may glean,
Whether aught,[7] to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That, open'd, lies within our remedy.

[6] ——*and* humour,] Thus the folio. The quartos read—*haviour.* STEEVENS.

[7] *Whether aught,* &c.] This line is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
And, ſure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will pleaſe you
To ſhow us ſo much gentry,[8] and good will,
As to expend your time with us a while,
For the ſupply and profit of our hope,[9]
Your viſitation ſhall receive ſuch thanks
As fits a king's remembrance.

Ros. Both your majeſties
Might, by the ſovereign power you have of us,[1]
Put your dread pleaſures more into command
Than to entreaty.

Guil. But we both obey;
And here give up ourſelves, in the full bent,[2]
To lay our ſervice freely at your feet,
To be commanded.

King. Thanks, Roſencrantz, and gentle Guildenſtern.

Queen. Thanks, Guildenſtern, and gentle Roſencrantz:
And I beſeech you inſtantly to viſit

[8] *To ſhow us ſo much* gentry,] *Gentry*, for *complaiſance*. Warburton.

[9] *For the ſupply* &c.] That the hope which your arrival has raiſed may be completed by the deſired effect. Johnson.

[1] —— *you have* of *us*,] I believe we ſhould read—*o'er* us, inſtead of—*of* us. M. Mason.

[2] —— *in the full* bent,] *Bent*, for *endeavour, application*. Warburton.

The full bent, is *the utmoſt extremity of exertion*. The alluſion is to a bow bent as far as it will go. So afterwards, in this play:

"They fool me to *top* of my *bent*." Malone.

My too much changed ſon.—Go, ſome of you,
And bring theſe gentlemen where Hamlet is.

Guil. Heavens make our preſence, and our practices,
Pleaſant and helpful to him!

Queen. Ay, amen!

[*Exeunt* Rosencrantz, Guildenstern, *and ſome Attendants.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. The embaſſadors from Norway, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.

King. Thou ſtill haſt been the father of good news.

Pol. Have I, my lord? Aſſure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my ſoul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious king:
And I do think, (or elſe this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy[3] ſo ſure
As it hath us'd to do,) that I have found
The very cauſe of Hamlet's lunacy.

King. O, ſpeak of that; that do I long to hear.

Pol. Give firſt admittance to the embaſſadors;
My news ſhall be the fruit[4] to that great feaſt.

King. Thyſelf do grace to them, and bring them in. [*Exit* Polonius.

[3] ——*the* trail *of policy*—] The *trail* is the *courſe of an animal purſued by the ſcent.* Johnson.

[4] ——*the fruit*—] The *deſert* after the meat. Johnson.

He tells me, my dear Gertrude, he hath found
The head and ſource of all your ſon's diſtemper.

Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main;
His father's death, and our o'erhaſty marriage.

Re-enter Polonius, *with* Voltimand *and* Cornelius.

King. Well, we ſhall ſift him.—Welcome, my good friends!
Say, Voltimand, what from our brother Norway?

Volt. Moſt fair return of greetings, and deſires.
Upon our firſt, he ſent out to ſuppreſs
His nephew's levies; which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainſt the Polack;
But, better look'd into, he truly found
It was againſt your highneſs: Whereat griev'd,—
That ſo his ſickneſs, age, and impotence,
Was falſely borne in hand,[5]—ſends out arreſts
On Fortinbras; which he, in brief, obeys;
Receives rebuke from Norway; and, in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give the aſſay[6] of arms againſt your majeſty.
Whereon old Norway, overcome with joy,
Gives him three thouſand crowns in annual fee;[7]

[5] —— *borne in hand,*] i. e. deceived, impoſed on. So, in *Macbeth*, Act III:

"How you were *borne in hand*, how croſs'd," &c.

See note on this paſſage, Vol. X. p. 153, n. 1. Steevens.

[6] *To give the aſſay* —] To *take the aſſay* was a technical expreſſion, originally applied to thoſe who taſted wine for princes and great men. See Vol. XVII. *King Lear*, Act V. ſc. iii. Malone.

[7] *Gives him* three *thouſand crowns in annual fee;*] This reading firſt obtained in the edition put out by the players. But all the old quartos (from 1605, downwards,) read *threeſcore.* Theobald.

And his commiſſion, to employ thoſe ſoldiers,
So levied as before, againſt the Polack:
With an entreaty, herein further ſhown,
[*Gives a Paper.*
That it might pleaſe you to give quiet paſs
Through your dominions for this enterprize;
On ſuch regards of ſafety, and allowance,
As therein are ſet down.

King. It likes us well;
And, at our more conſider'd time, we'll read,
Anſwer, and think upon this buſineſs.
Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labour:
Go to your reſt; at night we'll feaſt [8] together:
Moſt welcome home!
[*Exeunt* Voltimand *and* Cornelius.

Pol. This buſineſs is well ended.
My liege, and madam, to expoſtulate [9]

The metre is deſtroyed by the alteration: and threeſcore thouſand crowns, in the days of Hamlet, was an enormous ſum of money. M. Mason.

——*annual* fee;] *Fee* in this place ſignifies *reward, recompence.* So, in *All's well that ends well:*

" —— Not helping, death's my *fee*;
" But if I help, what do you promiſe me?"

The word is commonly uſed in Scotland, for *wages,* as we ſay, *lawyer's fee, phyſician's fee.* Steevens.

Fee is defined by Minſheu, in his Dict. 1617, a reward. Malone.

I have reſtored the reading of the folio. Mr. Ritſon explains it, I think, rightly, thus: the King gave his nephew a *feud* or *fee* (in land) of that yearly value. Reed.

[8] —— *at night we'll feaſt*—] The King's intemperance is never ſuffered to be forgotten. Johnson.

[9] *My liege, and madam, to* expoſtulate—] To *expoſtulate,* for *to enquire* or *diſcuſs.*

The ſtrokes of humour in this ſpeech are admirable. Polonius's character is that of a weak, pedant, miniſter of ſtate. His declamation is a fine ſatire on the impertinent oratory then in

What majeſty ſhould be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night, night, and time is time,

vogue, which placed reaſon in the formality of method, and wit in the gingle and play of words. With what art is he made to pride himſelf in his *wit*:

" *That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true, 'tis pity:*
" *And pity 'tis, 'tis true:* A fooliſh figure;
" But farewell it,"——.

And how exquiſitely does the poet ridicule the *reaſoning in faſhion*, where he makes Polonius remark on Hamlet's madneſs:

" Though this be *madneſs*, yet there's *method* in't:"

As if method, which the wits of that age thought the moſt eſſential quality of a good diſcourſe, would make amends for the madneſs. It was *madneſs* indeed, yet Polonius could comfort himſelf with this reflection, that at leaſt it was *method*. It is certain Shakſpeare excels in nothing more than in the preſervation of his characters: *To this life and variety of character* (ſays our great poet [Pope] in his admirable preface to Shakſpeare,) *we muſt add the wonderful preſervation.* We have ſaid what is the character of Polonius; and it is allowed on all hands to be drawn with wonderful life and ſpirit, yet the *unity* of it has been thought by ſome to be groſsly violated in the excellent *precepts* and *inſtructions* which Shakſpeare makes his ſtateſman give his ſon and ſervant in the middle of the *firſt*, and beginning of the *ſecond act*. But I will venture to ſay, theſe criticks have not entered into the poet's art and addreſs in this particular. He had a mind to ornament his ſcenes with thoſe fine leſſons of ſocial life; but his Polonius was too weak to be author of them, though he was pedant enough to have met with them in his reading, and fop enough to get them by heart, and retail them for his own. And this the poet has finely ſhown us was the caſe, where, in the middle of Polonius's inſtructions to his ſervant, he makes him, though without having received any interruption, forget his leſſon, and ſay—

" And then, ſir, does he this;
" He does——What was I about to ſay?
" I was about to ſay ſomething——where did I leave?"

The Servant replies:

At, cloſes in the conſequence. This ſets Polonius right, and he goes on—

" *At* cloſes in the conſequence.
" ——*Ay marry,*
" *He cloſes thus:*——I know the gentleman," *&c.*

Were nothing but to waſte night, day, and time.
Therefore,—ſince brevity is the ſoul of wit,
And tedioufneſs the limbs and outward flouriſhes,—
I will be brief: Your noble ſon is mad:
Mad call I it: for, to define true madneſs,

which ſhows the very words got by heart which he was repeating. Otherwiſe *cloſes in the conſequence*, which conveys no particular idea of the ſubject he was upon, could never have made him recollect where he broke off. This is an extraordinary inſtance of the poet's art, and attention to the preſervation of character.

WARBURTON.

This account of the character of Polonius, though it ſufficiently reconciles the ſeeming inconſiſtency of ſo much wiſdom with ſo much folly, does not perhaps correſpond exactly to the ideas of our author. The commentator makes the character of Polonius, a character only of manners, diſcriminated by properties ſuperficial, accidental, and acquired. The poet intended a nobler delineation of a mixed character of manners and of nature. Polonius is a man bred in courts, exerciſed in buſineſs, ſtored with obſervation, confident in his knowledge, proud of his eloquence, and declining into dotage. His mode of oratory is truly repreſented as deſigned to ridicule the practice of thoſe times, of prefaces that made no introduction, and of method that embarraſſed rather than explained. This part of his character is accidental, the reſt is natural. Such a man is poſitive and confident, becauſe he knows that his mind was once ſtrong, and knows not that it is become weak. Such a man excels in general principles, but fails in the particular application. He is knowing in retroſpect, and ignorant in foreſight. While he depends upon his memory, and can draw from his repoſitories of knowledge, he utters weighty ſentences, and gives uſeful counſel; but as the mind in its enfeebled ſtate cannot be kept long buſy and intent, the old man is ſubject to ſudden dereliction of his faculties, he loſes the order of his ideas, and entangles himſelf in his own thoughts, till he recovers the leading principle, and falls again into his former train. This idea of dotage encroaching upon wiſdom, will ſolve all the phænomena of the character of Polonius. JOHNSON.

Nothing can be more juſt, judicious, and maſterly, than Johnſon's delineation of the character of Polonius; and I cannot read it without heartily regretting that he did not exert his great abilities and diſcriminating powers, in delineating the ſtrange, inconſiſtent, and indeciſive character of Hamlet, to which I confeſs myſelf unequal. M. MASON.

What is't, but to be nothing elſe but mad:
But let that go.

Queen. More matter, with leſs art.

Pol. Madam, I ſwear, I uſe no art at all.
That he is mad, 'tis true: 'tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis, 'tis true: a fooliſh figure;
But farewell it, for I will uſe no art.
Mad let us grant him then: and now remains,
That we find out the cauſe of this effect;
Or, rather ſay, the cauſe of this defect;
For this effect, defective, comes by cauſe:
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.
Perpend.
I have a daughter; have, while ſhe is mine;
Who, in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath given me this: Now gather, and ſurmiſe.
—*To the celeſtial, and my ſoul's idol, the moſt beautified Ophelia,*[1]——

[1] —*To the celeſtial, and my ſoul's idol, the moſt* beautified *Ophelia,*] Mr. Theobald for *beautified* ſubſtituted *beatified.* Malone.

Dr. Warburton has followed Mr. Theobald; but I am in doubt whether *beautified,* though as Polonius calls it, a *vile phraſe,* be not the proper word. *Beautified* ſeems to be a *vile phraſe,* for the ambiguity of its meaning. Johnson.

Heywood, in his *Hiſtory of Edward VI.* ſays, "*Katherine Parre,* queen dowager to king Henry VIII, was a woman *beautified* with many excellent virtues." Farmer.

So, in *The Hog hath loſt his Pearl,* 1614:

"A maid of rich endowments, *beautified*
"With all the virtues nature could beſtow."

Again, Naſh dedicates his *Chriſt's Tears over Jeruſalem,* 1594: "to the moſt *beautified* lady, the lady Elizabeth Carey."

Again, in Greene's *Mamillia,* 1593: "—— although thy perſon is ſo bravely *beautified* with the dowries of nature."

Ill and *vile* as the phraſe may be, our author has uſed it again in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

That's an ill phraſe, a vile phraſe; *beautified* is a vile phraſe; but you ſhall hear.—Thus:

In her excellent white boſom, theſe,[2] &c.—

Queen. Came this from Hamlet to her?

Pol. Good madam, ſtay awhile; I will be faithful.—

Doubt thou, the ſtars are fire; [Reads.
Doubt, that the ſun doth move:
Doubt truth to be a liar;
But never doubt, I love.

O dear Ophelia, *I am ill at theſe numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans: but that I love thee beſt, O moſt beſt,*[3] *believe it. Adieu.*

Thine evermore, moſt dear lady, whilſt this machine is to him, Hamlet.[4]

" —— ſeeing you are *beautified*
" With goodly ſhape," &c. Steevens.

By *beautified* Hamlet means *beautiful.* But Polonius, taking the word in the more ſtrictly grammatical ſenſe of *being made beautiful,* calls it a vile phraſe, as implying that his daughter's beauty was the effect of art. M. Mason.

[2] *In her excellent white boſom theſe,*] So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

" Thy letters ——
" Which, being writ to me, ſhall be deliver'd
" Even in *the milk-white boſom of thy love.*"

See Vol. IV. p. 248, n. 1. Steevens.

I have followed the quarto. The folio reads:

Theſe *in her excellent white boſom, theſe,* &c.

In our poet's time the word *Theſe* was uſually added at the end of the ſuperſcription of letters, but I have never met with it both at the beginning and end. Malone.

[3] —— *O moſt beſt,*] So, in *Acolaſtus,* a comedy, 1540: " —— that ſame *moſt beſt* redreſſer or reformer, is God." Steevens.

[4] —— *whilſt this machine is to him,* Hamlet.] Theſe words

This, in obedience, hath my daughter ſhown me:
And more above,[5] hath his ſolicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath ſhe
Receiv'd his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove ſo. But what might you think,
When I had ſeen this hot love on the wing,
(As I perceiv'd it, I muſt tell you that,
Before my daughter told me,) what might you,
Or my dear majeſty your queen here, think,
If I had play'd the deſk, or table-book;
Or given my heart a working, mute and dumb;
Or look'd upon this love with idle ſight;
What might you think?[6] no, I went round[7] to work,

will not be ill explained by the concluſion of one of the *Letters of the Paſton Family*, Vol. II. p. 43: "—— for your pleaſure, *whyle my wytts be my owne.*"

The phraſe employed by Hamlet ſeems to have a French conſtruction. *Pendant que cette machine eſt a lui.* To be *one's own man* is a vulgar expreſſion, but means much the ſame as Virgil's

Dum memor ipſe mei, dum ſpiritus hos regit artus.

STEEVENS.

[5] —— *more above,*] is, *moreover, beſides.* JOHNSON.

[6] *If I had play'd the deſk, or table-book;*
Or given my heart a working, mute and dumb;
Or look'd upon this love with idle ſight;
What might you think?] i. e. If either I had conveyed intelligence between them, and been the confident of their amours [*play'd the deſk or table-book,*] or had connived at it, only obſerved them in ſecret, without acquainting my daughter with my diſcovery [*giving my heart a mute and dumb working;*] or

And my young miſtreſs thus did I beſpeak;
Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy ſphere;[8]
This muſt not be: and then I precepts gave her,[9]
That ſhe ſhould lock herſelf from his reſort,
Admit no meſſengers, receive no tokens.
Which done, ſhe took the fruits of my advice;[1]

laſtly, been negligent in obſerving the intrigue, and overlooked it [*looked upon this love with idle ſight;*] what would you have thought of me? WARBURTON.

I doubt whether the firſt line is rightly explained. It may mean, if I had locked up this ſecret in my own breaſt, as cloſely as it were confined in a deſk or table-book. MALONE.

Or given my heart a working, mute *and* dumb;] The folio reads—a *winking*. STEEVENS.

The ſame pleonaſm [*mute* and *dumb*] is found in our author's *Rape of Lucrece:*

" And in my hearing be you *mute* and *dumb*."

MALONE.

[7] —— round —] i. e. roundly without reſerve. So Polonius ſays in the third Act: " —— be *round* with him."

STEEVENS.

[8] *Lord Hamlet is a prince out of thy* ſphere;] The quarto, 1604, and the firſt folio, for *ſphere*, have *ſtar*. The correction was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[9] —— precepts *gave her*,] Thus the folio. The two elder quartos read—*preſcripts*. I have choſen the moſt familiar of the two readings. Polonius has already ſaid to his ſon—

" And theſe few *precepts* in thy memory
" Look thou character." STEEVENS.

The original copy in my opinion is right. Polonius had *ordered* his daughter *to lock herſelf up from Hamlet's reſort*, &c. See p. 61:

" I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
" Have you ſo ſlander any moment's leiſure
" As to give words or talk with the lord Hamlet:
" Look to't, *I charge* you." MALONE.

[1] *Which done*, ſhe took *the fruits of my advice*;] She took the *fruits* of advice when ſhe obeyed advice, the advice was then made *fruitful*. JOHNSON.

And he, repulſed, (a ſhort tale to make,)
Fell into a ſadneſs; then into a faſt;[2]
Thence to a watch; thence into a weakneſs;
Thence to a lightneſs; and, by this declenſion,
Into the madneſs wherein now he raves,
And all we mourn for.

King. Do you think, 'tis this?

Queen. It may be, very likely.

Pol. Hath there been ſuch a time, (I'd fain know that,)
That I have poſitively ſaid, *'Tis ſo,*
When it prov'd otherwiſe?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwiſe:
[*Pointing to his Head and Shoulder.*
If circumſtances lead me, I will find
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the centre.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, ſometimes he walks four hours together,[3]

[2] —— *(a ſhort tale to make,)*
Fell into a ſadneſs; then into a faſt; &c.] The ridicule of this character is here admirably ſuſtained. He would not only be thought to have diſcovered this intrigue by his own ſagacity, but to have remarked all the ſtages of Hamlet's diſorder, from his ſadneſs to his raving, as regularly as his phyſician could have done; when all the while the madneſs was only feigned. The humour of this is exquiſite from a man who tells us, with a confidence peculiar to ſmall politicians, that he could find—
" Where truth was hid, though it were hid indeed
" Within the centre." WARBURTON.

[3] —— four *hours together,*] Perhaps it would be better were we to read indefinitely—
—— for *hours together.* TYRWHITT.

I formerly was inclined to adopt Mr. Tyrwhitt's propoſed emendation; but have now no doubt that the text is right. The

Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At ſuch a time I'll looſe my daughter to him:
Be you and I behind an arras then;
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reaſon fallen thereon,
Let me be no aſſiſtant for a ſtate,
But keep a farm, and carters.[4]

King. We will try it.

expreſſion, *four* hours together, *two hours together*, &c. appears to have been common. So, in *King Lear*, Act I:

" *Edm.* Spake you with him?
" *Edg.* Ay, *two hours together.*"

Again, in *The Winter's Tale:*

" —— ay, and have been, any time theſe *four* hours."

Again, in Webſter's *Dutcheſs of Malfy*, 1623:

" She will muſe *four hours together*, and her ſilence
" Methinks expreſſeth more than if ſhe ſpake."

Malone.

[4] *At ſuch a time I'll looſe my daughter to him:*
Be you and I behind an arras then;
Mark the encounter: if he love her not,
And be not from his reaſon fallen thereon,
Let me be no aſſiſtant for a ſtate,
But keep a farm, and carters.] The ſcheme of throwing Ophelia in Hamlet's way, in order to try his ſanity, as well as the addreſs of the King in a former ſcene to Roſencrantz and Guildenſtern:

" —— I entreat you both
" That you vouchſafe your reſt here in our court
" Some little time; ſo by your companies
" *To draw him on to pleaſures*, and to gather
" So much as from occaſion you may glean,
" Whether aught to us unknown afflicts him thus,
" That, open'd, lies within our remedy;—"

ſeem to have been formed on the following ſlight hints in *The Hyſtory of Hamblet*, bl. let. ſig. C 3: " They counſelled to try and know if poſſible, how to diſcover the intent and meaning of the young prince; and they could find no better nor more fit in-

Enter HAMLET, *reading.*

QUEEN. But, look, where ſadly the poor wretch comes reading.

POL. Away, I do beſeech you, both away;
I'll board him [5] preſently:—O, give me leave.—
[*Exeunt* King, Queen, *and Attendants.*
How does my good lord Hamlet?

vention to intrap him, than to ſet ſome faire and beautiful woman in a ſecret place, that with flattering ſpeeches and all the craftieſt meanes ſhe could, ſhould purpoſely ſeek to allure his mind to have his pleaſure of her.—To this end, *certain courtiers* were appointed to lead Hamlet to a ſolitary place, within the woods, where they brought the woman, inciting him to take their pleaſures together. And ſurely the poore prince at this aſſault had beene in great danger, if a gentleman that in Horvendille's time had been nouriſhed with him, had not ſhowne himſelfe more affectioned to the bringing up he had received with Hamblet, than deſirous to pleaſe the tyrant.—This gentleman bare the courtiers company, making full account that the leaſt ſhowe of perfect ſence and wiſdome that Hamblet ſhould make, would be ſufficient to cauſe him to looſe his life; and therefore by certaine ſignes he gave Hamblet intelligence in what danger he was like to fall, if by any meanes he ſeemed to obeye, or once like the wanton toyes and vicious provocations of the gentlewoman ſent thither by his uncle: which much abaſhed the prince, as then wholly being in affection to the lady. But by her he was likewiſe informed of the treaſon, as one that from her infancy loved and favoured him.—The prince in this ſort having deceived the courtiers and the lady's expectation, that affirmed and ſwore hee never once offered to have his pleaſure of the woman, although in ſubtlety he affirmed the contrary, every man thereupon aſſured themſelves that without doubt he was diſtraught of his ſences;—ſo that as then Fengon's practiſe took no effect."

Here we find the rude outlines of the characters of Ophelia, and Horatio,—*the gentleman that in the time of* Horvendille (the father of *Hamlet*) *had been nouriſhed with him.* But in this piece there are no traits of the character of *Polonius.* There is indeed a counſellor, and he places himſelf in the Queen's chamber behind the arras;—but this is the whole. MALONE.

Ham. Well, god-'a-mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fiſhmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord?

Ham. Then I would you were ſo honeſt a man.

Pol. Honeſt, my lord?

Ham. Ay, ſir; to be honeſt, as this world goes, is to be one man picked out of ten thouſand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the ſun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a god, kiſſing carrion,——Have you a daughter?[6]

[5] *I'll* board *him*—] i. e. accoſt, addreſs him. See Vol. V. p. 250, n. 5. Reed.

[6] *For if the ſun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a* god, *kiſſing carrion,——Have you a daughter?*] [Old copies—a *good* kiſſing carrion,] The editors ſeeing Hamlet counterfeit madneſs, thought they might ſafely put any nonſenſe into his mouth. But this ſtrange paſſage, when ſet right, will be ſeen to contain as great and ſublime a reflection as any the poet puts into his hero's mouth throughout the whole play. We will firſt give the true reading, which is this: *For if the ſun breed maggots in a dead dog, being a* god, *kiſſing carrion,——*. As to the ſenſe we may obſerve, that the illative particle [for] ſhows the ſpeaker to be reaſoning from ſomething he had ſaid before: what that was we learn in theſe words, *to be honeſt, as this world goes, is to be one picked out of ten thouſand.* Having ſaid this, the chain of ideas led him to reflect upon the argument which libertines bring againſt Providence from the circumſtance of abounding *evil.* In the next ſpeech, therefore, he endeavours to anſwer that objection, and vindicate Providence, even on a ſuppoſition of the fact, that almoſt all men were wicked. His argument in the two lines in queſtion is to this purpoſe,—*But why need we wonder at this abounding of evil? For if the ſun breed maggots in a dead dog, which, though a god, yet ſhedding its heat and influence upon carrion*——Here he ſtops ſhort, leſt talking too conſequentially the hearer ſhould ſuſpect his madneſs to be feigned; and ſo turns him off from the ſubject, by enquiring of

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i'the ſun: conception is

his daughter. But the inference which he intended to make, was a very noble one, and to this purpoſe. If this (ſays he) be the caſe, that the effect follows the thing operated upon [*carrion*] and not the thing operating [a *god*,] why need we wonder, that the ſupreme cauſe of all things diffuſing its bleſſings on mankind, who is, as it were, a dead carrion, dead in original ſin, man, inſtead of a proper return of duty, ſhould breed only corruption and vices? This is the argument at length; and is as noble a one in behalf of Providence as could come from the ſchools of divinity. But this wonderful man had an art not only of acquainting the audience with what his actors *ſay*, but with what they *think*. The ſentiment too is altogether in character, for Hamlet is perpetually moraliſing, and his circumſtances make this reflection very natural. The ſame *thought*, ſomething diverſified, as on a different occaſion, he uſes again in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, which will ſerve to confirm theſe obſervations:

" The tempter or the tempted, who ſins moſt?
" Not ſhe; nor doth ſhe tempt; but it is I
" That lying by the violet in the ſun,
" Do as the carrion does, not as the flower,
" Corrupt by virtuous ſeaſon."

And the ſame kind of *expreſſion* is in *Cymbeline*:

" Common-kiſſing Titan." WARBURTON.

This is a noble emendation, which almoſt ſets the critick on a level with the author. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton, in my apprehenſion, did not underſtand the paſſage. I have therefore omitted his laboured comment on it, in which he endeavours to prove that Shakſpeare intended it as a vindication of the ways of Providence in permitting evil to abound in the world. He does not indeed pretend that this profound meaning can be drawn from what Hamlet *ſays*; but that this is what he was *thinking of*; for " this wonderful man (Shakſpeare) had an art not only of acquainting the audience with what his actors *ſay*, but with what they *think*!"

Hamlet's obſervation is, I think, ſimply this. He has juſt remarked that honeſty is very rare in the world. To this Polonius aſſents. The prince then adds, that ſince there is ſo little virtue in the world, ſince corruption abounds every where, and maggots are *bred* by the ſun, even in a dead dog, Polonius ought to take care to prevent his daughter from walking in the ſun, leſt

a bleſſing ;? but as your daughter may conceive,—friend, look to't.

ſhe ſhould prove " a *breeder* of ſinners ;" for though *conception* in general be a bleſſing, yet as Ophelia (whom Hamlet ſuppoſes to be as frail as the reſt of the world,) might chance to *conceive*, it might be a calamity. The maggots *breeding* in a dead dog, ſeem to have been mentioned merely to introduce the word *conception*; on which word, as Mr. Steevens has obſerved, Shakſpeare has play'd in *King Lear:* and probably a ſimilar quibble was intended here. The word, however, may have been uſed in its ordinary ſenſe, for *pregnancy*, without any double meaning.

The ſlight connection between this and the preceding paſſage, and Hamlet's abrupt queſtion,—*Have you a daughter?* were manifeſtly intended more ſtrongly to impreſs Polonius with the belief of the prince's madneſs.

Perhaps this paſſage ought rather to be regulated thus:—" being a *god-kiſſing carrion* ;" i. e. a carrion that kiſſes the ſun. The participle *being* naturally refers to the laſt antecedent, *dog*. Had Shakſpeare intended that it ſhould be referred to *ſun*, he would probably have written—" *he* being a god," &c. We have many ſimilar compound epithets in theſe plays. Thus, in *King Lear*, Act II. ſc. i. Kent ſpeaks of " *ear-kiſſing* arguments." Again, more appoſitely, in the play before us:

" New lighted on a *heaven-kiſſing* hill."

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

" Threatning *cloud-kiſſing* Ilion with annoy."

However, the inſtance quoted from *Cymbeline* by Dr. Warburton, " —— *common-kiſſing* Titan," ſeems in favour of the regulation that has been hitherto made; for here we find the poet conſidered the ſun as kiſſing the carrion, not the carrion as kiſſing the ſun. So, alſo, in *King Henry IV.* P. I: " Did'ſt thou never ſee *Titan* kiſs a diſh of butter?" The following lines alſo in the hiſtorical play of *King Edward III.* 1596, which Shakſpeare had certainly ſeen, are, it muſt be acknowledged, adverſe to the regulation I have ſuggeſted:

" The freſheſt *ſummer's day* doth ſooneſt *taint*
" The loathed *carrion*, that it ſeems to *kiſs*."

In juſtice to Dr. Johnſon, I ſhould add, that the high elogium which he has pronounced on Dr. Warburton's emendation, was founded on the *comment* which accompanied it; of which, however, I think, his judgment muſt have condemned the reaſoning, though his goodneſs and piety approved its moral tendency.

MALONE.

As a doubt, at leaſt, may be entertained on this ſubject, I have

Pol. How ſay you by that? [*Aſide.*] Still harping on my daughter:—yet he knew me not at firſt; he ſaid, I was a fiſhmonger: He is far gone, far gone: and, truly in my youth I ſuffered much extremity for love; very near this. I'll ſpeak to him again.—What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words!

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between who?

Pol. I mean, the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, ſir: for the ſatirical rogue ſays here, that old men have grey beards;[8] that their

not ventured to expunge a note written by a great critick, and applauded by a greater. Steevens.

[7] —— conception *is a bleſſing*; &c.] Thus the quarto. The folio reads thus: "—conception *is a bleſſing; but* not *as your daughter may* conceive. *Friend, look to't.*" The meaning ſeems to be, *conception* (i. e. underſtanding) is a bleſſing; but as your daughter may *conceive* (i. e. be pregnant,) *friend look to't*, i. e. have a care of that. The ſame quibble occurs again in the firſt ſcene of *King Lear*:

"*Kent.* I cannot *conceive* you, ſir.

"*Glo.* Sir, this young fellow's mother *could.*" Steevens.

The word *not*, I have no doubt, was inſerted by the editor of the folio, in conſequence of his not underſtanding the paſſage. A little lower we find a ſimilar interpolation in ſome of the copies, probably from the ſame cauſe: "You cannot, ſir, take from me any thing that I will *not* more willingly part withal, except my life." Malone.

[8] *Slanders, ſir: for the* ſatirical rogue *ſays here, that old men* &c.] By the *ſatirical rogue* he means Juvenal in his 10th Satire:

"Da ſpatium vitæ, multos da Jupiter annos:
"Hoc recto vultu, ſolum hoc et pallidus optas.
"Sed quàm continuis et quantis longa ſenectus
"Plena malis! *deformem, et tetrum ante omnia vultum,*
"*Diſſimilemque ſui,*" &c.

Nothing could be finer imagined for Hamlet, in his circum-

faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with moſt weak hams: All of which, ſir, though I moſt powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honeſty to have it thus ſet down; for yourſelf, ſir, ſhall be as old as I am, if, like a crab, you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madneſs, yet there's method in it. [*Aſide.*] Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my grave?

Pol. Indeed, that is out o'the air.—How preg-

ſtances, than the bringing him in reading a deſcription of the evils of long life. Warburton.

Had Shakſpeare read *Juvenal* in the original, he had met with—

"De temone Britanno, Excidet Arviragus."——.

and—

"——Uxorem, *Poſthume*, ducis?"

We ſhould not then have had continually in *Cymbeline*, *Arvirāgus*, and *Poſthūmus*. Should it be ſaid that the *quantity* in the *former* word might be forgotten, it is clear from a miſtake in the *latter*, that Shakſpeare could not poſſibly have read any one of the Roman poets.

There was a tranſlation of the 10th Satire of Juvenal by Sir John Beaumont, the elder brother of the famous Francis: but I cannot tell whether it was printed in Shakſpeare's time. In that age of quotation, every claſſick might be picked up by *piecemeal*.

I forgot to mention in its proper place, that another deſcription of *Old Age* in *As you like it*, has been called a parody on a paſſage in a French poem of Garnier. It is trifling to ſay any thing about this, after the obſervation I made in *Macbeth*: but one may remark once for all, that Shakſpeare wrote for the *people*; and could not have been ſo abſurd as to bring forward any alluſion, which had not been familiarized by ſome accident or other. Farmer.

nant ſometimes his replies are![9] a happineſs that often madneſs hits on, which reaſon and ſanity could not ſo proſperouſly be delivered of. I will leave him, and ſuddenly[1] contrive the means of meeting between him and my daughter.—My honourable lord, I will moſt humbly take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, ſir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal; except my life, except my life, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. Theſe tedious old fools!

Enter Rosencrantz[2] *and* Guildenstern.

Pol. You go to ſeek the lord Hamlet; there he is.

Ros. God ſave you, ſir! [*To* Polonius.

[*Exit* Polonius.

Guil. My honour'd lord!—

Ros. My moſt dear lord!—

Ham. My excellent good friends! How doſt thou, Guildenſtern? Ah, Roſencrantz! Good lads, how do ye both?

Ros. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not overhappy; On fortune's cap we are not the very button.

[9] *How* pregnant &c.] *Pregnant* is ready, dexterous, apt. So, in *Twelfth Night*:

" ——— a wickedneſs

" Wherein the *pregnant* enemy doth much." Steevens.

[1] —— *and ſuddenly* &c.] This and the greateſt part of the two following lines, are omitted in the quartos. Steevens.

[2] —— *Roſencrantz*—] There was an embaſſador of that name in England about the time when this play was written. Steevens.

Ham. Nor the ſoles of her ſhoe?

Ros. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waiſt, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil. 'Faith, her privates we.

Ham. In the ſecret parts of fortune? O, moſt true; ſhe is a ſtrumpet. What news?

Ros. None, my lord; but that the world's grown honeſt.

Ham. Then is dooms-day near: But your news is not true. [Let me [3] queſtion more in particular: What have you, my good friends, deſerved at the hands of fortune, that ſhe ſends you to priſon hither?

Guil. Priſon, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a priſon.

Ros. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one; in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; Denmark being one of the worſt.

Ros. We think not ſo, my lord.

Ham. Why, then 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it ſo: to me it is a priſon.

Ros. Why, then your ambition makes it one; 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. O God! I could be bounded in a nut-ſhell, and count myſelf a king of infinite ſpace; were it not that I have bad dreams.

[3] [*Let me* &c.] All within the crotchets is wanting in the quartos. STEEVENS.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are ambition; for the very ſubſtance of the ambitious is merely the ſhadow of a dream.[3]

Ham. A dream itſelf is but a ſhadow.

Ros. Truly, and I hold ambition of ſo airy and light a quality, that it is but a ſhadow's ſhadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars, bodies;[4] and our monarchs, and outſtretch'd heroes, the beggars' ſhadows: Shall we to the court? for, by my fay, I cannot reaſon.

Ros. Guil. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No ſuch matter: I will not ſort you with the reſt of my ſervants; for, to ſpeak to you like an honeſt man, I am moſt dreadfully attended.] But, in the beaten way of friendſhip, what make you at Elſinore?

Ros. To viſit you, my lord; no other occaſion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you: and ſure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear, a halfpenny.[5] Were you not ſent for?

[3] —— *the ſhadow of a dream.*] Shakſpeare has accidentally inverted an expreſſion of Pindar, that the ſtate of humanity is σκιας ὄναρ, the *dream* of a *ſhadow*. JOHNSON.

So, Davies:

" Man's life is but a dreame, nay, leſs than ſo,
" *A ſhadow of a dreame.*" FARMER.

So, in the tragedy of *Darius*, 1603, by Lord Sterline:

" Whoſe beſt was but the *ſhadow of a dream.*"

STEEVENS.

[4] *Then are our beggars, bodies;*] Shakſpeare ſeems here to deſign a ridicule of thoſe declamations againſt wealth and greatneſs, that ſeem to make happineſs conſiſt in poverty. JOHNSON.

[5] —— *too dear* a *halfpenny.*] i. e. a halfpenny too dear: they are worth nothing. The modern editors read—*at* a halfpenny. MALONE.

Is it your own inclining? Is it a free viſitation? Come, come; deal juſtly with me: come, come; nay, ſpeak.

Guil. What ſhould we ſay, my lord?

Ham. Any thing—but to the purpoſe. You were ſent for; and there is a kind of confeſſion in your looks, which your modeſties have not craft enough to colour: I know, the good king and queen have ſent for you.

Ros. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you muſt teach me. But let me conjure you, by the rights of our fellowſhip, by the conſonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preſerved love, and by what more dear a better propoſer could charge you withal, be even and direct with me, whether you were ſent for, or no?

Ros. What ſay you? [*To* Guildenstern.

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you;[6] [*Aſide.*] —if you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were ſent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; ſo ſhall my anticipation prevent your diſcovery, and your ſecrecy to the king and queen moult no feather. I have of late,[7] (but, wherefore, I know not,) loſt all my mirth, forgone all cuſtom of exerciſes: and, indeed, it goes ſo heavily with my diſpoſition, that this goodly frame, the earth, ſeems to me a ſteril promontory;

[6] *Nay, then I have an eye of you;*] An *eye of you* means, I have a glimpſe of your meaning. Steevens.

[7] *I have of late,* &c.] This is an admirable deſcription of a rooted melancholy ſprung from thickneſs of blood; and artfully imagined to hide the true cauſe of his diſorder from the penetration of theſe two friends, who were ſet over him as ſpies. Warburton.

this moſt excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament,[8] this majeſtical roof fretted with golden fire,[9] why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and peſtilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! How noble in reaſon! how infinite in faculties! in form, and moving, how expreſs and admirable! in action, how like an angel! in apprehenſion, how like a god! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals! And yet, to me, what is this quinteſſence of duſt? man delights not me, nor woman neither; though, by your ſmiling, you ſeem to ſay ſo.

Ros. My lord, there is no ſuch ſtuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh then, when I ſaid, *Man delights not me?*

Ros. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment [1] the players ſhall receive from you: we coted them on the way;[2] and hither are they coming, to offer you ſervice.

[8] —— *this brave o'erhanging* firmament,] Thus the quarto. The folio reads,—*this brave* o'er-*hanging*, this *&c.* STEEVENS.

[9] —— *this moſt excellent canopy, the* air,—*this majeſtical roof fretted with* golden fire,] So, in our author's 21ſt Sonnet:

" As thoſe *gold candles*, fix'd in heaven's *air*."

Again, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

" —— Look, how the floor of *heaven*
" Is thick inlaid with patins of bright *gold!*" MALONE.

[1] —— lenten *entertainment*—] i. e. ſparing, like the entertainments given in *Lent*. So, in *The Duke's Miſtreſs*, by Shirley, 1638:

" —— to maintain you with biſket,
" Poor John, and half a livery, to read moral virtue
" And *lenten* lectures." STEEVENS.

[2] —— *we* coted *them on the way*;] To *cote* is *to overtake*.

Ham. He that plays the king, ſhall be welcome; his majeſty ſhall have tribute of me: the adventurous knight ſhall uſe his foil, and target: the lover ſhall not ſigh gratis; the humorous man ſhall end his part in peace:[3] the clown ſhall make thoſe laugh, whoſe lungs are tickled o'the ſere;[4] and the

I meet with this word in *The Return from Parnaſſus*, a comedy, 1606:

" —— marry we preſently *coted* and outſtript them."

Again, in Golding's Ovid's *Metamorphoſis*, 1587, Book II:

" With that Hippomenes *coted* her."

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. VI. chap. xxx:

" Gods and goddeſſes for wantonneſs out-*coted*."

Again, in Drant's tranſlation of Horace's ſatires, 1567:

" For he that thinks to *coat* all men, and all to overgoe."

Chapman has more than once uſed the word in his verſion of the 23d *Iliad*.

See Vol. VII. p. 107, n. 8.

In the laws of courſing, ſays Mr. Tollett, "a *cote* is when a greyhound goes endways by the ſide of his fellow, and gives the hare a turn." This quotation ſeems to point out the etymology of the verb to be from the French *coté*, the ſide. Steevens.

[3] ——*ſhall end his part in peace:*] After theſe words the folio adds—*the clown ſhall make thoſe laugh whoſe lungs are tickled o'the ſere.* Warburton.

[4] —— *the clown ſhall make thoſe laugh whoſe lungs are tickled o'the ſere;*] i. e. thoſe who are aſthmatical, and to whom laughter is moſt uneaſy. This is the caſe (as I am told) with thoſe whoſe lungs are tickled by the *ſere* or *ſerum*: but about theſe words I am neither very confident, nor very ſolicitous. Will the following paſſage in *The Tempeſt* be of uſe to any future commentator?

" —— to miniſter occaſion to theſe gentlemen, who are of ſuch ſenſible and nimble *lungs*, that they always uſe to laugh at nothing."

The word *ſeare* occurs as unintelligibly in an ancient *Dialogue between the Comen Secretary and Jelowſy, touchynge the unſtableneſs of Harlottes*, bl. l. no date:

" And wyll byde whyſperynge in the eare,
" Thynk ye her tayle is not light *of the ſeare*?"

lady ſhall ſay her mind freely,[5] or the blank verſe ſhall halt for't.—What players are they?

Ros. Even thoſe you were wont to take ſuch delight in, the tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it, they travel?[6] their reſi-

The ſenſe of the adjective *fere* is not more diſtinct in Chapman's verſion of the 22d *Iliad*:

" Hector, thou only peſtilence, in all mortalitie,
" To my *fere* ſpirits."

See p. 135, n. 1.

A *fere* is likewiſe the *talon* of a hawk. STEEVENS.

Theſe words are not in the quarto. I am by no means ſatisfied with the explanation given, though I have nothing ſatisfactory to propoſe. I believe Hamlet only means, that the clown ſhall make thoſe laugh who have a diſpoſition to laugh; who are pleaſed with their entertainment. That no aſthmatic diſeaſe was in contemplation, may be inferred from both the words uſed, *tickled* and *lungs*; each of which ſeems to have a relation to laughter, and the latter to have been conſidered by Shakſpeare, as (if I may ſo expreſs myſelf,) its natural ſeat. So, in *Coriolanus:*

" —— with a kind of *ſmile,*
" which ne'er came from the *lungs,*—."

Again, in *As you like it:*

" —— When I did hear
" The motley fool thus moral on the time,
" My *lungs* began to crow like chanticleer."

O'the fere or *of the fere,* means, I think, *by* the ſere; but the word *fere* I am unable to explain, and ſuſpect it to be corrupt. Perhaps we ſhould read—*the clown ſhall make thoſe laugh whoſe lungs are tickled o'the* ſcene, i. e. *by* the ſcene. A ſimilar corruption has happened in another place, where we find *ſcare* for *ſcene.* See Vol. V. p. 199, n. 6. MALONE.

[5] —— *the lady ſhall ſay her mind* &c.] The lady ſhall have no obſtruction, unleſs from the lameneſs of the verſe. JOHNSON.

I think, the meaning is,—The lady ſhall mar the meaſure of the verſe, rather than not expreſs herſelf freely or fully. HENDERSON.

[6] *How chances it, they* travel?] To *travel* in Shakſpeare's time was the technical word, for which we have ſubſtituted to

dence, both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.

Ros. I think, their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.[7]

ſtroll. So, in the Office-book of Sir Henry Herbert, Maſter of the Revels to King Charles the Firſt, a manuſcript of which an account is given in Vol. III: "1622. Feb. 17, for a certificate for the Palſgrave's ſervants to *travel* into the country for ſix week, 10s." Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Poetaſter*, 1601: "If he pen for thee once, thou ſhalt not need to *travell*, with thy pumps full of gravell, any more, after a blinde jade and a hamper, and ſtalk upon boords and barrel-heads to an old crackt trumpet." Theſe words are addreſſed to a player. MALONE.

[7] *I think, their* inhibition *&c.*] I fancy this is tranſpoſed: Hamlet enquires not about an *inhibition*, but an *innovation:* the anſwer therefore probably was,—*I think, their* innovation, *that is*, their new practice of ſtrolling, *comes by means of the late* inhibition. JOHNSON.

The drift of Hamlet's queſtion appears to be this,—How chances it they travel?—i. e. *How happens it that they are become ſtrollers?*—Their reſidence both in reputation and profit, was better both ways.—i. e. *to have remained in a ſettled theatre, was the more honourable as well as the more lucrative ſituation.* To this, Roſencrantz replies,—Their *inhibition* comes by means of the late *innovation.*—i. e. *their permiſſion to act any longer at an eſtabliſhed houſe is taken away, in conſequence of the* NEW CUSTOM *of introducing perſonal abuſe into their comedies.* Several companies of actors in the time of our author were ſilenced on account of this licentious practice. Among theſe (as appears from a paſſage in *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, &c. 1596,) even the children of St. Paul's: "Troth, would he might for mee (that's all the harme I wiſh him) for then we neede never wiſhe the playes at *Powles* up againe," &c. See a dialogue between *Comedy* and *Envy* at the concluſion of *Mucedorus*, 1598, as well as the preludium to *Ariſtippus, or the Jovial Philoſopher*, 1630, from whence the following paſſage is taken: "*Shews* having been long intermitted and forbidden by authority, *for their abuſes*, could not be raiſed but by conjuring." *Shew* enters, whipped by two furies, and the prologue ſays to her:

"——with tears waſh off that guilty ſin,
"Purge out thoſe ill-digeſted dregs of wit,

Ham. Do they hold the ſame eſtimation they did when I was in the city? Are they ſo followed?

Ros. No, indeed, they are not.

[*Ham.* How comes it?[8] Do they grow ruſty?

" That uſe their ink to blot a ſpotleſs name:
" Let's have no one *particular man* traduc'd,—
" —— ſpare the *perſons*," &c.

Alteration, therefore, in the order of the words, ſeems to be quite unneceſſary. Steevens.

There will ſtill, however, remain ſome difficulty. The ſtatute 39 Eliz. ch. 4, which ſeems to be alluded to by the words—*their inhibition*, was not made to inhibit the players from acting any longer at an *eſtabliſhed theatre*, but to prohibit them from *ſtrolling*. " All fencers, (ſays the act,) bearwards, *common players of enterludes*, and minſtrels, *wandering abroad*, (other than players of enterludes, belonging to any baron of this realm or any other honourable perſonage of greater degree, to be authorized to play under the hand and ſeal of arms of ſuch baron or perſonage,) ſhall be taken, adjudged, and deemed rogues, vagabonds, and ſturdy beggars, and ſhall ſuſtain ſuch pain and puniſhments as by this act is in that behalf appointed."

This ſtatute, if alluded to, is repugnant to Dr. Johnſon's tranſpoſition of the text, and to Mr. Steevens's explanation of it as it now ſtands. Yet Mr. Steevens's explanation may be right: Shakſpeare might not have thought of the act of Elizabeth. He could not, however, mean to charge his friends the *old tragedians* with the *new cuſtom* of introducing perſonal abuſe; but muſt rather have meant, that the old tragedians were inhibited from performing in the city, and obliged to travel, on account of the miſconduct of the younger company. See note 9.

Malone.

By the late *innovation*, it is probable that Roſencrantz means, the late change of government. The word *innovation* is uſed in the ſame ſenſe in *The Triumph of Love*, in Fletcher's *Four moral Repreſentations in One*, where Cornelia ſays to Rinaldo:

" ——— and in poor habits clad,
" (You fled, and the *innovation* laid aſide)."

And in Fletcher's [Shirley's] play of *The Coronation*, after Leonatus is proclaimed king, Lyſander ſays to Philocles:

" What doſt thou think of this *innovation*?"

M. Mason.

[8] [Ham. *How comes it?* &c.] The lines encloſed in crotchets are in the folio of 1623, but not in any of the quartos.

Johnson.

Ros. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace: But there is, ſir, an aiery of children,[9] little

[9] —— *an aiery of children,* &c.] Relating to the play houſes then contending, the *Bankſide,* the *Fortune,* &c. played by the children of his majeſty's chapel. POPE.

It relates to the young ſinging men of the chapel royal, or St. Paul's, of the former of whom perhaps the earlieſt mention occurs in an anonymous puritanical pamphlet, 1569, entitled *The Children of the Chapel ſtript and whipt:* " " Plaies will neuer be ſuppreſt, while her maieſties unfledged minions flaunt it in ſilkes and ſattens. They had as well be at their popiſh ſeruice in the deuils garments," &c.—Again, *ibid:* " Euen in her maieſties chapel do theſe pretty upſtart youthes profane the Lordes day by the laſciuious writhing of their tender limbes, and gorgeous decking of their apparell, in feigning bawdie fables gathered from the idolatrous heathen poets," &c.

Concerning the performances and ſucceſs of the latter in attracting the beſt company, I alſo find the following paſſage in *Jack Drum's Entertainment, or Paſquil and Katherine,* 1601:

" I ſaw the *children of Powles* laſt night;
" And troth they pleas'd me pretty, pretty well,
" The apes, in time, will do it handſomely.
" —— I like the audience that frequenteth there
" With *much applauſe:* a man ſhall not be choak'd
" With the ſtench of garlick, nor be paſted
" To the barmy jacket of a beer-brewer.
" —— 'Tis a good *gentle audience,*" &c.

It is ſaid in Richard Flecknoe's *Short Diſcourſe of the Engliſh Stage,* 1664, that " both the children of the chappel and St. Paul's, acted playes, the one in White-Friers, the other behinde the Convocation-houſe in Paul's; till people growing more preciſe, and playes more licentious, the theatre of Paul's was quite ſuppreſt, and that of the children of the chappel converted to the uſe of the children of the revels." STEEVENS.

The ſuppreſſion to which Flecknoe alludes took place in the year 1583-4; but afterwards both the children of the chapel and of the Revels played at our author's playhouſe in Blackfriars, and elſewhere: and the choir-boys of St. Paul's at their own houſe. See *the Account of our old Theatres,* in **Vol. III.** A certain number of the children of the Revels, I believe, belonged to each of the principal theatres.

Our author cannot be ſuppoſed to direct any ſatire at thoſe young men who played occaſionally at his own theatre. Ben

eyaſes, that cry out on the top of queſtion,[1] and are moſt tyrannically clapped for't: theſe are now the

Jonſon's *Cynthia's Revels*, and his *Poetaſter*, were performed there by the children of Queen Elizabeth's chapel, in 1600 and 1601; and *Eaſtward Hoe* by the children of the revels, in 1604 or 1605. I have no doubt, therefore, that the dialogue before us was pointed at the choir-boys of St. Paul's, who in 1601 acted two of Marſton's plays, *Antonio and Mellida*, and *Antonio's Revenge*. Many of Lyly's plays were repreſented by them about the ſame time; and in 1607, Chapman's *Buſſy d'Ambois* was performed by them with great applauſe. It was probably in this and ſome other noiſy tragedies of the ſame kind, that they *cry'd out on the top of queſtion, and were moſt tyrannically clapped for't*.

At a later period indeed, after our poet's death, the *Children of the Revels* had an eſtabliſhed theatre of their own, and ſome diſpute ſeems to have ariſen between them and the king's company. They performed regularly in 1623, and for eight years afterwards, at the Red Bull in St. John's Street; and in 1627, Shakſpeare's company obtained an inhibition from the Maſter of the Revels to prevent their performing any of his plays at their houſe: as appears from the following entry in Sir Henry Herbert's Office-book, already mentioned: "From Mr. Heminge, in their company's name, to forbid the playinge of any of Shakſpeare's playes to the Red Bull company, this 11th of Aprill, 1627,—5 0 0." From other paſſages in the ſame book, it appears that the Children of the Revels compoſed the Red-Bull company.

We learn from Heywood's *Apology for Actors*, that the little *eyaſes* here mentioned were the perſons who were guilty of the *late innovation*, or practice of introducing perſonal abuſe on the ſtage, and perhaps for their particular fault the players in general ſuffered; and the older and more decent comedians, as well as the children, had on ſome recent occaſion been *inhibited* from acting in London, and compelled to turn ſtrollers. This ſuppoſition will make the words, concerning which a difficulty has been ſtated, (ſee n. 7.) perfectly clear. Heywood's *Apology for Actors* was publiſhed in 1612; the paſſage therefore which is found in the folio, and not in the quarto, was probably added not very long before that time.

"Now to ſpeake (ſays Heywood,) of ſome abuſe *lately* crept into the quality, as *an inveighing againſt the ſtate, the court, the law, the citty, and their governments, with the particular-*

faſhion; and ſo berattle the common ſtages, (ſo they call them) that many, wearing rapiers, are

ixing of private mens humours, yet alive, noblemen and others, I know it diſtaſtes many; neither do I any way approve it, nor dare I by any means excuſe it. The liberty which ſome arrogate to themſelves, committing their bitterneſs and liberal invectives againſt all eſtates *to the mouthes of children,* ſuppoſing their juniority to be a priviledge for any rayling, be it never ſo violent, I could adviſe all ſuch to curbe, and limit this preſumed liberty within the bands of diſcretion and government. But wiſe and judicial cenſurers before whom ſuch complaints ſhall at any time hereafter come, will not, I hope, impute theſe abuſes to any tranſgreſſion in *us,* who have ever been carefull and provident to ſhun the like."

Prynne in his *Hiſtriomaſtix,* ſpeaking of the ſtate of the ſtage, about the year 1620, has this paſſage: "Not to particulariſe thoſe late new ſcandalous invective playes, wherein ſundry perſons of place and eminence [Gundemore, the late lord admiral, lord treaſurer, and others,] have been particularly perſonated, jeared, abuſed in a groſs and ſcurrilous manner," &c.

The folio, 1623, has—*berattled.* The correction was made by the editor of the ſecond folio.

Since this note was written, I have met with a paſſage in a letter from Mr. Samuel Calvert to Mr. Winwood, dated March 28, 1605, which might lead us to ſuppoſe that the words found only in the folio were added at that time:

"The plays do not forbear to preſent upon the ſtage the whole courſe of this preſent time, not ſparing the king, ſtate, or religion, in ſo great abſurdity, and with ſuch liberty, that any would be afraid to hear them." *Memorials,* Vol. II. p. 54.

MALONE.

[1] "——*little* eyaſes, *that cry out on the top of queſtion,*] Little *eyaſes*; i. e. young neſtlings, creatures juſt out of the egg.

THEOBALD.

The Booke of Haukying, &c. bl. l. no date, ſeems to offer another etymology: "And ſo bycauſe the beſt knowledge is by the *eye,* they be called *eyeſſed.* Ye may alſo know an *eyeſſe* by the paleneſs of the ſeres of her legges, or the ſere over the beake."

STEEVENS.

From *ey,* Teut. ovum, q. d. qui recens ex ovo emerſit. Skinner, *Etymol.* An *aiery* or *eyrie,* as it ought rather to be written, is derived from the ſame root, and ſignifies both a young brood of hawks, and the neſt itſelf in which they are produced.

afraid of gooſe quills, and dare ſcarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? who maintains them? how are they eſcoted?[2] Will they purſue the quality no longer than they can ſing?[3] will they

An *eyas* hawk is ſometimes written a *nyas* hawk, perhaps from a corruption that has happened in many words in our language, from the letter *n* paſſing from the end of one word to the beginning of another. However, ſome etymologiſts think *nyas* a legitimate word. Malone.

——*cry out on the top of* queſtion,] The meaning ſeems to be, they aſk a common queſtion in the higheſt note of the voice. Johnson.

I believe *queſtion*, in this place, as in many others, ſignifies *converſation, dialogue.* So, in *The Merchant of Venice*: "*Think*, you *queſtion* with a Jew." The meaning of the paſſage may therefore be—*Children that perpetually recite in the higheſt notes of voice that can be uttered.* Steevens.

When we aſk a *queſtion*, we generally end the ſentence with a high note. I believe, therefore, that what Roſencrantz means to ſay is, that theſe children declaim, through the whole of their parts, in the high note commonly uſed *at the end of a queſtion*, and are applauded for it. M. Mason.

[2] —— *eſcoted?*] Paid. From the French *eſcot*, a ſhot or reckoning. Johnson.

[3] *Will they purſue the* quality *no longer than they can ſing?*] Will they follow the *profeſſion* of players no longer than they keep the voices of boys, and ſing in the choir? So afterwards, he ſays to the player, *Come, give us a taſte of your* quality; *come, a paſſionate ſpeech.* Johnson.

So, in the players' *Dedication*, prefixed to the firſt edition of Fletcher's plays in folio, 1647: "—directed by the example of ſome who once ſteered in our *quality*, and ſo fortunately aſpired to chuſe your honour, joined with your now glorified brother, patrons to the flowing compoſitions of the then expired ſweet ſwan of Avon, Shakſpeare." Again, in Goſſon's *School of Abuſe*, 1579: "I ſpeak not of this, as though every one [of the players] that profeſſeth the *qualitie*, ſo abuſed himſelf,—."

"Than they can *ſing*," does not merely mean, "than they keep the voices of boys," but is to be underſtood literally. He is ſpeaking of the choir-boys of St. Paul's. Malone.

not ſay afterwards, if they ſhould grow themſelves to common players, (as it is moſt like,[4] if their means are no better,) their writers do them wrong,[5] to make them exclaim againſt their own ſucceſſion?

Ros. 'Faith, there has been much to do on both ſides; and the nation holds it no ſin, to tarre them on to controverſy:[6] there was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unleſs the poet and the player went to cuffs in the queſtion.

Ham. Is it poſſible?

Guil. O, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the boys carry it away?

Ros. Ay, that they do, my lord; Hercules and his load too.[7]]

[4] —— *moſt like,*] The old copy reads—*like moſt.* Steevens.

The correction was made by Mr. Pope. Malone.

[5] —— *their writers do them wrong,* &c.] I ſhould have been very much ſurpriſed if I had *not* found Ben Jonſon among the writers here alluded to. Steevens.

[6] —— *to* tarre *them on to controverſy:*] To provoke any animal to rage, is *to tarre him.* The word is ſaid to come from the Greek ταράσσω. Johnson.

So, already, in *King John:*

" Like a dog, that is compelled to fight,
" Snatch at his maſter that doth *tarre* him on."

Steevens.

[7] —— Hercules *and his load too.*] i. e. they not only carry away the world, but the world-bearer too: alluding to the ſtory of Hercules's relieving Atlas. This is humorous. Warburton.

The alluſion may be to the *Globe* playhouſe on the Bankſide, the ſign of which was *Hercules carrying the Globe.* Steevens.

Ham. It is not very ſtrange: for my uncle[8] is king of Denmark; and thoſe, that would make mouths at him while my father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducats a-piece, for his picture in little.[9] 'Sblood, there is ſomething in this more than natural, if philoſophy could find it out.

[*Flouriſh of Trumpets within.*

Guil. There are the players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to Elſinore. Your hands. Come then: the appurtenance of welcome is faſhion and ceremony: let me comply with you in this garb;[1] leſt my extent to the players, which, I tell you, muſt ſhow fairly outward, ſhould more appear like entertainment than yours.

I ſuppoſe Shakſpeare meant, that the boys drew greater audiences than the elder players of the Globe theatre. Malone.

[8] *It is not very ſtrange: for my uncle*—] I do not wonder that the new players have ſo ſuddenly riſen to reputation, my uncle ſupplies another example of the facility with which honour is conferred upon new claimants. Johnson.

It is not very ſtange: &c. was originally Hamlet's obſervation, on being informed that the old tragedians of the city were not ſo followed as they uſed to be: [ſee p. 133, n. 9.] but Dr. Johnſon's explanation is certainly juſt, and this paſſage connects ſufficiently well with that which now immediately precedes it.

Malone.

[9] —— *in little.*] i. e. in miniature. So, in *The Noble Soldier*, 1634:

"The perfection of all Spaniards, Mars *in little.*"

Again, in Drayton's *Shepherd's Sirena:*

"Paradiſe *in little* done."

Again, in Maſſinger's *New Way to pay Old Debts:*

"His father's picture *in little.*" Steevens.

[1] —— *let me* comply &c.] Sir T. Hanmer reads,—*let me* compliment *with you.* Johnson.

To *comply* is again apparently uſed in the ſenſe of—to *compliment*, in Act V: "He did *comply* with his dug, before he ſucked it." Steevens.

You are welcome: but my uncle-father, and aunt-mother, are deceived.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north-north weſt: when the wind is ſoutherly,[2] I know a hawk from a hand-ſaw.[3]

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen!

Ham. Hark you, Guildenſtern;—and you too;—at each ear a hearer: that great baby, you ſee there, is not yet out of his ſwaddling-clouts.

[2] —— *when the wind is* ſoutherly, *&c.*] So, in *Damon and Pythias, 1582:*

" But I perceive now, either the *winde is at the ſouth,*
" Or elſe your tunge cleaveth to the rooffe of your mouth." Steevens.

[3] —— *I know a hawk from a handſaw.*] This was a common proverbial ſpeech. The Oxford editor alters it to,— *I know a hawk from an* hernſhaw, as if the other had been a corruption of the players; whereas the poet found the proverb thus corrupted in the mouth of the people: ſo that the critick's alteration only ſerves to ſhow us the original of the expreſſion.

Warburton.

Similarity of ſound is the ſource of many literary corruptions. In Holborn we have ſtill the ſign of the *Bull and Gate,* which exhibits but an odd combination of images. It was originally (as I learn from the title-page of an old play) the *Boulogne* Gate, i. e. one of the gates of *Boulogne*; deſigned perhaps as a compliment to Henry VIII. who took the place in 1544.

The *Boulogne mouth,* now the *Bull and Mouth,* had probably the ſame origin, i. e. the *mouth of the harbour of Boulogne.*

Steevens.

The *Boulogne Gate* was not one of the gates of *Boulogne,* but of *Calais*; and is frequently mentioned as ſuch by Hall and Holinſhed. Ritson.

Ros. Hapily, he's the ſecond time come to them; for, they ſay, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophecy, he comes to tell me of the players; mark it.—You ſay right, ſir: o'Monday morning; 'twas then, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you. When Roſcius was an actor in Rome,——

Pol. The actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buz, buz![3]

Pol. Upon my honour,——

[3] *Buz, buz!*] Mere idle talk, the *buz* of the vulgar. JOHNSON.

Buz, buz! are, I believe, only interjections employed to interrupt Polonius. Ben Jonſon uſes them often for the ſame purpoſe, as well as Middleton in *A Mad World, my Maſters*, 1608. STEEVENS.

Buz uſed to be an interjection at Oxford, when any one began a ſtory that was generally known before. BLACKSTONE.

Buzzer, in a ſubſequent ſcene in this play, is uſed for a *buſy talker*:

" And wants not *buzzers*, to infect his ear
" With peſtilent ſpeeches."

Again, in *King Lear:*

" —— on every dream,
" Each *buz*, each fancy."

Again, in Truſſel's *Hiſtory of England*, 1635: " —— who, inſtead of giving redreſs, ſuſpecting now the truth of the duke of Glouceſter's *buzz*," &c.

It is, therefore, probable from the anſwer of Polonius, that *buz* was uſed, as Dr. Johnſon ſuppoſes, for an idle rumour without any foundation.

In Ben Jonſon's *Staple of News*, the collector of mercantile intelligence is called Emiſſary *Buz*. MALONE.

Whatever may be the origin of this phraſe, or rather of this interjection, it is not unuſual, even at this day, to cry *buz* to any perſon who begins to relate what the company had heard before. M. MASON.

HAM. *Then came each actor on his aſs,*[4]——

POL. The beſt actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, hiſtory, paſtoral, paſtoral-comical, hiſtorical-paſtoral, [tragical-hiſtorical,[5] tragical-comical-hiſtorical-paſtoral,] ſcene individable, or poem unlimited: Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light.[6] For the law of writ, and the liberty, theſe are the only men.[7]

[4] —— *Then came* &c.] This ſeems to be a line of a ballad. JOHNSON.

[5] ——*tragical-hiſtorical,* &c.] The words within the crotchets I have recovered from the folio, and ſee no reaſon why they were hitherto omitted. There are many plays of the age, if not of Shakſpeare, that anſwer to theſe deſcriptions. STEEVENS.

[6] —— *Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light.*] The tragedies of Seneca were tranſlated into Engliſh by Thomas Newton, and others, and publiſhed firſt ſeparate, at different times, and afterwards all together in 1581. One comedy of Plautus, viz. the *Menæchmi,* was likewiſe tranſlated and publiſhed in 1595. STEEVENS.

I believe the frequency of plays performed at publick ſchools, ſuggeſted to Shakſpeare the names of *Seneca* and *Plautus* as dramatick authors. T. WARTON.

Prefixed to a map of Cambridge in the Second Part of *Braunii Civitates,* &c. is an account of the Univerſity, by Gulielmus Soonus, 1575. In this curious memoir we have the following paſſage: "Januarium, Februarium, & Martium menſes, ut noctis tædix fallant in ſpectaculis populo exhibendis ponunt tanta elegantia, tanta actionis dignitate, ea vocis & vultus moderatione, ea magnificentia, ut ſi *Plautus,* aut Terentius, aut *Seneca* reviviſceret mirarentur ſuas ipſi fabulas, majoremque quam cum inſpectante popul. Rom. agerentur, voluptatem credo caperent. Euripidem vero, Sophoclem & Ariſtophanem, etiam Athenarum ſuarum tæderet." STEEVENS.

[7] *For the law of* writ, *and the liberty, theſe are the only men.*] All the modern editions have,—*the law of* wit, *and the liberty*; but both my old copies have—*the law of* writ, I believe rightly. *Writ,* for *writing, compoſition, Wit* was not, in our author's time, taken either for *imagination,* or *acuteneſs,* or *both together,* but for *underſtanding,* for the faculty by which we *apprehend*

HAM. *O Jephthah, judge of Iſrael,*—what a treaſure hadſt thou!

POL. What a treaſure had he, my lord?

HAM. Why—*One fair daughter, and no more,*
The which he loved paſsing well.

POL. Still on my daughter. [*Aſide.*

HAM. Am I not i'the right, old Jephthah?

POL. If you call me Jephthah, my lord, I have a daughter, that I love paſſing well.

HAM. Nay, that follows not.

POL. What follows then, my lord?

HAM. Why, *As by lot, God wot,*[8] and then, you

and *judge*. Thoſe who wrote of the human mind, diſtinguiſhed its primary powers into *wit* and *will*. Aſcham diſtinguiſhes *boys* of tardy and of active faculties into *quick wits* and *ſlow wits*. JOHNSON.

That *writ* is here uſed for *writing*, may be proved by the following paſſage in *Titus Andronicus*:

"Then all too late I bring this fatal *writ*." STEEVENS.

The old copies are certainly right. *Writ* is uſed for *writing* by authors contemporary with Shakſpeare. Thus, in *The Apologie of Pierce Pennileſſe*, by Thomas Naſhe, 1593: "For the lowſie circumſtance of his poverty before his death, and ſending that miſerable *writte* to his wife, it cannot be but thou lieſt, learned Gabriel." Again, in Biſhop Earle's *Character of a mere dull Phyſician*, 1638: "Then followes a *writ* to his drugger, in a ſtrange tongue, which he underſtands, though he cannot conſter."

Again, in *King Henry VI.* P. II:

"Now, good my lord, let's ſee the devil's *writ*."

MALONE.

[8] Why, *As by lot, God wot,*—&c.] The old ſong from which theſe quotations are taken, I communicated to Dr. Percy, who has honoured it with a place in the ſecond and third editions of his *Reliques of ancient Engliſh Poetry*. In the books belonging to the Stationers' Company, there are two entries of this Ballad among others. "A ballet intituled the Songe of Jepthah's

know, *It came to paſs, As moſt like it was,*—The firſt row of the pious chanſon [9] will ſhow you more; for look, my abridgment [1] comes.

doughter" &c. 1567, Vol. I. fol. 162. Again: "*Jeffa Judge of Iſrael,*" p. 93, Vol. III. Dec. 14, 1624.

This ſtory was alſo one of the favourite ſubjects of ancient tapeſtry. STEEVENS.

There is a Latin tragedy on the ſubject of *Jeptha,* by John Chriſtopherſon, in 1546, and another by Buchanan, in 1554. A third by Du Pleſſis Mornay, is mentioned by Prynne, in his *Hiſtriomaſtix.* The ſame ſubject had probably been introduced on the Engliſh ſtage. MALONE.

[9] ——*the* pious chanſon—] It is *pons chanſons* in the firſt folio edition. The old ballads ſung on bridges, and from thence called *Pons chanſons.* Hamlet is here repeating ends of old ſongs. POPE.

It is *pons chanſons* in the quarto too. I know not whence the *rubrick* has been brought, yet it has not the appearance of an arbitrary addition. The titles of old ballads were never printed red; but perhaps *rubrick* may ſtand for *marginal explanation.* JOHNSON.

There are five large volumes of ballads in Mr. Pepys's collection in Magdalen's College Library, Cambridge, ſome as ancient as Henry VII's reign, and not one red letter upon any one of the titles. GREY.

The words, *of the rubrick,* were firſt inſerted by Mr. Rowe, in his edition in 1709. The old quartos in 1604, 1605, and 1611, read, *pious chanſon,* which gives the ſenſe wanted, and I have accordingly inſerted it in the text.

The *pious chanſons* were a kind of *Chriſtmas carols,* containing ſome ſcriptural hiſtory thrown into looſe rhymes, and ſung about the ſtreets by the common people when they went at that ſeaſon to ſolicit alms. Hamlet is here repeating ſome ſcraps from a ſong of this kind, and when Polonius enquires what follows them, he refers him to the *firſt row* (i. e. diviſion) of one of theſe, to obtain the information he wanted. STEEVENS.

[1] ——*my abridgment*—] He calls the players afterwards, *the brief chronicles of the times*; but I think he now means only *thoſe who will ſhorten my talk.* JOHNSON.

An *abridgment* is uſed for a dramatick piece in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream,* Act V. ſc. i:

"Say what *abridgment* have you for this evening?"

Enter Four or Five Players.

You are welcome, maſters; welcome, all:—I am glad to ſee thee well:—welcome, good friends.—O, old friend! Why, thy face is valanced [2] ſince I ſaw thee laſt; Com'ſt thou to beard me [3] in Denmark?—What! my young lady and miſtreſs! By-'r-lady, your ladyſhip is nearer to heaven, than when I ſaw you laſt, by the altitude of a chopine.[4] Pray

but it does not commodiouſly apply to this paſſage. See Vol. IV. p. 465, n. 4. STEEVENS.

[2] —— *thy face is* valanced —] i. e. fringed with a beard. The valance is the fringes or drapery hanging round the teſter of a bed. MALONE.

Dryden, in one of his epilogues, has the following line:

" Criticks in plume, and white *valancy* wig."

STEEVENS.

[3] —— *to* beard *me*—] To *beard*, anciently ſignified to *ſet at defiance*. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

" No man ſo potent breathes upon the ground,
" But I will *beard* him." STEEVENS.

[4] —— *by the altitude of a* chopine.] A *chioppine* is a high ſhoe, or rather, a clog, worn by the Italians, as in T. Heywood's *Challenge of Beauty*, Act V. Song:

" The Italian in her high *chopeene*,
" Scotch laſs, and lovely free too;
" The Spaniſh Donna, French Madame,
" He doth not feare to go to."

So, in Ben Jonſon's *Cynthia's Revels*:

" I do wiſh myſelf one of my miſtreſs's *cioppini*." Another demands, why would he be one of his miſtreſs's *cioppini*? a third anſwers, " becauſe he would make her *higher*."

Again, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631: " I'm only taking inſtructions to make her a lower *chopeene*; ſhe finds fault that ſhe's lifted too high."

Again, in Chapman's *Cæſar and Pompey*, 1613:

" —— and thou ſhalt
" Have *chopines* at commandement to an height
" Of life thou canſt wiſh."

God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not cracked within the ring.[5]—Maſters, you are

See the figure of a Venetian courtezan among the *Habiti Antichi* &c. *di Ceſare Vecellio*, p. 114, edit. 1598: and (as Mr. Ritſon obſerves) among the *Diverſarum Nationum Habitus*, Padua, 1592. STEEVENS.

Tom Coryat, in his *Crudities*, 1611, p. 262, calls them *chapineys*, and gives the following account of them: "There is one thing uſed of the Venetian women, and ſome others dwelling in the cities and townes ſubject to the ſigniory of Venice, that is not to be obſerved (I thinke) amongſt any other women in Chriſtendome: which is common in Venice, that no woman whatſoever goeth without it, either in her houſe or abroad, *a thing made of wood and covered with leather of ſundry colors, ſome with white, ſome redde, ſome yellow. It is called* a chapiney, *which they wear under their ſhoes.* Many of them are curiouſly painted; ſome alſo of them I have ſeen fairely gilt: ſo uncomely a thing (in my opinion) that it is pitty this fooliſh cuſtom is not cleane baniſhed and exterminated out of the citie. *There are many of theſe chapineys of a great height, even half a yard high,* which maketh many of their women that are very ſhort, ſeeme much taller than the talleſt women we have in England. Alſo I have heard it obſerved among them, that by how much the nobler a woman is, by ſo much the higher are her *chapineys.* All their gentlewomen and moſt of their wives and widowes that are of any wealth, are aſſiſted and ſupported eyther by men or women, when they walke abroad, to the end they may not fall. They are borne up moſt commonly by the left arme, otherwiſe they might quickly take a fall." REED.

Again, in Marſton's *Dutch Courtezan*, 1605: "Doſt not weare high corked ſhoes, *chopines?*"

The word ought rather to be written *chapine*, from *chapin*, Span. which is defined by Minſheu in his *Spaniſh Dictionary*: "*a high cork ſhoe.*" There is no ſynonymous word in the Italian language, though the *Venetian* ladies, as we are told by Laſſels, "wear high heel'd ſhoes, like ſtilts," &c. MALONE.

[5] ——*be not cracked within the ring.*] That is, *cracked too much for uſe.* This is ſaid to a young player who acted the parts of women. JOHNSON.

I find the ſame phraſe in *The Captain*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

all welcome. We'll e'en to't like French falconers,[6] fly at any thing we ſee: We'll have a ſpeech ſtraight: Come, give us a taſte of your quality; come, a paſſionate ſpeech.

1 *Play.* What ſpeech, my lord?

Ham. I heard thee ſpeak me a ſpeech once,—but it was never acted; or, if it was, not above once: for the play, I remember, pleaſed not the million; 'twas caviare to the general:[7] but it was

" Come to be married to my lady's woman,
" After ſhe's *crack'd in the ring.*"

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Magnetick Lady:*

" Light gold, and *crack'd within the ring.*"

Again, in *Your Five Gallants,* 1608: " Here's Miſtreſſe Roſe-noble has loſt her maidenhead, *crackt in the ring.*"

Again, in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks,* 1611:

" —— not a penny the worſe
" For a little uſe, *whole within the ring.*"

Again, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore,* 1635: " You will not let my oaths be *cracked in the ring,* will you?" Steevens.

The following paſſage in Lyly's *Woman in the Moon,* 1597, as well as that in Fletcher's *Captain,* might lead us to ſuppoſe that this phraſe ſometimes conveyed a wanton-alluſion: " Well, if ſhe were twenty grains lighter, refuſe her, provided always ſhe be not *clipt within the ring.*" T. C.

[6] —— *like* French *falconers,*] The amuſement of falconry was much cultivated in France. In *All's well that ends well,* Shakſpeare has introduced an *aſtringer* or falconer at the French court. Mr. Tollet, who has mentioned the ſame circumſtance, likewiſe adds that it is ſaid in *Sir Thomas Browne's Tracts,* p. 116, that " the *French* ſeem to have been the firſt and nobleſt falconers in the weſtern part of Europe;" and, " that the *French* king ſent over his falconers to ſhow that ſport to King James the Firſt." See Weldon's *Court of King James.* Steevens.

—— *like* French *falconers,*] Thus the folio. Quarto:—like *friendly* falconers. Malone.

[7] —— caviare *to the* general:] Giles Fletcher, in his *Ruſſe Commonwealth,* 1591, p. 11, ſays in Ruſſia they have divers kinds of fiſh " very good and delicate: as the Bellouga & Bel-

(as I received it, and others, whoſe judgments, in ſuch matters, cried in the top of mine,[8]) an excel-

lougina of four or five elnes long, the Oſitrina & Sturgeon, but not ſo thick nor long. Theſe four kind of fiſh breed in the Wolgha and are catched in great plenty, and ſerved thence into the whole realme for a good food. Of the roes of theſe four kinds they make very great ſtore of Icary or *Caveary*." See alſo, Mr. Ritſon's *Remarks*, &c. on Shakſpeare, (edit. 1778,) p. 199. REED.

Ben Jonſon has ridiculed the introduction of theſe foreign delicacies in his *Cynthia's Revels*: "He doth learn to eat Anchovies, Macaroni, Bovoli, Fagioli, and *Caviare*," &c.

Again, in *The Muſes' Looking Glaſs*, by Randolph, 1638:

"——— the pleaſure that I take in ſpending it,
"To feed on *caviare*, and eat anchovies."

Again, in *The White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona*, 1612:

"——————— one citizen
"Is lord of two fair manors that call'd you maſter,
"Only for *caviare*."

Again, in Marſton's *What you will*, 1607:

"——— a man can ſcarce eat good meat,
"Anchovies, *caviare*, but he's ſatired." STEEVENS.

Florio, in his *Italian Dictionary*, 1598, defines, *Caviaro*, "a kinde of ſalt meat, uſed in Italie, like black ſope; it is made of the roes of fiſhes."

Lord Clarendon uſes *the general* for *the people*, in the ſame manner as it is uſed here: "And ſo by undervaluing many particulars, (which they truly eſteemed,) as rather to be conſented to than that *the general* ſhould ſuffer,—." Book V. p. 530. MALONE.

[8] ——*cried in the top of mine*,] i. e. whoſe judgment I had the higheſt opinion of. WARBURTON.

I think it means only, that *were higher than mine*. JOHNSON.

Whoſe judgment, in ſuch matters, was in much higher vogue than mine. HEATH.

Perhaps it means only—whoſe judgment was more clamorouſly delivered than mine. We ſtill ſay of a bawling actor, that he ſpeaks *on the top of his voice*. STEEVENS.

To *over-top* is a hunting term applied to a dog when he gives

lent play; well digeſted in the ſcenes, ſet down with as much modeſty[9] as cunning. I remember, one ſaid, there were no ſallets[1] in the lines, to make the matter ſavoury; nor no matter in the phraſe, that might indite the author of affection:[2] but called it, an honeſt method,[3] as wholeſome[4] as

more tongue than the reſt of the cry. To this, I believe, Hamlet refers, and he afterwards mentions a CRY *of players.*

HENLEY.

[9] ——*ſet down with as much* modeſty —] *Modeſty*, for *ſimplicity.* WARBURTON.

[1] ——*there were no* ſallets *&c.*] Such is the reading of the old copies. I know not why the later editors continued to adopt the alteration of Mr. Pope, and read,—no *ſalt*, &c.

Mr. Pope's alteration may indeed be in ſome degree ſupported by the following paſſage in Decker's *Satiromaſtix*, 1602: "—a prepar'd troop of gallants, who ſhall diſtaſte every *unſalted* line in their fly-blown comedies." Though the other phraſe was uſed as late as in the year 1665, in *A Banquet of Jeſts*, &c. "——for junkets, joci; and for curious *ſallets*, ſales."

STEEVENS.

[2] —— indite *the author of affection:*] *Indite*, for *convict.* WARBURTON.

——*indite* the author of *affection:*] i. e. convict the author of being a fantaſtical *affected* writer. Maria calls Malvolio an *affectioned* aſs: i. e. an *affected* aſs; and in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Nathaniel tells the Pedant, that his reaſons "have been witty, without *affection.*"

Again, in the tranſlation of *Caſtiglione's Courtier*, by Hobby, 1556: "Among the chiefe conditions and qualityes in a waiting-gentlewoman," is, "to flee *affection* or curioſity."

Again, in Chapman's Preface to Ovid's *Banquet of Senſe*, 1595: "Obſcuritie in *affection* of words and indigeſted concets, is pedanticall and childiſh." STEEVENS.

[3] —— *but called it, an honeſt method,*] Hamlet is telling how much his judgment differed from that of others. *One ſaid, there was no ſallets in the lines, &c. but called it an honeſt method.* The author probably gave it,—*But I called it an honeſt method*, &c. JOHNSON.

——*an* honeſt *method,*] *Honeſt*, for *chaſte.* WARBURTON.

[4] ——*as wholeſome* &c.] This paſſage was recovered from the quartos by Dr. Johnſon. STEEVENS.

ſweet, and by very much more handſome than fine. One ſpeech in it I chiefly loved: 'twas Æneas' tale to Dido; and thereabout of it eſpecially, where he ſpeaks of Priam's ſlaughter: If it live in your memory, begin at this line; let me ſee, let me ſee;—

The rugged Pyrrhus, like the Hyrcanian beaſt,[5]—

'tis not ſo; it begins with Pyrrhus.

" Fabula nullius veneris, moraraque recte."

M. Mason.

[5] *The rugged Pyrrhus,* &c.] Mr. Malone once obſerved to me, that Mr. Capell ſuppoſed the ſpeech uttered by the *Player* before *Hamlet,* to have been taken from an ancient drama, entitled, " *Dido Queen of Carthage.*" I had not then the means of juſtifying or confuting his remark, the piece alluded to having eſcaped the hands of the moſt liberal and induſtrious collectors of ſuch curioſities. Since, however, I have met with this performance, and am therefore at liberty to pronounce that it did not furniſh our author with more than a general hint for his deſcription of the death of Priam, &c.; unleſs with reference to—

" ——the whiff and *wind* of his fell ſword
" The unnerved father falls,——,"

we read, ver. *:

" And with the *wind* thereof the king fell down;"

and can make out a reſemblance between—

" So as a painted tyrant, Pyrrhus ſtood;"

and ver. **:

" So leaning on his ſword, he ſtood ſtone ſtill."

The greater part of the following lines are ſurely more ridiculous in themſelves, than even Shakſpeare's happieſt vein of burleſque or parody could have made them:

" At laſt came *Pirrhus* fell and full of ire,
" His harneſſe dropping bloud, and on his ſpeare
" The mangled head of *Priams* yongeſt ſonne;
" And after him his band of Mirmidons,
" With balles of wild-fire in their murdering pawes,
" Which made the funerall flame that burnt faire *Troy:*
" All which hemd me about, crying, this is he.
" *Dido.* Ah, how could poor Æneas ſcape their hands?
" *Æn.* My mother *Venus,* jealous of my health,
" Convaid me from their crooked nets and bands:
" So I eſcapt the furious *Pirrhus* wrath,
" Who then ran to the pallace of the King,

The rugged Pyrrhus,—he, whoſe ſable arms,
Black as his purpoſe, did the night reſemble

" And at *Jove's* Altar finding *Priamus*,
" About whoſe witherd neck hung Hecuba,
" Foulding his hand in hers, and joyntly both
" Beating their breaſts and falling on the ground,
" He with his faulchions point raiſde up at once;
" And with *Megeras* eyes ſtared in their face,
" Threatning a thouſand deaths at every glaunce.
" To whom the aged king thus trembling ſpoke: &c.—
" Not mov'd at all, but ſmiling at his teares,
" This butcher, whil'ſt his hands were yet held up,
" Treading upon his breaſt, ſtroke off his hands.
" *Dido.* O end, Æneas, I can hear no more.
" *Æn.* At which the franticke queene leapt on his face,
" And in his eyelids hanging by the nayles,
" A little while prolong'd her huſband's life:
" At laſt the ſouldiers pald her by the heeles,
" And ſwong her howling in the emptie ayre,
" Which ſent an echo to the wounded king:
" Whereat he lifted up his bedred lims,
" And would have grappeld with Achilles ſonne,
" Forgetting both his want of ſtrength and hands;
" Which he diſdaining, whiſkt his ſword about,
* " And with the *wound* thereof the king fell downe:
" Then from the navell to the throat at once,
" He ript old Priam; at whoſe latter gaſpe
" Jove's marble ſtatue gan to bend the brow,
" As lothing Pirrhus for this wicked act:
" Yet he undaunted tooke his fathers flagge,
" And dipt it in the old kings chill cold bloud,
" And then in triumph ran into the ſtreetes,
" Through which he could not paſſe for ſlaughtred men.
** " So leaning on his ſword he ſtood ſtone ſtill,
" Viewing the fire wherewith rich Ilion burnt." Act II.

The exact title of the play from which theſe lines are copied, is as follows: The—Tragedie of Dido | *Queen of Carthage* | Played by the Children of her | *Majeſties Chappel.* | Written by Chriſtopher Marlowe, and | *Thomas Naſh, Gent,* | —Actors | *Jupiter.* | *Ganimed.* | *Venus* | *Cupid.* | *Juno.* | *Mercurie, or* —*Hermes,* | *Æneas.* | *Aſcanius.* | *Dido.* | *Anna.* | *Achates.* | *Ilioneus.* | *Iarbas.* | *Cloanthes.* *Sergeſtius.* | At London, | Printed, by the Widdowe *Orwin*, for *Thomas Woodcocke*, and

When he lay couched in the ominous horſe,
Hath now this dread and black complexion ſmear'd
With heraldry more diſmal; head to foot
Now is he total gules;[6] *horridly trick'd*[7]
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, ſons;
Bak'd and impaſted with the parching ſtreets,
That lend a tyrannous and a damned light
To their lord's murder: Roaſted in wrath, and fire,
And thus o'er-ſized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles,[8] *the helliſh Pyrrhus*
Old grandſire Priam ſeeks;—So proceed you.[9]

POL. 'Fore God, my lord, well ſpoken; with good accent, and good diſcretion.

1 PLAY. *Anon he finds him*
Striking too ſhort at Greeks; his antique ſword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to command: Unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at Priam drives; in rage, ſtrikes wide;

| are to be ſolde at his ſhop, in Paules Church-yeard, at | the ſigne of the black Beare. 1594. | STEEVENS.

[6] *Now is he total* gules;] *Gules* is a term in the barbarous jargon peculiar to heraldry, and ſignifies *red*. Shakſpeare has it again in *Timon of Athens:*

"With man's blood paint the ground; *gules, gules.*"

Heywood, in his Second Part of the *Iron Age*, has made a verb from it:

"——old Hecuba's reverend locks
"Be *gul'd* in ſlaughter—." STEEVENS.

[7] ——*trick'd*—] i. e. ſmeared, painted. An heraldick term. See Vol. VIII. p. 212, n. 8. MALONE.

[8] *With* eyes *like* carbuncles,] So, in Milton's *Paradiſe Loſt*, B. IX. l. 500:

"——and *carbuncles* his *eyes*." STEEVENS.

[9] *So proceed you.*] Theſe words are not in the folio. MALONE.

But with the whiff and wind of his fell ſword
The unnerved father falls. Then ſenſeleſs Ilium,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his baſe; and with a hideous craſh
Takes priſoner Pyrrhus' ear: for, lo! his ſword
Which was declining on the milky head
Of reverend Priam, ſeem'd i'the air to ſtick:
So, as a painted tyrant,[1] *Pyrrhus ſtood;*
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.
But, as we often ſee, againſt ſome ſtorm,
A ſilence in the heavens, the rack ſtand ſtill,
The bold winds ſpeechleſs, and the orb below
As huſh as death:[2] *anon the dreadful thunder*
Doth rend the region: So, after Pyrrhus' pauſe,
A roufed vengeance ſets him new a work;
And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall
On Mars's armour,[3] *forg'd for proof eterne,*
With leſs remorſe than Pyrrhus' bleeding ſword
Now falls on Priam.—

[1] ——*as a* painted *tyrant,*] Shakſpeare was probably here thinking of the tremendous perſonages often repreſented in old tapeſtry, whoſe uplifted ſwords *ſtick in the air,* and *do nothing.* MALONE.

[2] ——*as we often ſee,* againſt ſome ſtorm,——
The bold winds *ſpeechleſs, and the orb below*
As huſh *as death:*] So, in *Venus and Adonis:*
" Even as the *wind is huſh'd before it raineth.*"
This line leads me to ſuſpect that Shakſpeare wrote—the bold *wind* ſpeechleſs. Many ſimilar miſtakes have happened in theſe plays, where the word ends with the ſame letter with which the next begins. MALONE.

[3] *And never did the Cyclops' hammers fall*
On Mars's armour, &c.] This thought appears to have been adopted from the 3d Book of Sidney's *Arcadia:* " Vulcan, when he wrought at his wive's requeſt Æneas an armour, made not his hammer beget a greater ſound than the ſwords of thoſe noble knights did" &c. STEEVENS.

Out, out, thou ſtrumpet, Fortune! All you gods,
In general ſynod, take away her power;
Break all the ſpokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
As low as to the fiends!

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It ſhall to the barber's, with your beard.—Pr'ythee, ſay on:—He's for a jig, or a tale of bawdry,[4] or he ſleeps:—ſay on: come to Hecuba.

1 Play. *But who, ah woe![5] had ſeen the mobled queen*[6]——

[4] ——*He's for a* jig, *or a tale of bawdry,*] See note on "——your only *jig-maker,*" Act III. ſc. ii. Steevens.

A *jig*, in our poet's time, ſignified a ludicrous metrical compoſition, as well as a dance. Here it is uſed in the former ſenſe. So, in Florio's *Italian Dict.* 1598: "Frottola, a countrie *jigg*, or round, or countrie ſong, or wanton verſes." See *The Hiſtorical Account of the Engliſh Stage*, &c. Vol. III. Malone.

[5] *But who,* ah *woe!*] Thus the quarto, except that it has—*a* woe. *A* is printed inſtead of *ah* in various places in the old copies. *Woe* was formerly uſed adjectively for *woeful.* So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"Woe, woe are we, ſir, you may not live to wear
"All your true followers out."

The folio reads—But who, *O who,* &c. Malone.

[6] ——*the* mobled *queen*—] *Mobled* or *mabled* ſignifies, *veiled.* So, Sandys, ſpeaking of the Turkiſh women, ſays, *their heads and faces are* mabled *in fine linen, that no more is to be ſeen of them than their eyes.* Travels. Warburton.

Mobled ſignifies *huddled, groſsly covered.* Johnson.

I meet with this word in Shirley's *Gentleman of Venice:*

"The moon does *mobble* up herſelf." Farmer.

Mobled is, I believe, no more than a depravation of *muffled.* It is thus corrupted in Ogilby's *Fables,* Second Part:

"*Mobbled* nine days in my conſidering cap,
"Before my eyes beheld the bleſſed day."

In the Weſt this word is ſtill uſed in the ſame ſenſe; and that is the meaning of *mobble* in Dr. Farmer's quotation.

Holt White.

Ham. The mobled queen?

Pol. That's good; mobled queen is good.

1 Play. *Run barefoot up and down, threat'ning the flames*
With bisson rheum;[7] *a clout upon that head,*
Where late the diadem stood; and, for a robe,
About her lank and all o'er-teemed loins,
A blanket, in the alarm of fear caught up;
Who this had seen, with tongue in venom steep'd,
'Gainst fortune's state would treason have pronounc'd:
But if the gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw Pyrrhus make malicious sport
In mincing with his sword her husband's limbs;
The instant burst of clamour that she made,
(Unless things mortal move them not at all,)

The *mabled* queen, (or *mobled* queen, as it is spelt in the quarto,) means, the queen attired in a large, coarse, and careless head-dress. A few lines lower we are told she had "a *clout* upon that head, where late the diadem stood."

To *mab*, (which in the North is pronounced *mob*, and hence the spelling of the old copy in the present instance,) says Ray in his Dict. of North Country words, is "to dress carelessly. *Mabs are flatterns.*"

The ordinary morning head-dress of ladies continued to be distinguished by the name of a *mab*, to almost the end of the reign of George the Second. The folio reads—the *inobled* queen.

Malone.

In the counties of Essex and Middlesex, this morning cap has always been called—a *mob*, and not a *mab*. My spelling of the word therefore agrees with its most familiar pronunciation.

Steevens.

[7] *With* bisson *rheum;*] *Bisson* or *beesen*, i. e. blind. A word still in use in some parts of the North of England.

So, in *Coriolanus:* "What harm can your *bisson* conspectuities glean out of this character?" Steevens.

Would have made milch[8] *the burning eye of heaven,*
And paſsion in the gods.

Pol. Look, whether he has not turned his colour, and has tears in's eyes.—Pr'ythee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well; I'll have thee ſpeak out the reſt of this ſoon.—Good my lord, will you ſee the players well beſtowed? Do you hear, let them be well uſed; for they are the abſtract, and brief chronicles, of the time: After your death you were better have a bad epitaph, than their ill report while you live.

Pol. My lord, I will uſe them according to their deſert.

Ham. Odd's bodikin, man, much better: Uſe every man after his deſert, and who ſhall 'ſcape whipping? Uſe them after your own honour and dignity: The leſs they deſerve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, ſirs.

[*Exit* Polonius, *with ſome of the* Players.

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a play to-morrow.—Doſt thou hear me, old friend; can you play the murder of Gonzago?

1 *Play.* Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll have it to-morrow night. You could, for a need, ſtudy a ſpeech of ſome dozen or ſixteen lines, which I would ſet down, and inſert in't? could you not?

1 *Play.* Ay, my lord.

[8] —— *made* milch —] Drayton in the 13th Song of his *Polyolbion* gives this epithet to dew: "Exhaling the *milch* dew." &c. Steevens.

Ham. Very well.—Follow that lord; and look you mock him not. [*Exit* Player.] My good friends, [*To* Ros. *and* Guil.] I'll leave you till night: you are welcome to Elſinore.

Ros. Good my lord!

[*Exeunt* Rosencrantz *and* Guildenstern.

Ham. Ay, ſo, God be wi' you:—Now I am alone.
O, what a rogue and peaſant ſlave am I!
Is it not monſtrous, that this player here,[9]
But in a fiction, in a dream of paſſion,
Could force his ſoul ſo to his own conceit,
That from her working, all his viſage wann'd;[1]

[9] *Is it not monſtrous, that this player here,*] It ſhould ſeem from the complicated nature of ſuch parts as Hamlet, Lear, &c. that the time of Shakſpeare had produced ſome excellent performers. He would ſcarce have taken the pains to form characters which he had no proſpect of ſeeing repreſented with force and propriety on the ſtage.

His plays indeed, by their own power, muſt have given a different turn to acting, and almoſt new-created the performers of his age. Myſteries, Moralities, and Enterludes, afforded no materials for art to work on, no diſcriminations of character or variety of appropriated language. From tragedies like *Cambyſes, Tamburlaine,* and *Jeronymo,* nature was wholly baniſhed; and the comedies of *Gammer Gurton, Common Condycyons,* and *The Old Wives Tale,* might have had juſtice done to them by the loweſt order of human beings.

Sanctius his animal, mentiſque capacius altæ

was wanting, when the dramas of Shakſpeare made their firſt appearance; and to theſe we were certainly indebted for the excellence of actors who could never have improved ſo long as their ſenſibilities were unawakened, their memories burthened only by pedantick or puritanical declamation, and their manners vulgarized by pleaſantry of as low an origin. Steevens.

[1] —— *all his viſage* wann'd;] [The folio *warm'd.*] This might do, did not the old quarto lead us to a more exact and pertinent reading, which is—viſage *wan'd*; i. e. turned *pale* or *wan.* For ſo the viſage appears when the mind is thus affectioned, and not *warm'd* or flush'd. Warburton.

Tears in his eyes, diſtraction in's aſpect,[2]
A broken voice, and his whole function ſuiting

[2] *That, from her working, all his viſage* wann'd;
Tears in his eyes, diſtraction *in's aſpect,*] *Wan'd* (*wann'd* it ſhould have been ſpelt,) is the reading of the quarto, which Dr. Warburton, I think rightly, reſtored. The folio reads *warm'd*, for which Mr. Steevens contends in the following note:

"The working of the ſoul, and the effort to ſhed tears, will give a colour to the actor's face, inſtead of taking it away. The viſage is always *warm'd* and fluſh'd by any unuſual exertion in a paſſionate ſpeech; but no performer was ever yet found, I believe, whoſe feelings were of ſuch exquiſite ſenſibility as to produce paleneſs in any ſituation in which the drama could place him. But if players were indeed poſſeſſed of that power, there is no ſuch circumſtance in the ſpeech uttered before Hamlet, as could introduce the *wanneſs* for which Dr. Warburton contends." The ſame expreſſion, however, is found in the fourth Book of Stanyhurſt's tranſlation of the *Æneid*:

"And eke all her viſage *waning* with murther approaching."

Whether an actor *can produce paleneſs*, it is, I think, unneceſſary to enquire. That Shakſpeare *thought* he could, and conſidered the ſpeech in queſtion as likely to produce *wanneſs*, is proved deciſively by the words which he has put into the mouth of Polonius in this ſcene; which add ſuch ſupport to the original reading, that I have without heſitation reſtored it. Immediately after the Player has finiſhed his ſpeech, Polonius exclaims,

"Look, whether he has not *turned his colour*, and has *tears in his eyes*." Here we find the effort to ſhed tears, *taking away*, not *giving* a colour. If it be objected, that by *turned his colour*, Shakſpeare meant that the player *grew red*, a paſſage in *King Richard III.* in which the poet is again deſcribing an actor, who is maſter of his art, will at once anſwer the objection:

"*Rich.* Come, couſin, canſt thou *quake*, and *change thy colour?*
"Murder thy breath in middle of a word;
"And then again begin, and ſtop again,
"As if thou wert *diſtraught and mad with terror?*
"*Buck.* Tut, I can counterfeit the *deep tragedian*,
"*Tremble* and ſtart at wagging of a ſtraw," &c.

The words *quake*, and *terror*, and *tremble*, as well as the whole context, ſhow, that by "*change thy colour*," Shakſpeare meant *grow pale*. MALONE.

With forms to his conceit? And all for nothing!
For Hecuba!
What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,[3]
That he ſhould weep for her? What would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for paſſion,[4]
That I have? He would drown the ſtage with tears,
And cleave the general ear[5] with horrid ſpeech;
Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
Confound the ignorant; and amaze, indeed,
The very faculties of eyes and ears.
Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled raſcal, peak,

The word *aſpect* (as Dr. Farmer very properly obſerves) was in Shakſpeare's time accented on the ſecond ſyllable. The folio exhibits the paſſage as I have printed it. STEEVENS.

[3] *What's Hecuba to him,* &c.] It is plain Shakſpeare alludes to a ſtory told of Alexander the cruel tyrant of Pherae in Theſſaly, who ſeeing a famous tragedian act in the *Troades* of Euripides, was ſo ſenſibly touched that he left the theatre before the play was ended; being aſhamed, as he owned, that he who never pitied thoſe he murdered, ſhould weep at the ſufferings of *Hecuba* and Andromache. See Plutarch in the Life of Pelopidas. UPTON.

Shakſpeare, it is highly probable, had read the life of Pelopidas, but I ſee no ground for ſuppoſing there is here an alluſion to it. Hamlet is not aſhamed of being ſeen to weep at a theatrical exhibition, but mortified that a player, in *a dream of paſſion,* ſhould appear more agitated by fictitious ſorrow, than the prince was by a real calamity. MALONE.

[4] ——*the cue for paſſion,*] The *hint,* the *direction.* JOHNSON.

This phraſe is theatrical, and occurs at leaſt a dozen times in our author's plays. Thus, ſays Quince to Flute in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*: "You ſpeak all your part at once, *cues* and all." See alſo Vol. XII. p. 403, n. 4. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*the general ear*—] The ear of all mankind. So before,—*Caviare to the general,* that is, to the *multitude.* JOHNSON.

Like John a-dreams,[6] unpregnant of my cauſe,[7]
And can ſay nothing; no, not for a king,
Upon whoſe property, and moſt dear life,
A damn'd defeat was made.[8] Am I a coward?

[6] *Like* John a-dreams,] *John a-dreams*, i. e. *of dreams*, means only *John* the *dreamer*; a nick-name, I ſuppoſe, for any ignorant ſilly fellow. Thus the puppet formerly thrown at during the ſeaſon of Lent, was called *Jack-a-lent*, and the ignis fatuus *Jack-a-lanthorn*.

At the beginning of Arthur Hall's tranſlation of the ſecond Book of Homer's *Iliad*, 1581, we are told of Jupiter, that—

" *John dreaming* God he callde to him, that God, chiefe
" God of il,
" Common cole carrier of every lye," &c.

John-a-droynes however, if not a corruption of this nick-name, ſeems to have been ſome well-known character, as I have met with more than one alluſion to him. So, in *Have with you to Saffron Walden, or Gabriel Harvey's Hunt is up*, by Naſhe, 1596: " The deſcription of that poor *John-a-droynes* his man, whom he had hired," &c. *John-a-Droynes* is likewiſe a fooliſh character in Whetſtone's *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578, who is ſeized by informers, has not much to ſay in his defence, and is cheated out of his money. STEEVENS.

[7] ——unpregnant *of my cauſe,*] *Unpregnant*, for *having no due ſenſe of.* WARBURTON.

Rather, *not quickened with a new deſire of vengeance; not teeming with revenge.* JOHNSON.

[8] *A damn'd* defeat *was made:*] *Defeat*, for *deſtruction.* WARBURTON.

Rather, *diſpoſſeſſion.* JOHNSON.

The word *defeat*, (which certainly means *deſtruction* in the preſent inſtance,) is very licentiouſly uſed by the old writers. Shakſpeare in *Othello* employs it yet more quaintly:—" *Defeat* thy favour with an uſurped beard;" and Middleton, in his comedy called *Any Thing for a quiet Life*, ſays—" I have heard of your *defeat* made upon a mercer."

Again, in *Revenge for Honour*, by Chapman:

" That he might meantime *make* a ſure *defeat*
" On our good aged father's life."

Again, in *The Wits*, by Sir W. D'Avenant, 1637: " Not all

Who calls me villain? breaks my pate acroſs?
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by the noſe? gives me the lie i'the throat,
As deep as to the lungs? Who does me this?
Ha!
Why, I ſhould take it: for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppreſſion bitter; or, ere this,
I ſhould have fatted all the region kites
With this ſlave's offal: Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorſeleſs, treacherous, lecherous, kindleſs [9] villain!
Why, what an aſs am I? This is moſt brave;[1]
That I, the ſon of a dear father murder'd,
Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,
Muſt, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a curſing, like a very drab,

the ſkill I have, can pronounce him free of *the defeat upon* my gold and jewels."

Again, in *The Iſle of Gulls*, 1606: "My late ſhipwreck has made a *defeat* both of my friends and treaſure." STEEVENS.

In the paſſage quoted from *Othello*, to *defeat* is uſed for *undo* or alter: *defaire*, Fr. See Minſheu in v. Minſheu conſiders the ſubſtantives *defeat* and *defeature* as ſynonymous. The former he defines *an overthrow*; the latter, *execution or ſlaughter of men*. In *King Henry V.* we have a ſimilar phraſeology:

"*Making defeat upon* the powers of France."

And the word is again uſed in the ſame ſenſe in the laſt Act of this play:

"———— Their *defeat*
"Doth by their own inſinuation grow." MALONE.

[9] ——*kindleſs*—] *Unnatural.* JOHNSON.

[1] *Why, what an aſs am I? This is moſt brave;*] The folio reads:

"O vengeance!
"Who? what an aſs am I? Sure this is moſt brave."
STEEVENS.

A ſcullion![2]
Fye upon't! foh! About my brains![3] Humph! I have heard,
That guilty creatures, ſitting at a play,[4]
Have by the very cunning of the ſcene
Been ſtruck ſo to the ſoul, that preſently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions;
For murder, though it have no tongue, will ſpeak
With moſt miraculous organ. I'll have theſe players
Play ſomething like the murder of my father,

[2] A *ſcullion!*] Thus the folio. The quartos read,—A *ſtallion*. STEEVENS.

[3] —— *About my brains!*] *Wits, to your work. Brain,* go *about* the preſent buſineſs. JOHNSON.

This expreſſion (which ſeems a parody on the naval one,—*about ſhip!*) occurs in the Second Part of the *Iron Age*, by Heywood, 1632:

"*My brain about* again! for thou haſt found
"New projects now to work on."

About, my brain! therefore, (as Mr. M. Maſon obſerves) appears to ſignify, "be my thoughts ſhifted into a contrary direction." STEEVENS.

[4] ——— *I have heard,*
That guilty creatures, ſitting at a play,] A number of theſe ſtories are collected together by Thomas Heywood, in his *Actor's Vindication*. STEEVENS.

So, in *A Warning for faire Women*, 1599:

"Ile tell you, ſir, one more to quite your tale.
"A woman that had made away her huſband,
"And ſitting to behold a tragedy
"At Linne a towne in Norffolke,
"Acted by players trauelling that way,
"Wherein a woman that had murtherd hers
"Was euer haunted with her huſbands ghoſt:
"The paſſion written by a feeling pen,
"And acted by a good tragedian,
"She was ſo mooued with the ſight thereof,
"As ſhe cryed out, the play was made by her,
"And openly confeſſt her huſbands murder." TODD.

Before mine uncle: I'll obſerve his looks;
I'll tent him[5] to the quick; if he do blench,[6]
I know my courſe. The ſpirit, that I have ſeen,
May be a devil: and the devil hath power
To aſſume a pleaſing ſhape; yea, and, perhaps,
Out of my weakneſs, and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with ſuch ſpirits,)
Abuſes me to damn me: I'll have grounds
More relative than this:[7] The play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the conſcience of the king.
[*Exit.*

[5] —— *tent him* —] Search his wounds. JOHNSON.

[6] —— *if he do* blench,] If he *ſhrink*, or ſtart. The word is uſed by Fletcher, in *The Night-walker*:

"*Blench* at no danger, though it be a gallows."

Again, in Gower, *De Confeſſione Amantis*, Lib. VI. fol. 128:

"Without *blenchinge* of mine eie."

Chaucer, in his *Knightes Tale*, v. 1080, ſeems to uſe the verb —to *blent* in a ſimilar ſenſe:

"And therwithal he *blent* and cried, a!" STEEVENS.

See Vol. IX. p. 245, n. 1. MALONE.

[7] *More* relative *than this*:] *Relative*, for *convictive*. WARBURTON.

Convictive is only the conſequential ſenſe. *Relative* is *nearly related, cloſely connected.* JOHNSON.

ACT III. SCENE I.

A Room in the Caſtle.

Enter King, Queen, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

KING. And can you, by no drift of conference[8]
Get from him, why he puts on this confuſion;
Grating ſo harſhly all his days of quiet
With turbulent and dangerous lunacy?

ROS. He does confeſs, he feels himſelf diſtracted;
But from what cauſe he will by no means ſpeak.

GUIL. Nor do we find him forward to be ſounded;
But, with a crafty madneſs, keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to ſome confeſſion
Of his true ſtate.

QUEEN. Did he receive you well?

ROS. Moſt like a gentleman.

GUIL. But with much forcing of his diſpoſition.

ROS. Niggard of queſtion; but, of our demands,
Moſt free in his reply.[9]

[8] —— *conference* —] The folio reads—*circumſtance.* STEEVENS.

[9] Niggard *of queſtion; but, of our demands,*
Moſt free *in his reply.*] This is given as the deſcription of the converſation of a man whom the ſpeaker *found not forward to be ſounded*; and who *kept aloof* when they wou'd *bring him to confeſſion*: but ſuch a deſcription can never paſs but at croſs-purpoſes. Shakſpeare certainly wrote it juſt the other way:

Moſt free *of queſtion; but, of our demands,*
Niggard *in his reply.*

Queen. Did you aſſay him
To any paſtime?

Ros. Madam, it ſo fell out, that certain players
We o'er-raught on the way:[1] of theſe we told him;
And there did ſeem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: They are about the court;
And, as I think, they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis moſt true:
And he beſeech'd me to entreat your majeſties,
To hear and ſee the matter.

King. With all my heart; and it doth much content me
To hear him ſo inclin'd.
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpoſe on to theſe delights.

That this is the true reading, we need but turn back to the preceding ſcene, for Hamlet's conduct, to be ſatisfied.
WARBURTON.

Warburton forgets that by *queſtion*, Shakſpeare does not uſually mean *interrogatory*, but *diſcourſe*; yet in which ever ſenſe the word be taken, this account given by Roſencrantz agrees but ill with the ſcene between him and Hamlet, as actually repreſented. M. MASON.

Slow to begin converſation, but free enough in his anſwers to our demands. Guildenſtern has juſt ſaid that Hamlet kept aloof when they wiſhed to bring him to confeſs the cauſe of his diſtraction: Roſencrantz therefore here muſt mean, that *up to that point*, till they touch'd on that, he was free enough in his anſwers.
MALONE.

[1] ——o'er-raught *on the way:*] *O'er-raught* is *over-reached*, that is, *over-took*. JOHNSON.

So, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. VI. c. iii:

"Having by chance a cloſe advantage view'd,
"He *over-raught* him," &c.

Again, in the 5th Book of Gawin Douglas's tranſlation of the *Æneid*:

"War not the famyn myſfortoun me *over-raucht*."
STEEVENS.

Ros. We ſhall, my lord.

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ & GUILDENSTERN.

KING. Sweet Gertrude, leave us too:
For we have cloſely ſent for Hamlet hither;
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here[2]
Affront Ophelia:[3]
Her father, and myſelf (lawful eſpials,[4])
Will ſo beſtow ourſelves, that, ſeeing, unſeen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge;
And gather by him, as he is behav'd,
If't be the affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he ſuffers for.

QUEEN. I ſhall obey you:
And, for your part,[5] Ophelia, I do wiſh,
That your good beauties be the happy cauſe
Of Hamlet's wildneſs: ſo ſhall I hope, your virtues
Will bring him to his wonted way again,
To both your honours.

[2] ——*may* here—] The folio, (I ſuppoſe by an error of the preſs,) reads—*may* there—. STEEVENS.

[3] Affront *Ophelia:*] To *affront*, is only *to meet directly*. JOHNSON.

Affrontare, Ital. So, in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607:

"*Affronting* that port where proud Charles ſhould enter."

Again, in Sir W. D'Avenant's *Cruel Brother*, 1630:

"In ſufferance *affronts* the winter's rage?"

STEEVENS.

[4] ——*eſpials,*] i. e. ſpies. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I:

"——as he march'd along,
"By your *eſpials* were diſcovered
"Two mightier troops."

See alſo, Vol. XIII. p. 37, n. 9.

The words—"lawful eſpials," are found only in the folio. STEEVENS.

[5] *And, for* your *part,*] Thus the quarto, 1604, and the folio. The modern editors, following a quarto of no authority, read—for *my* part. MALONE.

Oph. Madam, I wiſh it may.
[*Exit* Queen.

Pol. Ophelia, walk you here:—Gracious, ſo pleaſe you,
We will beſtow ourſelves:—Read on this book;
[*To* Ophelia.
That ſhow of ſuch an exerciſe may colour
Your lonelineſs.[6]—We are oft to blame in this,—
'Tis too much prov'd,[7]—that, with devotion's viſage,
And pious action, we do ſugar o'er
The devil himſelf.

King. O, 'tis too true! how ſmart
A laſh that ſpeech doth give my conſcience!
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plaſt'ring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,[8]
Than is my deed to my moſt painted word:
O heavy burden! [*Aſide.*

Pol. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my lord.
[*Exeunt* King *and* Polonius.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be,[9] that is the queſtion:—

[6] *Your* lonelineſs.] Thus the folio. The firſt and ſecond quartos read—*lowlineſs.* Steevens.

[7] *'Tis too much prov'd,*] It is found by too frequent experience. Johnson.

[8] —— *more ugly* to *the thing that helps it,*] That is, *compared with* the thing that helps it. Johnson.

So, Ben Jonſon:

"All that they did was piety *to* this." Steevens.

[9] *To be, or not to be,*] Of this celebrated ſoliloquy, which burſting from a man diſtracted with contrariety of deſires, and overwhelmed with the magnitude of his own purpoſes, is connected rather in the ſpeaker's mind, than on his tongue, I ſhall

And, by oppoſing, end them?—To die,—to ſleep,[3]—
No more;—and, by a ſleep, to ſay we end
The heart-ach, and the thouſand natural ſhocks
That fleſh is heir to,—'tis a conſummation
Devoutly to be wiſh'd. To die;—to ſleep;—
To ſleep! perchance to dream;—ay, there's the rub;
For in that ſleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have ſhuffled off this mortal coil,[4]
Muſt give us pauſe: There's the reſpect,[5]
That makes calamity of ſo long life:
For who would bear the whips and ſcorns of time,[6]

Menander uſes this very expreſſion. *Fragm.* p. 22. Amſtel. 12mo. 1719:

"Εις πελαγος αυτον εμβαλεις γαρ πραγματων."

"In *mare moleſtirum* te conjicies." HOLT WHITE.

[3] —— *To die,—to ſleep,*] This paſſage is ridiculed in *The Scornful Lady* of Beaumont and Fletcher, as follows:

"—— be deceaſed, that is, aſleep, for ſo the word is taken. *To ſleep, to die; to die, to ſleep*; a very figure, ſir." &c. &c. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *ſhuffled off this mortal* coil,] i. e. [illegible]. WARBURTON.

A paſſage reſembling this, occurs in a poem entitled *A dolfull Diſcours of two Strangers, a Lady and a Knight*, publiſhed by Churchyard, among his *Chippes*, 1575:

"Yea, *ſhaking off this ſinfull ſoyle*,
"Me thincke in cloudes I ſee,
"Among the perfite choſen lambs,
"A place preparde for mee." STEEVENS.

[5] —— *There's the* reſpect,] i. e. the conſideration. See Vol. XV. p. 302, n. 4. MALONE.

[6] —— *the whips and ſcorns* of time,] The evils here complained of are not the product of time or duration ſimply, but of a corrupted age or manners. We may be ſure, then, that Shakſpeare wrote:

—— *the whips and ſcorns* of th' time.

and the deſcription of the evils of a corrupt age, which follows, confirms this emendation. WARBURTON.

It may be remarked, that Hamlet, in his enumeration of

The oppreſſor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,[7]

miſeries, forgets, whether properly or not, that he is a prince, and mentions many evils to which inferior ſtations only are expoſed.
JOHNSON.

I think we might venture to read—*the whips and ſcorns o'the* times, i. e. times ſatirical as the age of Shakſpeare, which probably furniſhed him with the idea.

In the reigns of Elizabeth and James (particularly in the former) there was more illiberal private abuſe and peeviſh ſatire publiſhed, than in any others I ever knew of, except the preſent one. I have many of theſe publications, which were almoſt all pointed at individuals.

Daniel, in his *Muſophilus*, 1599, has the ſame complaint:

" Do you not ſee theſe pamphlets, *libels*, rhimes,
" Theſe ſtrange confuſed tumults of the mind,
" Are grown to be the ſickneſs *of theſe times*,
" The great diſeaſe inflicted on mankind?"

Whips and *ſcorns* are ſurely as inſeparable companions, as publick puniſhment and infamy.

Quips, the word which Dr. Johnſon would introduce, is derived, by all etymologiſts, from *whips*.

Hamlet is introduced as reaſoning on a queſtion of general concernment. He therefore takes in all ſuch evils as could befall mankind in general, without conſidering himſelf at preſent as a prince, or wiſhing to avail himſelf of the few exemptions which high place might once have claimed.

In *Part of King James I'ſt. Entertainment paſſing to his Coronation*, by Ben Jonſon and Decker, is the following line, and note on that line:

" *And firſt account of years, of months*, OF TIME."

" By *time* we underſtand *the preſent*." This explanation affords the ſenſe for which I have contended, and without change.
STEEVENS.

The word *whips* is uſed by Marſton in his *Satires*, 1599, in the ſenſe required here:

" Ingenuous melancholy,——
" Inthrone thee in my blood; let me entreat,
" Stay his quick jocund ſkips, and force him run
" A ſad-pac'd courſe, untill my *whips* be done."
MALONE.

[7] ——*the* proud *man's contumely*,] Thus the quarto. The folio reads—the *poor* man's contumely; the contumely which the poor man is obliged to endure:

The pangs of deſpis'd love,[8] the law's delay,
The inſolence of office, and the ſpurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himſelf might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin ?[9] who would fardels bear,

" Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in ſe,
" Quam quod ridiculos homines facit." MALONE.

[8] —— *of* deſpis'd *love,*] The folio reads—of *diſprix'd* love. STEEVENS.

[9] —— *might his* quietus *make*
With a bare bodkin ?] The firſt expreſſion probably alluded to the writ of diſcharge, which was formerly granted to thoſe barons and knights who perſonally attended the king on any foreign expedition. This diſcharge was called a *quietus.*

It is at this time the term for the acquittance which every ſheriff receives on ſettling his accounts at the Exchequer.

The word is uſed for the diſcharge of an account, by Webſter, in his *Ducheſs of Malfy,* 1623 :

" And 'cauſe you ſhall not come to me in debt,
" (Being now my ſteward) here upon your lips
" I ſign your *quietus eſt.*"

Again :

" You had the trick in audit time to be ſick,
" Till I had ſign'd your *quietus.*"

A *bodkin* was the ancient term for a *ſmall dagger.* So, in the Second Part of *The Mirrour for Knighthood,* 4to. bl. l. 1598 : " —Not having any more weapons but a poor poynado, which uſually he did weare about him, and taking it in his hand, delivered theſe ſpeeches unto it. Thou, ſilly *bodkin,* ſhalt finiſh the piece of worke," &c.

In the margin of Stowe's *Chronicle,* edit. 1614, it is ſaid, that Cæſar was ſlain with *bodkins ;* and in *The Muſes' Looking-Glaſs,* by Randolph, 1638 :

" *Apho.* A rapier's but a *bodkin.*
" *Deil.* And a *bodkin*
" Is a moſt dang'rous weapon ; ſince I read
" Of Julius Cæſar's death, I durſt not venture
" Into a taylor's ſhop, for fear of *bodkins.*"

Again, in *The Cuſtom of the Country,* by Beaumont and Fletcher :

" —— Out with your *bodkin,*
" Your pocket dagger, your ſtilletto."—

Again, in *Sapho and Phao,* 1591 : " —— there will be a deſ-

To grunt and ſweat [9] under a weary life;
But that the dread of ſomething after death,—

perate fray between two, made at all weapons, from the brown bill to the *bodkin*."

Again, in Chaucer, as he is quoted at the end of a pamphlet called *The Serpent of Diviſion*, &c. *whereunto is annexed the Tragedy of Gorbodue*, &c. 1591:

" With *bodkins* was Cæſar Julius
" Murdered at Rome of Brutus Craſſus." STEEVENS.

By a *bare* bodkin, does not perhaps mean, " by ſo *little* an inſtrument as a dagger," but " *by an unſheathed dagger*."

In the account which Mr. Steevens has given of the original meaning of the term *quietus*, after the words, " who perſonally attended the king on any foreign expedition," ſhould have been added,— *and were therefore exempted from the claims of ſcutage, or a tax on every knight's fee.* MALONE.

[9] *To* grunt *and ſweat* —] Thus the old copies. It is undoubtedly the true reading, but can ſcarcely be borne by modern ears. JOHNSON.

This word occurs in *The Death of Zoroas*, by Nicholas Grimoald, a tranſlation of a paſſage in the *Alexandreis* of Philippe Gualtier, into blank verſe, printed at the end of *Lord Surrey's Poems:*

" ——— none the charge could give:
" Here *grunts*, here grones, echwhere ſtrong youth is ſpent."

And Stanyhurſt in his tranſlation of Virgil, 1582, for ſupremum *congemuit* give us: " —— for ſighing it *grunts*." Again, in Turbervile's tranſlation of Ovid's Epiſtle from *Canace to Macareus:*

" What might I miſer do? greefe forſt me *grunt*."

Again, in the ſame tranſlator's *Hypermneſtra to Lynceus:*

" —— round about I heard
" Of dying men the *grunts*."

The change made by the editors [to *groan*] is however ſupported by the following line in *Julius Cæſar*, Act IV. ſc. i:

" To *groan* and ſweat under the buſineſs." STEEVENS.

I apprehend that it is the duty of an editor to exhibit what his author wrote, and not to ſubſtitute what may appear to the preſent age preferable: and Dr. Johnſon was of the ſame opinion. See his note on the word *hugger-mugger*, Act. IV. ſc. v. I have therefore, though with ſome reluctance, adhered to the old copies, however unpleaſing this word may be to the ear. On the

The undiſcover'd country, from whoſe bourn
No traveller returns,[1]—puzzles the will;

ſtage, without doubt, an actor is at liberty to ſubſtitute a leſs offenſive word. To the ears of our anceſtors it probably conveyed no unpleaſing ſound; for we find it uſed by Chaucer and others:

" But never *gront* he at no ſtroke but on,
" Or elles at two, but if his ſtorie lie."
The Monkes Tale, v. 14,627, Tyrwhitt's edit.

Again, in *Wily Beguil'd*, written before 1596:

" She's never well, but *grunting* in a corner."

MALONE.

[1] *The* undiſcover'd *country, from whoſe bourn*
No traveller *returns,*] This has been cavilled at by Lord Orrery and others, but without reaſon. The idea of a *traveller* in Shakſpeare's time, was of a perſon who gave an account of his adventures. Every voyage was a *Diſcovery*. John Taylor has " *A Diſcovery* by ſea from London to Saliſbury."

FARMER.

Again, Marſton's *Inſatiate Counteſs*, 1603:

" ——————— wreſtled with death,
" From whoſe ſtern cave none tracks a backward path."

" Qui nunc it per iter tenebricoſum
" Illuc unde negant redire quenquam." *Catullus.*

Again, in Sandford's tranſlation of *Cornelius Agrippa* &c. 4to. bl. l. 1569 (once a book of uncommon popularity) " The *countrie* of the dead is irremeable, that they *cannot retourne*." Sig. P p. Again, in *Cymbeline*, ſays the Gaoler to Poſthumus: " How you ſhall ſpeed in your journey's end [after execution] I think you'll *never return to tell one*." STEEVENS.

This paſſage has been objected to by others on a ground which, at the firſt view of it, ſeems more plauſible. Hamlet himſelf, it is objected, has had ocular demonſtration that travellers do ſometimes return from this ſtrange country.

I formerly thought this an inconſiſtency. But this objection is alſo founded on a miſtake. Our poet without doubt in the paſſage before us intended to ſay, that from the *unknown* regions of the dead no traveller returns with all his *corporeal powers*; ſuch as he who goes on a voyage of *diſcovery* brings back, when he returns to the port from which he ſailed. The traveller whom Hamlet had ſeen, though he appeared in the ſame habit which he had worn in his life time, was nothing but a ſhadow; " invulnerable as the air," and conſequently *incorporeal*.

And makes us rather bear thoſe ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conſcience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of reſolution
Is ſicklied o'er with the pale caſt of thought;
And enterprizes of great pith [2] and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,[3]

If, ſays the objector, the traveller has once reached this coaſt, it is not an undiſcovered country. But by *undiſcovered* Shakſpeare meant not undiſcovered by departed ſpirits, but, undiſcovered, or unknown to "ſuch fellows as us, who crawl beneath earth and heaven;" *ſuperis incognita tellus*. In this ſenſe every country, of which the traveller does not return *alive* to give *an account*, may be ſaid to be *undiſcovered*. The Ghoſt has given us no account of the region from whence he came, being, as he himſelf informed us, "forbid to tell the ſecrets of his priſon-houſe."

Marlowe, before our poet, had compared death to a journey to an undiſcovered country:

"——————weep not for Mortimer,
"That ſcorns the world, and, as a *traveller*,
"Goes to *diſcover countries* yet unknown."
King Edward II. 1598 (written before 1593).
MALONE.

Perhaps this is another inſtance of Shakſpeare's acquaintance with the Bible: "Afore I goe thither, from *whence I ſhall not turne againe*, even to the lande of darkneſſe and ſhadowe of death; yea into that darke cloudie lande and deadlye ſhadowe whereas is no order, but terrible feare as in the darkneſſe."
Job, ch. x.

"The way that I muſt goe is at hande, but *whence* I ſhall *not turne againe*." *Ibid.* ch. xvi.

I quote Cranmer's Bible. DOUCE.

[2] ——*great* pith—] Thus the folio, The quartos read,—of great *pitch*. STEEVENS.

Pitch ſeems to be the better reading. The alluſion is to the *pitching* or throwing the *bar*;—a manly exerciſe, uſual in country villages. RITSON.

[3] ——*turn* awry,] Thus the quartos. The folio turn *away*. The ſame printer's error occurs in the old copy of

And loſe the name of action.—Soft you, now!
The fair Ophelia :—Nymph, in thy oriſons
Be all my ſins remember'd.[4]

Oph. Good my lord,
How does your honour for this many a day?

Ham. I humbly thank you; well.

Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver;
I pray you, now receive them.

Ham. No, not I;
I never gave you aught.

Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well, you did;
And, with them, words of ſo ſweet breath compos'd
As made the things more rich: their perfume loſt,
Take theſe again; for to the noble mind,
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.

Ham. Ha, ha! are you honeſt?

Oph. My lord?

Ham. Are you fair?

Oph. What means your lordſhip?

Ham. That if you be honeſt, and fair, you ſhould admit no diſcourſe to your beauty.[5]

Antony and Cleopatra, where we find—"Your crown's *away*," inſtead of—"Your crown's *awry*." Steevens.

[4] —— *Nymph, in thy oriſons* &c.] This is a touch of nature Hamlet, at the ſight of Ophelia, does not immediately recollect, that he is to perſonate madneſs, but makes her an addreſs grave and ſolemn, ſuch as the foregoing meditation excited in his thoughts. Johnson.

[5] *That if you be honeſt, and fair, you ſhould admit no diſcourſe to your beauty.*] This is the reading of all the modern

Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honeſty?

Ham. Ay, truly; for the power of beauty will ſooner transform honeſty from what it is to a bawd, than the force of honeſty can tranſlate beauty into his likeneſs;[6] this was ſome time a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe ſo.

Ham. You ſhould not have believed me: for virtue cannot ſo inoculate[7] our old ſtock, but we ſhall reliſh of it: I loved you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

editions, and is copied from the quarto. The folio reads—*your honeſty* ſhould admit no diſcourſe to your beauty. The true reading ſeems to be this,—*if you be honeſt and fair, you ſhould admit* your honeſty *to no diſcourſe with your beauty.* This is the ſenſe evidently required by the proceſs of the converſation. JOHNSON.

That if you be honeſt and fair, you ſhould admit no diſcourſe to your beauty.] The reply of Ophelia proves beyond doubt, that this reading is wrong.

The reading of the folio appears to be the right one, and requires no amendment.—"Your honeſty ſhould admit no diſcourſe to your beauty," means,—"Your honeſty ſhould not admit your beauty to any diſcourſe with her;" which is the very ſenſe that Johnſon contends for, and expreſſed with ſufficient clearneſs. M. MASON.

" —— rara eſt concordia formæ
" Atque pudicitiæ." *Ovid.* STEEVENS.

[6] —— *into* his *likeneſs*:] The modern editors read—*its* likeneſs; but the text is right. Shakſpeare and his contemporaries frequently uſe the perſonal for the neutral pronoun. So Spenſer, *Fairy Queen*, Book III. c. ix:

" Then forth *it* break; and with *his* furious blaſt,
" Confounds both land and ſeas, and ſkies doth overcaſt."

See p. 68, n. 4. MALONE.

[7] —— *inoculate* —] This is the reading of the firſt folio. The firſt quarto reads *enocutat*; the ſecond *euacuat*; and the third, *evacuate.* STEEVENS

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery; Why would'ſt thou be a breeder of ſinners? I am myſelf indifferent honeſt; but yet I could accuſe me of ſuch things, that it were better, my mother had not borne me:[8] I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in,[9] imagination to give them ſhape, or time to act them in: What ſhould ſuch fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven! We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us: Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be ſhut upon him; that he may play the fool no where but in's own houſe. Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you ſweet heavens!

Ham. If thou doſt marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry; Be thou as chaſte as ice, as pure as ſnow, thou ſhalt not eſcape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery; farewell: Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wiſe men know well enough, what monſters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. Heavenly powers, reſtore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well

[8] —— *I could accuſe me of ſuch things, that it were better, my mother had not borne me:*] So, in our poet's 88th Sonnet:

" —— I can ſet down a ſtory
" Of faults conceal'd, wherein I am attainted."

MALONE.

[9] —— *with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts* to put them in,] *To put a thing into thought*, is *to think on it.*

JOHNSON.

—— *at my beck,*] That is, *always ready to come about me.*

STEEVENS.

enough ;[1] God hath given you one face, and you make yourſelves another :[2] you jig, you amble, and you liſp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonneſs your ignorance :[3] Go to ; I'll no more of't ; it hath made me mad. I ſay, we will have no more marriages : thoſe that are married already, all but one, ſhall live ;[4] the reſt ſhall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit* HAMLET.

Oph. O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown ! The courtier's, ſoldier's, ſcholar's, eye, tongue, ſword :[5]

[1] *I have heard of your* paintings *too, well enough* ; &c] This is according to the quarto ; the folio, for *painting*, has *prattlings*, and for *face*, has *pace*, which agrees with what follows, *you jig, you amble.* Probably the author wrote both. I think the common reading beſt. JOHNSON.

I would continue to read *paintings*, becauſe theſe deſtructive aids of beauty ſeem, in the time of Shakſpeare, to have been general objects of ſatire. So, in Drayton's *Moocalf:*

" —— No ſooner got the teens,
" But her own natural beauty ſhe diſdains ;
" With oyls and broths moſt venomous and baſe
" She plaiſters over her well-favour'd face ;
" And thoſe ſweet veins by nature rightly plac'd
" Wherewith ſhe ſeems that white ſkin to have lac'd,
" She ſoon doth alter ; and, with fading blue,
" Blanching her boſom, ſhe makes others new."

STEEVENS.

[2] —— *God hath given you one face, and you make yourſelves another :*] In *Guzman de Alfarache*, 1623, p. 13, we have an invective againſt painting in which is a ſimilar paſſage : " O filthineſſe, above all filthineſſe ! O affront, above all other affronts ! *that God hath given thee one face, thou ſhouldſt abuſe his image and make thyſelfe another.*" REED.

[3] —— *make your wantonneſs your ignorance :*] You miſtake by *wanton* affectation, and pretend to miſtake by *ignorance.* JOHNSON.

[4] —— *all but one ſhall live* ;] By the one who ſhall not live, he means his ſtep-father. MALONE.

The expectancy and roſe of the fair ſtate,
The glaſs of faſhion,[6] and the mould of form,[7]
The obſerv'd of all obſervers! quite, quite down!
And I, of ladies moſt deject[8] and wretched,
That ſuck'd the honey of his muſick vows,
Now ſee that noble and moſt ſovereign reaſon,
Like ſweet bells jangled, out of tune[9] and harſh;
That unmatch'd form and feature[1] of blown youth,
Blaſted with ecſtaſy:[2] O, woe is me!
To have ſeen what I have ſeen, ſee what I ſee!

[5] *The courtier's, ſoldier's, ſcholar's, eye, tongue, ſword:*] The poet certainly meant to have placed his words thus:

The courtier's, ſcholar's, ſoldier's, eye, tongue, ſword;

otherwiſe the excellence of *tongue* is appropriated to the *ſoldier*, and the *ſcholar* wears the *ſword*. WARNER.

This regulation is needleſs. So, in *Tarquin and Lucrece*:

" Princes are the *glaſs*, the *ſchool*, the *book*,
" Where ſubjects eyes do *learn*, do *read*, do *look*."

And in *Quintilian*: " Multum agit ſexus, ætas conditio; ut in *fœminis, ſenibus, pupillis, liberos, parentes, conjuges* alligantibus." FARMER.

[6] *The glaſs of faſhion,*] " Speculum conſuetudinis." *Cicero.* STEEVENS.

[7] —— *The mould of form,*] The model by whom all endeavoured to form themſelves. JOHNSON.

[8] —— *moſt* deject—] So, in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613:

" —— What knight is that
" So paſſionately *deject*?" STEEVENS.

[9] —— *out of* tune—] Thus the folio. The quarto—out of *time*. STEEVENS.

Theſe two words in the hand-writing of Shakſpeare's age are almoſt indiſtinguiſhable, and hence are frequently confounded in the old copies. See Vol. V. p. 300, n. 3. MALONE.

[1] —— *and* feature—] Thus the folio. The quartos read—. *ſtature*. STEEVENS.

[2] —— *with* ecſtacy:] The word *ecſtacy* was anciently uſed to ſignify ſome degree of alienation of mind.

So, Gawin Douglas tranſlating—*ſletit acri fixa dolore*:

" In *ecſtacy* ſhe ſtood, and mad almaiſt."

Re-enter King *and* POLONIUS.

KING. Love! his affections do not that way tend;
Nor what he ſpake, though it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madneſs. There's ſomething in his ſoul,
O'er which his melancholy ſits on brood;
And, I do doubt, the hatch, and the diſcloſe,[3]
Will be ſome danger: Which for to prevent,
I have, in quick determination,
Thus ſet it down; He ſhall with ſpeed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply, the ſeas, and countries different,
With variable objects, ſhall expel
This ſomething-ſettled matter in his heart;
Whereon his brains ſtill beating, puts him thus
From faſhion of himſelf. What think you on't?

POL. It ſhall do well: But yet I do believe,
The origin and commencement of his grief
Sprung from neglected love.—How now, Ophelia?
You need not tell us what lord Hamlet ſaid;
We heard it all.—My lord, do as you pleaſe;
But, if you hold it fit, after the play,

See Vol. IV. p. 122, n. 4; and Vol. X. p. 162, n. 2. STEEVENS.

[3] —— *the* diſcloſe,] This was the technical term. So, in *The Maid of Honour*, by Maſſinger:

" One aierie with proportion ne'er *diſcloſes*
" The eagle and the wren." MALONE.

Diſcloſe, (ſays Randle Holme, in his *Academy of Armory and Blazon*, Book II. ch. ii. p. 238,) is when the young juſt peeps through the ſhell. It is alſo taken for laying, *hatching*, or bringing forth young: as ſhe *diſcloſed* three birds."

Again, in the fifth Act of the play now before us:

" Ere that her golden couplets are *diſclos'd*."

See my note on this paſſage. STEEVENS.

Let his queen mother all alone entreat him
To ſhow his grief; let her be round with him ;[4]
And I'll be plac'd, ſo pleaſe you, in the ear
Of all their conference: If ſhe find him not,
To England ſend him; or confine him, where
Your wiſdom beſt ſhall think.

King. It ſhall be ſo:
Madneſs in great ones muſt not unwatch'd go.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

A Hall in the ſame.

Enter HAMLET, *and certain* Players.

Ham. Speak the ſpeech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue: but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier ſpoke my lines. Nor do not ſaw the air too much with your hand, thus; but uſe all gently: for in the very torrent, tempeſt, and (as I may ſay) whirlwind of your paſſion, you muſt acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it ſmoothneſs. O, it offends me to the ſoul, to hear a robuſtious periwig-pated[5] fellow tear a paſſion

[4] ——*be* round *with him*;] To be *round* with a perſon, is to reprimand him with freedom. So, in *A Mad World, my Maſters*, by Middleton, 1608: "She's *round* with her i'faith." MALONE.

See *Comedy of Errors*, Vol. XX. Act II. ſc. i. STEEVENS.

[5] ——periwig-*pated*—] This is a ridicule on the quantity of falſe hair worn in Shakſpeare's time, for wigs were not in common uſe till the reign of Charles II. In *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, Julia ſays—"I'll get me ſuch a colour'd *periwig*."

to tatters, to very rags, to ſplit the ears of the groundlings;[6] who, for the moſt part, are capable

Goff, who wrote ſeveral plays in the reign of James I. and was no mean ſcholar, has the following lines in his Tragedy of *The Courageous Turk*, 1632:

" ——How now, you heavens:
" Grow you ſo proud you muſt needs put on curl'd locks,
" And clothe yourſelves in *perriwigs* of fire?"

Players, however, ſeem to have worn them moſt generally. So, in *Every Woman in her Humour*, 1609: " —as none wear hoods but monks and ladies; and feathers but fore-horſes, &c. —none *perriwigs* but *players* and pictures." STEEVENS.

[6] ——*the groundlings*;] The meaner people then ſeem to have ſat below, as they now ſit in the upper gallery, who, not well underſtanding poetical language, were ſometimes gratified by a mimical and mute repreſentation of the drama, previous to the dialogue. JOHNSON.

Before each act of the tragedy of *Jocaſta*, tranſlated from Euripides, by George Gaſcoigne and Francis Kinwelmerſh, the order of theſe dumb ſhows is very minutely deſcribed. This play was preſented at Gray's-Inn by them, in 1566. The mute exhibitions included in it are chiefly emblematical, nor do they diſplay a picture of one ſingle ſcene which is afterwards performed on the ſtage. In ſome other pieces I have obſerved, that they ſerve to introduce ſuch circumſtances as the limits of a play would not admit to be repreſented.

Thus, in *Herod and Antipater*, 1622:

" ——Let me now
" Intreat your worthy patience to contain
" Much in imagination; and, what words
" Cannot have time to utter, let your eyes
" Out of this DUMB SHOW tell your memories."

In ſhort, dumb ſhows ſometimes ſupplied deficiencies, and, at others, filled up the ſpace of time which was neceſſary to paſs while buſineſs was ſuppoſed to be tranſacted in foreign parts. With this method of preſerving one of the unities, our anceſtors appear to have been ſatisfied.

Ben Jonſon mentions the *groundlings* with equal contempt: " The underſtanding gentlemen of the *ground* here."

Again, in *The Caſe is Alter'd*, 1609: " —a rude barbarous crew, that have no brains, and yet *grounded* judgements; they will like any thing that mounts above their *grounded* capacities."

of nothing but inexplicable dumb ſhows, and noiſe:[7] I would have ſuch a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant;[8] it out-herods Herod:[9] Pray you, avoid it.

Again, in *Lady Alimony*, 1659: "Be your ſtage-curtains artificially drawn, and ſo covertly ſhrowded that the ſquint-eyed *groundling* may not peep in?"

In our early play-houſes the pit had neither floor nor benches. Hence the term of *groundlings* for thoſe who frequented it.

The *groundling*, in its primitive ſignification, means a fiſh which always keeps at the bottom of the water. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*who, for the moſt part, are* capable *of nothing but inexplicable dumb ſhows, and noiſe:*] i. e. have a *capacity* for nothing but dumb ſhows; *underſtand* nothing elſe. So, in Heywood's *Hiſtory of Women*, 1624: "I have therein imitated our *hiſtorical* and comical poets, that write to the ſtage; who, leſt the auditory ſhould be dulled with ſerious diſcourſes, in every act preſent ſome zany, with his mimick geſture, to breed in the leſs *capable* mirth and laughter." See Vol. XIV. p. 380, n. 4. MALONE.

——*inexplicable dumb ſhows,*] I believe the meaning is, *ſhows, without words to explain them.* JOHNSON.

Rather, I believe, ſhows which are too confuſedly conducted to explain themſelves.

I meet with one of theſe in Heywood's play of *The Four Prentices of London*, 1615, where the *Preſenter* ſays:

"I muſt entreat your patience to forbear
"While we do feaſt your eye and ſtarve your ear.
"For in *dumb ſhews*, which, were they writ at large,
"Would aſk a long and tedious circumſtance,
"Their infant fortunes I will ſoon expreſs:" &c.

Then follow the *dumb ſhows*, which well deſerve the character Hamlet has already given of this ſpecies of entertainment, as may be ſeen from the following paſſage: "Enter Tancred, with Bella Franca richly attired, ſhe *ſomewhat affecting him*, though ſhe *makes no ſhow of it.*" Surely this may be called an *inexplicable dumb ſhow.* STEEVENS.

[8] ——*Termagant;*] *Termagaunt* (ſays Dr. Percy) is the name given in the old romances to the god of the *Saracens*; in which he is conſtantly linked with *Mahound*, or *Mohammed*. Thus, in the legend of SYR GUY, the Soudan ſwears:

1 *Play.* I warrant your honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither, but let your own

" So helpe me *Mahowne* of might,
" And *Termagaunt* my God ſo bright."

So alſo, in Hall's firſt Satire:

" Nor fright the reader with the Pagan vaunt
" Of mightie *Mahound*, and greate *Termagaunt*."

Again, in Marſton's 7th Satire:

" ——let whirlwinds and confuſion teare
" The center of our ſtate; let giants reare
" Hill upon hill; let weſterne *Termagant*
" Shake heaven's vault" &c.

Termagant is alſo mentioned by Spenſer in his *Fairy Queen*, and by Chaucer in *The Tale of Sir Topas*; and by Beaumont and Fletcher, in *King or no King*, as follows: " This would make a ſaint ſwear like a ſoldier, and a ſoldier like *Termagant*."

Again, in *The Picture*, by Maſſinger:

" ——— a hundred thouſand Turks
" Aſſail'd him, every one a *Termagaunt*." Steevens.

Again, in Bale's *Acts of Engliſh Votaries*:

" Grennyng upon her, lyke *Termagauntes in a play*."
Ritson.

[9] ——*out-herods* Herod:] The character of *Herod* in the ancient myſteries, was always a violent one.

See the *Coventriæ Ludus* among the Cotton MSS. Veſpaſian D. VIII:

" Now I regne lyk a kyng arrayd ful rych,
" Rollyd in rynggs and robys of array,
" Dukys with dentys I drive into the dych;
" My dedys be full dowty demyd be day."

Again, in *The Cheſter Whitſun Plays*, MS. Harl. 1013:

" I kynge of kynges, non ſoe keene,
" I ſovraigne ſir, as well is ſeene,
" I tyrant that maye bouth take and teene
" Caſtell, tower, and towne;

" I welde this worlde withouten wene,
" I beate all thoſe unbuxome beene;
" I drive the devills alby dene
" Deepe in hell adowne.

" For I am kinge of all mankinde,
" I byd, I beate, I loſe, I bynde,
" I maſter the moone; take this in mynde
" That I am moſt of mighte.

diſcretion be your tutor: ſuit the action to the word, the word to the action; with this ſpecial obſervance, that you o'er-ſtep not the modeſty of nature: for any thing ſo overdone is from the purpoſe of playing, whoſe end, both at the firſt, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 'twere, the mirrour up to nature; to ſhow virtue her own feature, ſcorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time,[1] his form and preſſure.[2] Now this, over-

" I ame the greateſt above degree,
" That is, that was, or ever ſhall be;
" The ſonne it dare not ſhine on me,
" And I byd him goe downe.

" No raine to fall ſhall now be free,
" Nor no lorde have that liberty
" That dare abyde and I byd fleey,
" But I ſhall crake his crowne."

See *The Vintner's Play*, p. 67.

Chaucer, deſcribing a pariſh clerk, in his *Miller's Tale*, ſays:

" He plaieth *Herode* on a ſkaffold high."

The pariſh clerks and other ſubordinate eccleſiaſticks appear to have been our firſt actors, and to have repreſented their characters on diſtinct pulpits or *ſcaffolds*. Thus, in one of the ſtage-directions to the 27th pageant in the Coventry collection already mentioned: " What tyme that proceſſyon is entered into yᵗ place, and the Herowdys taken his *ſchaffalde*, and Annas and Cayphas their *ſchaffaldys*," &c. STEEVENS.

To the inſtances given by Mr. Steevens of Herod's lofty language, may be added theſe lines from the Coventry plays among the Cotton MSS. p. 92:

" Of bewte and of boldnes I ber evermore the belle,
" Of mayn and of myght I maſter every man;
" I dynge with my dowtineſs the devyl down to helle,
" For bothe of hevyn and of earth I am kynge certayn."

MALONE.

Again, in *The Unluckie Firmentie*, by G. Kyttes, 4to. bl. l:

" But he was in ſuch a rage
" As one that ſhulde on a ſtage
" The part of *Herode* playe." RITSON.

[1] ——age *and* body *of the* time,] The *age* of the *time* can hardly paſs. May we not read, the *face* and *body*, or did the

done, or come tardy off, though it make the unſkilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the cenſure of which one,[3] muſt, in your allowance,[4] o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be

author write, the *page?* The *page* ſuits well with *form* and *preſſure,* but ill with *body.* JOHNSON.

To exhibit the *form and preſſure* of the *age* of the *time,* is, to repreſent the manners of the time ſuitable to the period that is treated of, according as it may be ancient, or modern. STEEVENS.

I can neither think this paſſage right as it ſtands, or approve of either of the amendments ſuggeſted by Johnſon.—There is one more ſimple than either, that will remove every difficulty. Inſtead of "*the very* age and body of the time," (from which it is hard to extract any meaning,) I read—"*every* age and body of the time;" and then the ſenſe will be this: —"Show virtue her own likeneſs, and every ſtage of life, every profeſſion or body of men, its form and reſemblance." By *every age,* is meant, the *different ſtages of life*;—by *every body,* the *various* fraternities, ſorts, and ranks of mankind. M. MASON.

Perhaps Shakſpeare did not mean to connect theſe words. It is the end of playing, ſays Hamlet, to ſhow the age in which we live, and the body of the time, its form and preſſure: to delineate exactly the manners of the age, and the particular humour of the day. MALONE.

[2] ——*preſſure.*] Reſemblance, as in a *print.* JOHNSON.

[3] ——*the cenſure of which one,*] Ben Jonſon ſeems to have imitated this paſſage in his *Poetaſter,* 1601:

"————I will try
"If tragedy have a more kind aſpect;
"Her favours in my next I will purſue;
"Where if I prove the *pleaſure but of one,*
"*If he judicious be, he ſhall be alone*
"*A theatre unto me.*" MALONE.

——*the cenſure of which one,*] The meaning is, "the cenſure of *one of* which," and probably that ſhould be the reading alſo. The preſent reading, though intelligible, is very licentious, eſpecially in proſe. M. MASON.

[4] ——*in your* allowance,] In your approbation. See Vol. XVII. *King Lear,* Act II. ſc. iv. MALONE.

players,[5] that I have ſeen play,—and heard others praiſe, and that highly,—not to ſpeak it profanely,[6] that, neither having the accent of chriſtians, nor

[5] *O, there be players,* &c.] I would read thus: "There be players, that I have ſeen play, and heard others praiſe, and that highly (not to ſpeak profanely) that neither have the accent nor the gait of Chriſtian, Pagan, nor *Muſſulman*, have ſo ſtrutted and bellowed, that I thought ſome of nature's journeymen had made *the men*, and not made them well," &c. FARMER.

I have no doubt that our author wrote,—"that I thought ſome of nature's journeymen had made *them*, and not made them well," &c. *Them* and *men* are frequently confounded in the old copies. See *The Comedy of Errors*, Act II. ſc. ii. folio, 1623: "—becauſe it is a bleſſing that he beſtows on beaſts, and what he hath ſcanted *them* [r. *men*] in hair, he hath given them in wit." —In the preſent inſtance the compoſitor probably caught the word *men* from the laſt ſyllable of *journey*men. Shakſpeare could not mean to aſſert as a general truth, that nature's journeymen had made *men*, i. e. all mankind; for, if that were the caſe, theſe ſtrutting players would have been on a footing with the reſt of the ſpecies. Nature herſelf, the poet means to ſay, made all mankind except theſe ſtrutting players, and they were made by Nature's *journeymen*.

A paſſage in *King Lear*, in which we meet with the ſame ſentiment, in my opinion fully ſupports the emendation now propoſed:

"*Kent. Nature* diſclaims in THEE, a *tailor made* THEE.

"*Corn.* Thou art a ſtrange fellow: A tailor make a man!

"*Kent.* Ay, a tailor, ſir; a ſtone-cutter or a painter [*Nature's journeymen*] could not have made *him* ſo ill, though he had been but two hours at the trade."

This notion of Nature keeping a ſhop, and employing journeymen to form mankind, was common in Shakſpeare's time. See Lyly's *Woman in the Moon*, a comedy, 1597: "They draw the curtains from before *Nature's ſhop*, where ſtands an image clad, and ſome unclad." MALONE.

[6] —— *not to ſpeak it* profanely,] *Profanely* ſeems to relate, not to the praiſe which he has mentioned, but to the cenſure which he is about to utter. Any groſs or indelicate language was called *profane*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Othello*:—"he is a moſt *profane* and liberal counſellor." MALONE.

the gait of chriſtian, pagan, nor man, have ſo ſtrutted, and bellowed, that I have thought ſome of nature's journeymen had made men, and not made them well, they imitated humanity ſo abominably.

1 *Play.* I hope, we have reformed that indifferently with us.

Ham. O, reform it altogether. And let thoſe, that play your clowns, ſpeak no more than is ſet down for them:[7] for there be of them, that will

[7] ——*ſpeak no more than is ſet down for them*:] So, in *The Antipodes*, by Brome, 1638:

" —— you, ſir, are incorrigible, and
" Take licence to yourſelf to add unto
" Your parts, your own free fancy," &c.
" —— That is a way, my lord, has been allow'd
" On elder ſtages, to move mirth and laughter."
" —— Yes, in the days of *Tarlton*, and of *Kempe*,
" Before the ſtage was purg'd from barbariſm," &c.

Stowe informs us, (p. 697, edit. 1615,) that among the twelve players who were ſworn the queen's ſervants in 1583, " were two rare men, viz. Thomas Wilſon, for a quick delicate refined *extemporall witte*; and Richard Tarleton, for a wondrous plentifull, pleaſant *extemporall witt*," &c.

Again, in *Tarleton's Newes from Purgatory*: " —I abſented myſelf from all plaies, as wanting that merrye Roſcius of plaiers that famoſed all comedies ſo with his pleaſant and *extemporall invention*."

This cauſe for complaint, however, againſt low comedians, is ſtill more ancient; for in *The Contention betwyxte Churchyard and Camell*, &c. 1560, I find the following paſſage:

" But Vices in ſtage plaies,
" When theyr matter is gon,
" They laugh out the reſte
" To the lookers on.
" And ſo wantinge matter,
" You brynge in my coate," &c. Steevens.

The clown very often addreſſed the audience, in the middle of the play, and entered into a conteſt of raillery and ſarcaſm with ſuch of the audience as choſe to engage with him. It is to this abſurd practice that Shakſpeare alludes. See the *Hiſtorical Account of our Old Engliſh Theatres*, Vol. III. Malone.

themſelves laugh, to ſet on ſome quantity of barren ſpectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, ſome neceſſary queſtion of the play be then to be conſidered: that's villainous; and ſhows a moſt pitiful ambition in the fool that uſes it. Go, make you ready.— [*Exeunt* Players.

Enter POLONIUS, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

How now, my lord? will the king hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the queen too, and that preſently.

Ham. Bid the players make haſte.—

[*Exit* POLONIUS.

Will you two help to haſten them?

Both. Ay, my lord.

[*Exeunt* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Ham. What, ho; Horatio!

Enter HORATIO.

Hor. Here, ſweet lord, at your ſervice.

Ham. Horatio, thou art e'en as juſt a man
As e'er my converſation cop'd withal.

Hor. O, my dear lord,——

Ham. Nay, do not think I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue haſt, but thy good ſpirits,
To feed, and clothe thee? Why ſhould the poor be flatter'd?
No, let the candied tongue lick abſurd pomp;

And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,[8]
Where thrift may follow fawning. Doſt thou hear?
Since my dear ſoul[9] was miſtreſs of her choice,
And could of men diſtinguiſh her election,
She hath ſeal'd thee for herſelf:[1] for thou haſt been
As one, in ſuffering all, that ſuffers nothing;
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Haſt ta'en with equal thanks: and bleſs'd are thoſe,
Whoſe blood and judgment[2] are ſo well co-mingled,[3]
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
To ſound what ſtop ſhe pleaſe: Give me that man
That is not paſſion's ſlave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core,[4] ay, in my heart of heart,

[8] —— *the* pregnant *hinges of the knee,*] I believe the ſenſe of *pregnant* in this place, is, *quick, ready, prompt.* JOHNSON.

See Vol. VI. p. 191, n. 5. STEEVENS.

[9] —— *my* dear *ſoul*—] Perhaps—my *clear* ſoul. JOHNSON.

Dear ſoul is an expreſſion equivalent to the φίλα γένατα, φίλον ἦτορ, of Homer. STEEVENS.

[1] *And could of men diſtinguiſh her election,*
She *hath ſeal'd thee for herſelf:*] Thus the quarto. The folio thus:
And could of men diſtinguiſh, her election
Hath *ſeal'd thee* &c. STEEVENS.

Mr. Ritſon prefers the reading of the quarto, and obſerves, that to *diſtinguiſh her election*, is no more than to *make her election. Diſtinguiſh of men*, he adds, is exceeding harſh, to ſay the beſt of it. REED.

[2] *Whoſe blood and judgment*—] According to the doctrine of the four humours, *deſire* and *confidence* were ſeated in the blood, and *judgment* in the phlegm, and the due mixture of the humours made a perfect character. JOHNSON.

[3] —— *co-mingled,*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—comedled; which had formerly the ſame meaning. MALONE.

[4] —— *my heart's* core,] This expreſſion occurs alſo in Chapman's tranſlation of the ſixth *Iliad*:

As I do thee.—Something too much of this.—
There is a play to-night before the king;
One ſcene of it comes near the circumſtance,
Which I have told thee of my father's death.
I pr'ythee, when thou ſeeſt that act a-foot,
Even with the very comment of thy ſoul
Obſerve my uncle: if his occulted guilt
Do not itſelf unkennel in one ſpeech,
It is a damned ghoſt that we have ſeen;
And my imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's ſtithy.[5] Give him heedful note:
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And, after, we will both our judgments join
In cenſure of his ſeeming.

Hor. Well, my lord:
If he ſteal aught, the whilſt this play is playing,
And ſcape detecting, I will pay the theft.

Ham. They are coming to the play; I muſt be idle:
Get you a place.

" —— he wandred evermore
" Alone through his Aleian field; and fed upon the *core*
" Of his ſad boſome." Steevens.

[5] —— *Vulcan's* ſtithy.] *Stithy* is a ſmith's anvil. Johnson.

So, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

" Now by the *forge* that *ſtithied* Mars's helm."

Again, in Greene's *Card of Fancy*, 1608: "determined to ſtrike on the *ſtith* while the iron was hot."

Again, in Chaucer's celebrated deſcription of the *Temple of Mars*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. ver. 2028:

" —— the ſmith
" That forgeth ſharp ſwerdes on his *ſtith*." Steevens.

The *ſtith* is the *anvil*, the *ſtithy*, the *ſmith's ſhop*. Theſe words are familiar to me, being in conſtant uſe at Halifax, my native place. J. Edwards.

Daniſh March. A Flouriſh. Enter King, Queen, POLONIUS, OPHELIA, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *and Others.*

KING. How fares our couſin Hamlet?

HAM. Excellent, i'faith; of the camelion's diſh: I eat the air, promiſe-crammed: You cannot feed capons ſo.

KING. I have nothing with this anſwer, Hamlet; theſe words are not mine.

HAM. No, nor mine now.[6] My lord,—you played once in the univerſity, you ſay?[7] [*To* POLONIUS.

[6] —— *nor mine now.*] A man's words, ſays the proverb, are his own no longer than he keeps them unſpoken. JOHNSON.

[7] —— *you played once in the univerſity, you ſay?*] It ſhould ſeem from the following paſſage in Vice Chancellor Hatcher's Letters to Lord Burghley, on June 21, 1580, that the common players were likewiſe occaſionally admitted to perform there: "Whereas it has pleaſed your honour to recommend my lorde of Oxenford his players, that they might ſhow their cunning in ſeveral plays already practiſed by 'em before the Queen's majeſty" ——(denied on account of the peſtilence and commencement:) "of late we denied the like to the Right Honourable the Lord of Leiceſter his ſervants." FARMER.

The practice of acting Latin plays in the univerſities of Oxford and Cambridge, is very ancient, and continued to near the middle of the laſt century. They were performed occaſionally for the entertainment of princes and other great perſonages; and regularly at Chriſtmas, at which time a *Lord of miſrule* was appointed at Oxford, to regulate the exhibitions, and a ſimilar officer with the title of *Imperator* at Cambridge. The moſt celebrated actors at Cambridge were the ſtudents of St. John's and King's colleges: at Oxford thoſe of Chriſt-Church. In the hall of that college a Latin comedy called *Marcus Geminus*, and the Latin tragedy of *Progne*, were performed before Queen Elizabeth in the year 1566; and in 1564, the Latin tragedy of *Dido* was

Pol. That did I, my lord; and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact Julius Cæſar:[8] I was killed i'the Capitol;[9] Brutus killed me.

played before her majeſty, when ſhe viſited the univerſity of Cambridge. The exhibition was in the body or nave of the chapel of King's college, which was lighted by the royal guards, each of whom bore a ſtaff-torch in his hand. See Peck's *Deſider. Cur.* p. 36, n. x The actors of this piece were all of that college. The author of the tragedy, who in the Latin account of this royal viſit, in the Muſeum, [MSS. Baker, 7037, p. 203,] is ſaid to have been *Regalis Collegii olim ſocius*, was, I believe, John Rightwiſe, who was elected a fellow of King's college, in 1507, and according to Anthony Wood, "made the tragedy of *Dido* out of Virgil, and acted the ſame with the ſcholars of his ſchool [St. Paul's, of which he was appointed maſter in 1522,] before Cardinal Wolſey with great applauſe." In 1583, the ſame play was performed at Oxford, in Chriſt-Church hall, before Albertus de Alaſco, a Poliſh prince Palatine, as was William Gager's Latin comedy, entitled *Rivales*. On Elizabeth's ſecond viſit to Oxford, in 1592, a few years before the writing of the preſent play, ſhe was entertained on the 24th and 26th of September, with the repreſentation of the laſt-mentioned play, and another Latin comedy, called *Bellum Grammaticale*.

MALONE.

[8] *I did enact* Julius Cæſar:] A Latin play on the ſubject of Cæſar's death was performed at Chriſt-Church in Oxford, in 1582; and ſeveral years before, a Latin play on the ſame ſubject, written by Jacques Grevin, was acted in the college of Beauvais, at Paris. I ſuſpect that there was likewiſe an Engliſh play on the ſtory of Cæſar before the time of Shakſpeare. See Vol. XVI. p. 252, and the *Eſſay on the Order of Shakſpeare's Plays*, Vol. II.

MALONE.

[9] —— *I was killed i'the Capitol*;] This, it is well known, was not the caſe; for Cæſar, we are expreſsly told by Plutarch, was killed in *Pompey's portico*. But our poet followed the received opinion, and probably the repreſentation of his own time, in a play on the ſubject of Cæſar's death, previous to that which he wrote. The notion that Julius Cæſar was killed in the Capitol is as old as the time of Chaucer:

Ham. It was a brute part of him,[1] to kill ſo capital a calf there.—Be the players ready?

Ros. Ay, my lord; they ſtay upon your patience.[2]

Queen. Come hither, my dear Hamlet, ſit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's metal more attractive.

Pol. O ho! do you mark that? [*To the* King.

Ham. Lady, ſhall I lie in your lap?

[*Lying down at* Ophelia's *Feet.*[3]

Oph. No, my lord.

" This Julius to the *capitolie* wente
" Upon a day as he was wont to gon,
" And in the *capitolie* anon him hente
" This falſe Brutus, and his other ſoon,
" And ſticked him with bodekins anon
" With many a wound," &c. *The Monkes Tale.*
Tyrwhitt's edit. Vol. II. p. 31. Malone.

[1] *It was a* brute part *of him,*] Sir John Harrington in his *Metamorphoſis of Ajax,* 1596, has the ſame quibble: "O brave-minded *Brutus!* but this I muſt truly ſay, they were two *brutiſh parts* both of him and you; one to kill his ſons for treaſon, the other to kill his father in treaſon" Steevens.

[2] —— *they ſtay upon your* patience.] May it not be read more intelligibly,—*they ſtay upon your* pleaſure? In *Macbeth* it is:

" Noble Macbeth, we ſtay upon your *leiſure.*"
Johnson.

[3] —— *at* Ophelia's *feet.*] To lie at the feet of a miſtreſs during any dramatick repreſentation, ſeems to have been a common act of gallantry. So, in *The Queen of Corinth,* by Beaumont and Fletcher:

" Uſhers her to her couch, *lies at her feet*
" *At ſolemn maſques,* applauding what ſhe laughs at."

Again, in Gaſcoigne's *Greene Knight's Farewell to Fancie:*

" To *lie along in ladies lappes.*" Steevens.

Ham. I mean, my head upon your lap ?[4]

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Do you think, I meant country matters ?[5]

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought to lie between maids' legs.

Oph. What is, my lord ?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I ?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. O ! your only jig-maker.[6] What ſhould a

[4] —— *I mean,* &c.] This ſpeech and *Ophelia's* reply to it are omitted in the quartos. Steevens.

[5] *Do you think I meant* country matters ?] Dr. Johnſon, from a caſual inadvertence, propoſed to read—country *manners.* The old reading is certainly right. What Shakſpeare meant to allude to, muſt be too obvious to every reader, to require any explanation. Malone.

[6] —— *your only* jig-maker.] There may have been ſome humour in this paſſage, the force of which is now diminiſhed:

" —————— many gentlemen
" Are not, as in the days of underſtanding,
" Now ſatisfied without a *jig,* which ſince
" They cannot with their honour, call for after
" The play, they look to be ſerv'd up in the middle."
Changes, or Love in a Maze, by Shirley, 1632.

In *The Hog hath loſt his Pearl,* 1614, one of the players comes to ſolicit a gentleman to *write a jig* for him. A *jig* was not in Shaſpeare's time only a dance, but a ludicrous dialogue in metre, and of the loweſt kind, like Hamlet's converſation with Ophelia. Many of theſe jigs are entered in the books of the Stationers' Company :—" Philips his *Jigg* of the ſlyppers, 1595. Kempe's *Jigg* of the Kitchin-ſtuff woman, 1595." Steevens.

The following lines in the prologue to Fletcher's *Love's Pilgrimage,* confirms Mr. Steevens's remark:

man do, but be merry? for, look you, how cheerfully my mother looks, and my father died within these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables.[7] O heavens!

" ——— for approbation,
" A *jig* shall be clapp'd at, and every *rhyme*
" Prais'd and applauded by a clamorous chime."

A *jig* was not always in the form of a dialogue. Many historical ballads were formerly called *jigs*. See also, p. 153, n. 4, and *The Historical Account of the English Theatres*, Vol. II. Malone.

A *jig*, though it signified a ludicrous dialogue in metre, yet it also was used for a dance. In the extract from Stephen Goffon in the next page but one, we have—

" —— tumbling, dancing of *gigges*." Ritson.

[7] ——*Nay, then let the devil wear black,* for *I'll have a suit of* sables.] The conceit of these words is not taken. They are an ironical apology for his mother's cheerful looks: two months was long enough in conscience to make any dead husband forgotten. But the editors, in their nonsensical blunder, have made Hamlet say just the contrary. That the devil and he would both go into mourning, though his mother did not. The true reading is—*Nay, then let the devil wear black,* 'fore *I'll have a suit of sable.* '*Fore*, i. e. before. As much as to say,—Let the devil wear black for me, I'll have none. The Oxford editor despises an emendation so easy, and reads it thus,—*Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of* ermine. And you could expect no less, when such a critick had the dressing of him. But the blunder was a pleasant one. The senseless editors had wrote *fables*, the fur so called, for *sable*, black. And the critick only changed this fur for that; by a like figure, the common people say,—*You rejoice the cockles of my heart*, for *the muscles of my heart*; an unlucky mistake of one shell-fish for another. Warburton.

I know not why our editors should with such implacable anger persecute their predecessors. Οἱ νεκροὶ μὴ δάκνεσιν, the dead, it is true, can make no resistance, they may be attacked with great security; but since they can neither feel nor mend, the safety of mauling them seems greater than the pleasure; nor

die two months ago, and not forgetten yet? Then there's hope, a great man's memory may outlive

perhaps would it much miſbeſeem us to remember, amidſt our triumphs over the *nonſenſical* and *ſenſeleſs*, that we likewiſe are men; that *debemur morti*, and as Swift obſerved to Burnet, ſhall ſoon be among the dead ourſelves.

I cannot find how the common reading is nonſenſe, nor why Hamlet, when he laid aſide his dreſs of mourning, in a country where it was *bitter cold*, and the air *nipping and eager*, ſhould not have a *ſuit of ſables*. I ſuppoſe it is well enough known, that the fur of ſables is not black. JOHNSON.

A *ſuit of ſables* was the richeſt dreſs that could be worn in Denmark. STEEVENS.

Here again is an equivoque. In Maſſinger's *Old Law*, we have,—

" ——— A cunning grief,
" That's only faced with *ſables* for a ſhow,
" But gawdy-hearted." FARMER.

——*Nay, then let the devil wear black, for I'll have a ſuit of* ſables.] Nay then, ſays Hamlet, if my father be ſo long dead as you ſay, let the devil wear black; as for me, ſo far from wearing a mourning dreſs, I'll wear the moſt coſtly and magnificent ſuit that can be procured: *a ſuit trimmed with ſables.*

Our poet furniſhed Hamlet with a ſuit of ſables on the preſent occaſion, not, as I conceive, becauſe ſuch a dreſs was ſuited to " a country where it was bitter cold, and the air was nipping and eager," (as Dr. Johnſon ſuppoſed,) nor becauſe " a ſuit of ſables was the richeſt dreſs that could be worn in *Denmark*," (as Mr. Steevens has ſuggeſted,) of which probably he had no knowledge, but becauſe a ſuit trimmed with ſables was in Shakſpeare's time the richeſt dreſs worn by men in *England*. We have had again and again occaſion to obſerve, that, wherever his ſcene might happen to be, the cuſtoms of his own country were ſtill in his thoughts.

By the ſtatute of apparel, 24 Henry VIII. c. 13, (article *furres*,) it is ordained, that none under the degree of an *earl* may uſe *ſables*.

Biſhop ſays in his *Bloſſoms*, 1577, ſpeaking of the extravagance of thoſe times, that a *thouſand ducates* were ſometimes given for " a face of *ſables*."

That *a ſuit of ſables* was the magnificent dreſs of our author's time, appears from a paſſage in Ben Jonſon's *Diſcoveries*:

his life half a year: But, by'r-lady, he muſt build churches then:[8] or elſe ſhall he ſuffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horſe;[9] whoſe epitaph is, *For, O, for, O, the hobby-horſe is forgot.*[1]

" Would you not laugh to meet *a great counſellor of ſtate*, in a flat cap, with his trunk-hoſe, and a hobby-horſe cloak, [See fig. 5, in the plate annexed to *King Henry IV.* P. I. Vol. XI.] and yond haberdaſher in a velvet gown trimm'd with *ſables?*"

Florio, in his *Italian Dictionary*, 1598, thus explains *zibilini*: " The *rich* furre called ſables."—*Sables* is the ſkin of the ſable Martin. See Cotgrave's *French Dict.* 1611: " Sebilline Martre Sebel. The ſable Martin; the beaſt whoſe ſkinne we call *ſables*." MALONE.

[8] —— *but he muſt build churches then:*] Such benefactors to ſociety were ſure to be recorded by means of the feaſt day on which the patron ſaints and founders of churches were commemorated in every pariſh. This cuſtom having been long diſuſed, the names of the builders of ſacred edifices are no longer known to the vulgar, and are preſerved only in antiquarian memoirs. STEEVENS.

[9] ——*ſuffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horſe;*] Amongſt the country May-games there was an hobby-horſe, which, when the puritanical humour of thoſe times oppoſed and diſcredited theſe games, was brought by the poets and ballad-makers as an inſtance of the ridiculous zeal of the ſectaries: from theſe ballads Hamlet quotes a line or two. WARBURTON.

[1] —— *O, the hobby-horſe is forgot.*] In *Love's Labour's Loſt*, this line is alſo introduced. In a ſmall black letter book entitled, *Plays Confuted*, by Stephen Goſſon, I find the *hobby-horſe* enumerated in the liſt of dances: " For the devil (ſays this author) beeſide the beautie of the houſes, and the ſtages, ſendeth in geariſh apparell, maſkes, vauting, tumbling, dauncing of gigges, galiardes, moriſces, *hobbi-horſes*," &c. and in Green's *Tu Quoque*, 1614, the ſame expreſſion occurs: " The other *hobby-horſe* I perceive is not forgotten."

In ΤΕΧΝΟΓΑΜΙΑ, or *The Marriage of the Arts*, 1618, is the following ſtage-direction:

" Enter a *hobby-horſe*, dancing the morrice," &c.

Again, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Women Pleaſed*:

" *Soto.* Shall the *hobby-horſe* be forgot then,
" The hopeful *hobby-horſe*, ſhall he lie founder'd?"

Trumpets ſound. The dumb Show follows.[2]

Enter a King and a Queen, very lovingly; the Queen embracing him, and he her. She kneels, and makes ſhow of proteſtation unto him. He takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck: lays him down upon a bank of flowers; ſhe, ſeeing him aſleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his crown, kiſſes it, and pours poiſon in the King's ears, and exit. The Queen returns; finds the King dead, and makes paſſionate action. The poiſoner, with ſome two or three Mutes, comes in again, ſeeming to lament with her. The dead

The ſcene in which this paſſage is, will very amply confirm all that Dr. Warburton has ſaid concerning the *hobby-horſe*.

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Entertainment for the Queen and Prince at Althorpe:*

" But ſee *the hobby-horſe* is forgot,
" Fool, it muſt be your lot,
" To ſupply his want with faces
" And ſome other buffoon graces."

See figure 5, in the plate at the end of *The Firſt Part of King Henry IV.* with Mr. Tollet's obſervations on it. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*The dumb ſhow follows.*] and appears to contain every circumſtance of the murder of Hamlet's father. Now there is no apparent reaſon why the Uſurper ſhould not be as much affected by this mute repreſentation of his crimes, as he is afterwards when the ſame action is accompanied by words.

I once conceived this might have been a kind of direction to the players, which was from miſtake inſerted in the editions; but the ſubſequent converſation between Hamlet and Ophelia, entirely deſtroys ſuch a notion. PYE.

I cannot reconcile myſelf to the exhibition in dumb ſhow, preceding the interlude which is injudiciouſly introduced by the author, and ſhould always be omitted on the ſtage; as we cannot well conceive why the mute repreſentation of his crime ſhould not affect as much the conſcience of the King, as the ſcene that follows it. M. MASON.

body is carried away. The poiſoner wooes the Queen with gifts; ſhe ſeems loath and unwilling awhile, but, in the end, accepts his love.

[Exeunt.

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching mallecho; it means miſchief.[3]

[3] *Marry, this is* miching mallecho; *it means miſchief.*] To *mich* ſignified, originally, to keep hid and out of ſight; and, as ſuch men generally did it for the purpoſes of *lying in wait*, it then ſignified to rob. And in this ſenſe Shakſpeare uſes the noun, a *micher*, when ſpeaking of Prince Henry amongſt a gang of robbers. *Shall the bleſſed ſun of heaven prove a* micher? *Shall the ſon of* England *prove a* thief? And in this ſenſe it is uſed by Chaucer, in his tranſlation of *Le Roman de la Roſe*, where he turns the word *lierre*, (which is *larron, voleur,*) by *micher*. WARBURTON.

Dr. Warburton is right in his explanation of the word *miching*. So, in *The Raging Turk*, 1631:

" ——wilt thou, envious dotard,
" Strangle my greatneſs in a *miching* hole?"

Again, in Stanyhurſt's Virgil, 1582:

" ——wherefore thus vainely in land Lybye *mitche* you?"

The quarto reads—*munching* Mallicò. STEEVENS.

The word *miching* is daily uſed in the Weſt of England for *playing truant*, or ſculking about in private for *ſome ſiniſter purpoſe*; and *malicho*, inaccurately written for *malheco*, ſignifies *miſchief!* ſo that *miching malicho* is *miſchief* on the *watch for opportunity*. When Ophelia aſks Hamlet—" What means this?" ſhe applies to him for *an explanation of what ſhe had not ſeen in the ſhow:* and not, as Dr. Warburton would have it, *the* purpoſe *for* which the ſhow was contrived. Beſides, *malhechor* no more ſignifies a *poiſoner*, than a perpetrator of *any other* crime. HENLEY.

—— *miching mallecho*;] A ſecret and wicked contrivance; a concealed wickedneſs. To *mich* is a provincial word, and was probably once general; ſignifying to lie hid, or play the truant. In Norfolk *michers* ſignify *pilferers*. The ſignification of *miching* in the preſent paſſage may be aſcertained by a paſſage in Decker's *Wonderful Yeare*, 4to. 1603: " Thoſe that could ſhift for a

Oph. Belike, this ſhow imports the argument of the play.

time,—went moſt bitterly *miching* and muffled, up and downe, with rue and wormwood ſtuft into their ears and noſtrills."

See alſo, Florio's *Italian Dictionary*, 1598, in *v. Acciapinare*: "To *miche*, to ſhrug or *ſneak in ſome corner*, and with powting and lips to ſhew ſome anger." In a ſubſequent paſſage we find that the murderer before he poiſons the king makes *damnable faces*.

Where our poet met with the word *mallecho*, which in Minſheu's *Spaniſh Dictionary*, 1617, is defined *maleſactum*, I am unable to aſcertain. In the folio, the word is ſpelt *malicho*. *Mallico* [in the quarto] is printed in a diſtinct character, as a proper name. MALONE.

If, as Capell declares, (I know not on what authority) *Malicho* be the *Vice* of the Spaniſh Moralities, he ſhould at leaſt be diſtinguiſhed by a capital. FARMER.

It is not, however, eaſy to be ſuppoſed that our readers diſcover pleaſantry or even ſenſe in "this is *miching* [or *munching*] mallico," no meaning as yet affixed to theſe words has entitled them to eſcape a further inveſtigation. Omit them, and the text unites without their aſſiſtance:

"*Oph.* What means this, my lord?

"*Ham.* Marry, it means miſchief."

Among the Shakſpearian memoranda of the late Dr. Farmer, I met with the following—"At the beginning of *Grim the Collier of Croydon*, the ghoſt of *Malbecco* is introduced as a prolocutor." Query, therefore, if the obſcure words already quoted, were not originally:—"This is *mimicking Malbecco*;" a private gloſs by ſome friend on the margin of the MS. Hamlet, and thence ignorantly received into the text of Shakſpeare."

It remains to be obſerved, that the *mimickry* imagined by Dr. Farmer, muſt lie in our author's ſtage-directions, &c. which, like *Malbecco's* legend, convey a pointed cenſure on the infidelity of married women. Or, to repeat the ſame idea in different words—the drift of the preſent dumb ſhow and ſucceeding dialogue, was conſidered by the gloſſer as too congenial with the well-known invective in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, Book III. or the contracted copy from it in the Induction to *Grim the Collier* &c. a comedy which was acted many years before it was printed. See Mr. Reed's *Old Plays*, Vol. XI. p. 189.

STEEVENS.

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We ſhall know by this fellow: the players cannot keep counſel; they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us what this ſhow meant?

Ham. Ay, or any ſhow that you'll ſhow him: Be not you aſhamed to ſhow,[4] he'll not ſhame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught; I'll mark the play.

Pro. *For us, and for our tragedy,*
Here ſtooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the poſy of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter a King *and a* Queen.

P. King. Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart[5] gone round
Neptune's ſalt waſh,[6] and Tellus' orbed ground;[7]

[4] ——*Be not you aſhamed to ſhow,* &c.] The converſation of Hamlet with Ophelia, which cannot fail to diſguſt every modern reader, is probably ſuch as was peculiar to the young and faſhionable of the age of Shakſpeare, which was, by no means, an age of delicacy. The poet is, however, blameable; for extravagance of thought, not indecency of expreſſion, is the characteriſtick of madneſs, at leaſt of ſuch madneſs as ſhould be repreſented on the ſcene. Steevens.

[5] ——*cart*—] A chariot was anciently ſo called. Thus, Chaucer, in *The Knight's Tale*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 2024:
" The *carter* overridden with his *cart*." Steevens.

[6] *Full thirty times hath Phœbus' cart gone round*
Neptune's ſalt waſh, &c.] This ſpeech of the Player King

And thirty dozen moons, with borrow'd ſheen,[8]
About the world have times twelve thirties been;
Since love our hearts, and Hymen did our hands,
Unite commutual in moſt ſacred bands.

P. Queen. So many journeys may the ſun and moon
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done!
But, woe is me, you are ſo ſick of late,
So far from cheer, and from your former ſtate,
That I diſtruſt you. Yet, though I diſtruſt,
Diſcomfort you, my lord, it nothing muſt:
For women fear too much, even as they love;[9]

appears to me as a burleſque of the following paſſage in *The Comicall Hiſtorie of Alphonſus*, by R. G. 1599:

" Thriſe ten times Phœbus with his golden beames
" Hath compaſſed the circle of the ſkie,
" Thriſe ten times Ceres hath her workemen hir'd,
" And fild her barnes with frutefull crops of corne,
" Since firſt in prieſthood I did lead my life." Todd.

[7] ——*orbed-ground*;] So alſo, in our author's *Lover's Complaint:*

" Sometimes diverted, their poor balls are tied
" To the *orbed earth.*" Steevens.

[8] ——*ſheen,*] Splendor, luſtre. Johnson.

[9] ——*even as they love*;] Here ſeems to have been a line loſt, which ſhould have rhymed to *love.* Johnson.

This line is omitted in the folio. Perhaps a triplet was deſigned, and then inſtead of *love,* we ſhould read *luſt.* The folio gives the next line thus:

" *For* women's fear and love *holds* quantity."
Steevens.

There is, I believe, no inſtance of a triplet being uſed in our author's time. Some trace of the loſt line is found in the quartos, which read:

Either none in neither aught, &c.

Perhaps the words omitted might have been of this import:

" Either none *they feel, or an exceſs approve*;
" In neither aught, or in extremity."

In two preceding paſſages in the quarto, half a line was in-

And women's fear and love hold quantity;
In neither aught, or in extremity.
Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
And as my love is ſiz'd, my fear is ſo.[1]
Where love is great,[2] the littleſt doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.

P. King. 'Faith, I muſt leave thee, love, and ſhortly too;
My operant powers[3] their functions leave to do:

advertently omitted by the compoſitor. See p. 151, "*then ſenſeleſs Ilium*, ſeeming," &c. and p. 174, "thus conſcience does make cowards *of us all*:"—the words in Italick characters are not found in the quarto. Malone.

Every critick, before he controverts the aſſertions of his predeceſſor, ought to adopt the reſolution of Othello:

"I'll ſee, before I doubt, what I doubt, prove."

In Phaer and Twine's Virgil, 1584, the triplets are ſo frequent, that in two oppoſite pages of the tenth Book, not leſs than *ſeven* are to be met with. They are likewiſe as unſparingly employed in Golding's Ovid, 1587. Mr. Malone, in a note on *The Tempeſt*, Vol. IV. p. 150, has quoted a paſſage from this very work, containing one inſtance of them. In Chapman's Homer they are alſo uſed, &c. &c. &c. In *The Tempeſt*, Act IV. ſc. i. Many other examples of them occur in *Love's Labour's Loſt*, Act III. ſc. i. as well as in *The Comedy of Errors*, Act II. and III. &c. &c.—and, yet more unluckily for my opponent, the Prologue to the Mock Tragedy, now under conſideration, conſiſts of a triplet, which in our laſt edition ſtood at the top of the ſame page in which he ſuppoſed "no inſtance of a triplet being uſed in our author's time." Steevens.

[1] *And as my love is* ſiz'd, *my fear is ſo.*] Cleopatra expreſſes herſelf much in the ſame manner, with regard to her grief for the loſs of Antony:

"——— our *ſize* of ſorrow,
"*Proportion'd* to our *cauſe*, muſt be as *great*
"As *that* which makes it." Theobald.

[2] *Where love* &c.] Theſe two lines are omitted in the folio. Steevens.

[3] ——operant *powers*—] *Operant* is active. Shakſpeare

And thou ſhalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd; and, haply, one as kind
For huſband ſhalt thou——

P. Queen. O, confound the reſt!
Such love muſt needs be treaſon in my breaſt:
In ſecond huſband let me be accurſt!
None wed the ſecond, but who kill'd the firſt.

Ham. That's wormwood.

P. Queen. The inſtances,[4] that ſecond marriage move,
Are baſe reſpects of thrift, but none of love;
A ſecond time I kill my huſband dead,
When ſecond huſband kiſſes me in bed.

P. King. I do believe, you think what now you ſpeak;
But, what we do determine, oft we break.
Purpoſe is but the ſlave to memory;[5]
Of violent birth, but poor validity:
Which now, like fruit unripe, ſticks on the tree;
But fall, unſhaken, when they mellow be.
Moſt neceſſary 'tis, that we forget
To pay ourſelves what to ourſelves is debt:[6]

gives it in *Timon of Athens* as an epithet to *poiſon*. Heywood has likewiſe uſed it in his *Royal King and Loyal Subject*, 1637:

"——may my *operant* parts
"Each one forget their office!"

The word is now obſolete. Steevens.

[4] *The* inſtances,] The *motives*. Johnson.

[5] Purpoſe *is but the* ſlave *to memory*;] So, in *King Henry IV* Part I:

"But *thought's* the *ſlave of life*." Steevens.

[6] ——*what to ourſelves is debt*:] The performance of a reſolution, in which only the *reſolver* is intereſted, is a debt only to himſelf, which he may therefore remit at pleaſure. Johnson.

What to ourſelves in paſſion we propoſe,
The paſſion ending, doth the purpoſe loſe.
The violence of either grief or joy
Their own enactures with themſelves deſtroy:[7]
Where joy moſt revels, grief doth moſt lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on ſlender accident.
This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not ſtrange,
That even our loves ſhould with our fortunes change;
For 'tis a queſtion left us yet to prove,
Whether love lead fortune, or elſe fortune love.
The great man down, you mark his favourite flies;
The poor advanc'd makes friends of enemies.
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend:
For who not needs, ſhall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly ſeaſons him his enemy.[8]
But, orderly to end where I begun,—
Our wills, and fates, do ſo contráry run,
That our devices ſtill are overthrown;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own:
So think thou wilt no ſecond huſband wed;
But die thy thoughts, when thy firſt lord is dead.

P. Queen. Nor earth to me give food,[9] nor heaven light!
Sport and repoſe lock from me, day, and night!

[7] *The violence of either grief or joy*
Their own enactures *with themſelves deſtroy:*] What grief or joy *enact* or determine in their violence, is revoked in their abatement. *Enactures* is the word in the quarto; all the modern editions have *enactors*. Johnson.

[8] ——ſeaſons *him his enemy.*] This quaint phraſe infeſts almoſt every ancient Engliſh compoſition. Thus, in Chapman's tranſlation of the fifteenth Book of Homer's *Odyſſey*:

" ——taught with ſo much woe
" As thou haſt ſuffer'd, to be *ſeaſon'd* true."

Steevens.

To deſperation [1] turn my truſt and hope!
An anchor's cheer in priſon be my ſcope![2]
Each oppoſite, that blanks the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it deſtroy!
Both here, and hence, purſue me laſting ſtrife,
If, once a widow, ever I be wife!

Ham. If ſhe ſhould break it now,——
[*To* Ophelia.

P. King. 'Tis deeply ſworn. Sweet, leave me here a while;
My ſpirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile

[9] *Nor earth* to me give *food,*] Thus the quarto, 1604. The folio and the late editors read:

Nor earth to give me *food,*——.

An imperative or optative verb was evidently intended here, as in the following line:

"Sport and repoſe *lock* from me," &c. Malone.

A very ſimilar imprecation,—

"Day, yield me not thy light; nor night, thy reſt!" &c. occurs in *King Richard III.* See Vol. XIV. p. 473.

Steevens.

[1] *To deſperation* &c.] This and the following line are omitted in the folio. Steevens.

[2] *An* anchor's *cheer in priſon be my ſcope!*] May my whole liberty and enjoyment be to live on hermit's fare in a priſon. *Anchor* is for *anchoret.* Johnson.

This abbreviation of the word *anchoret* is very ancient. I find it in the Romance of *Robert the Devil,* printed by Wynken de Worde: "We haue robbed and killed nonnes, holy *aunkers,* preeſtes, clerkes," &c. Again: "the foxe will be an *aunker,* for he begynneth to preche."

Again, in *The Viſion of Pierce Plowman:*

"As *ankers* and hermits that hold them in her ſelles."

This and the foregoing line are not in the folio. I believe we ſhould read—anchor's *chair.* So, in the ſecond Satire of Hall's fourth Book, edit. 1602, p. 18:

"*Sit* ſeven yeres pining in an *anchore's cheyre,*
"To win ſome parched ſhreds of minivere."

Steevens.

The old copies read—*And* anchor's cheer. The correction was made by Mr. Theobald. Malone.

The tedious day with ſleep. [*Sleeps.*

P. Queen. Sleep rock thy brain;
And never come miſchance between us twain!
[*Exit.*

Ham. Madam, how like you this play?

Queen. The lady doth proteſt too much, methinks.

Ham. O, but ſhe'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument? Is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jeſt, poiſon in jeſt; no offence i'the world.

King. What do you call the play?

Ham. The mouſe-trap.[3] Marry, how? Tropically. This play is the image of a murder done in Vienna: Gonzago is the duke's name;[4] his wife, Baptiſta:[5] you ſhall ſee anon; 'tis a knaviſh piece

[3] *The mouſe-trap.*] He calls it the *mouſe-trap,* becauſe it is—
" ——————— the thing
" In which he'll *catch* the conſcience of the king."
STEEVENS.

[4] ——*Gonzago is the* duke's *name*;] Thus all the old copies: yet in the ſtage-direction for the dumb ſhow, and the ſubſequent entrance, we have " *Enter a* king *and queen,*" &c. and in the latter part of this ſpeech both the quarto and folio read:
" —— Lucianus, nephew to the *king.*"
This ſeeming inconſiſtency, however, may be reconciled. Though the interlude is the *image* of the murder of a *duke* of Vienna, or in other words founded upon that ſtory, the poet might make the principal perſon of *his fable* a *king.*
MALONE.

[5] —— *Baptiſta:*] *Baptiſta* is, I think, in Italian, the name always of a man. JOHNSON.

I believe *Battiſta* is never uſed ſingly by the Italians, being uniformly compounded with *Giam* (for *Giovanni,*) and meaning

of work: But what of that? your majeſty, and we that have free ſouls, it touches us not: Let the galled jade wince,[6] our withers are unwrung.—

Enter LUCIANUS.

This is one Lucianus, nephew to the king.[7]

OPH. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.[8]

HAM. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could ſee the puppets dallying.[9]

OPH. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

of courſe, *John the Baptiſt.* Nothing more was therefore neceſſary to detect the forgery of Shebbeare's *Letters on the Engliſh Nation,* than his aſcribing them to *Battiſta* Angeloni. RITSON.

[6] *Let the galled jade wince,*] This is a proverbial ſaying. So, in *Damon and Pythias,* 1582:

"I know the *gall'd horſe* will ſooneſt *wince.*" STEEVENS.

[7] ——*nephew to the* king.] i. e. to the king in the play then repreſented. The modern editors, following Mr. Theobald, read —*nephew to the* duke,—though they have not followed that editor in ſubſtituting *duke and dutcheſs,* for *king and queen,* in the dumb ſhow and ſubſequent entrance. There is no need of departing from the old copies. See n. 4. MALONE.

[8] *You are as good as a* chorus, *&c.*] The uſe to which Shakſpeare converted the *chorus,* may be ſeen in *King Henry V.* HENLEY.

[9] Ham. *I could interpret* &c.] This refers to the interpreter, who formerly ſat on the ſtage at all *motions* or *puppet-ſhows,* and interpreted to the audience.

So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"O excellent *motion!* O exceeding *puppet!*

"Now will he *interpret* for her."

Again, in Greene's *Croatſworth of Wit,* 1621: "—It was I that penned the moral of Man's wit, the dialogue of Dives, and for ſeven years' ſpace was abſolute *interpreter of the puppets.*" STEEVENS.

Ham. It would coſt you a groaning, to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better, and worſe.[1]

Ham. So you miſtake your huſbands.[2]—Begin, murderer;—leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come;——

[1] *Still better, and worſe.*] i. e. better in regard to the wit of your *double entendre*, but worſe in reſpect to the groſſneſs of your meaning. Steevens.

[2] *So you* miſtake *your husbands.*] Read—*So you* muſt take *your husbands*; that is, *for better, for worſe.* Johnson.

Mr. Theobald propoſed the ſame reading in his *Shakſpeare Reſtored*, however he loſt it afterwards. Steevens.

So you miſtake *your husbands.*] I believe this to be right: the word is ſometimes uſed in this ludicrous manner: "Your true trick, raſcal, (ſays Urſula, in *Bartholomew Fair*,) muſt be to be ever buſie, and *miſtake* away the bottles and cans, before they be half drunk off." Farmer.

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Maſque of Augurs*: "—To *miſtake* ſix torches from the chandry, and give them one."

Again, in *The Elder Brother* of Fletcher:

"I fear he will perſuade me to *miſtake* him."

Again, in *Chreſtoleros*; *Seven Bookes of Epigrams written by T. B.* [Thomas Baſtard] 1598, Lib. VII. Epig. xviii:

"Caius hath brought from forraine landes
"A ſootie wench, with many handes,
"Which doe in goolden letters ſay
"She is his *wife*, not ſtolne away.
"He mought have ſav'de, with ſmall diſcretion,
"Paper, inke, and all confeſſion:
"For none that ſee'th her face and making,
"Will judge her ſtolne, but by *miſtaking*."

Again, in *Queſtions of Profitable and Pleaſant Concernings*, &c. 1594: "Better I were now and then to ſuffer his remiſſe mother to *miſtake* a quarter or two of corne, to buy the knave a coat with," &c. Steevens.

I believe the meaning is—you do amiſs for yourſelves to take huſbands for the worſe. You ſhould take them only for the better. Tollet.

——The croaking raven
Doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing;
Confederate ſeaſon, elſe no creature ſeeing;
Thou mixture rank, of midnight weeds [3] collected,
With Hecat's ban thrice blaſted, thrice infected,
Thy natural magick and dire property,
On wholeſome life uſurp immediately.

[*Pours the Poiſon into the Sleeper's Ears.*

Ham. He poiſons him i'the garden for his eſtate. His name's Gonzago: the ſtory is extant, and written in very choice Italian: You ſhall ſee anon, how the murderer gets the love of Gonzago's wife.

Oph. The king riſes.

Ham. What! frighted with falſe fire![4]

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the play.

King. Give me ſome light:—away!

Pol. Lights, lights, lights![5]

[*Exeunt all but* Hamlet *and* Horatio.

——midnight *weeds*—] The force of the epithet—*midnight*, will be beſt diſplayed by a correſponding paſſage in *Macbeth*:

"Root of hemlock, *digg'd i'the dark*." Steevens.

[4] *What! frighted with falſe fire!*] This ſpeech is omitted in the quartos. Steevens.

[5] *Lights, lights, lights!*] The quartos give this ſpeech to *Polonius*. Steevens.

In the folio *All* is prefixed to this ſpeech. Malone.

Ham. Why, let the ſtrucken deer go weep,[6]
The hart ungalled play:
For ſome muſt watch, while ſome muſt ſleep;
Thus runs the world away.—
Would not this, ſir, and a foreſt of feathers,[7] (if the reſt of my fortunes turn Turk with me,[8]) with two Provencial roſes on my razed ſhoes,[9] get me a fellowſhip in a cry of players,[1] ſir?

[6] ——*ſtrucken deer go weep,*] See Vol. VIII. p. 43, n. 8. STEEVENS.

[7] *Would not this, ſir, and a foreſt of* feathers, &c.] It appears from Decker's *Gul's Hornbooke*, that feathers were much worn on the ſtage in Shakſpeare's time. MALONE.

I believe, ſince the Engliſh ſtage began, feathers were worn by every company of players that could afford to purchaſe them. STEEVENS.

[8] ——turn Turk *with me,*] This expreſſion has occurred already in *Much Ado about Nothing*, and I have met with it in ſeveral old comedies. So, in Greene's *Tu Quoque*, 1614: "This it is to *turn Turk*, from an abſolute and moſt compleat gentleman, to a moſt abſurd, ridiculous, and fond lover." It means, I believe, no more than to change condition fantaſtically. Again, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, 1635:

"——'tis damnation,
"If you *turn Turk* again."

Perhaps the phraſe had its riſe from ſome popular ſtory like that of *Ward* and *Danſiker*, the two famous pirates; an account of whoſe overthrow was publiſhed by A. Barker, 1609: and, in 1612, a play was written on the ſame ſubject called *A Chriſtian turn'd Turk*. STEEVENS.

[9] ——Provencial *roſes on my* razed *ſhoes,*] [Old copies—*provincial.*] Why *provincial* roſes? Undoubtedly we ſhould read —*Provencial*, or (with the French ç) *Provençal*. He means roſes of *Provence*, a beautiful ſpecies of roſe, and formerly much cultivated. T. WARTON.

They are ſtill more cultivated than any other flower of the ſame tribe. STEEVENS.

When ſhoe-ſtrings were worn, they were covered, where they met in the middle, by a ribband, gathered in the form of a roſe. So, in an old Song:

"Gil-de-Roy was a bonny boy,
"Had *roſes* tull his *ſhoon*." JOHNSON.

Hor. Half a ſhare.

Theſe *roſes* are often mentioned by our ancient dramatick writers.

So, in *The Devil's Law-caſe*, 1623.

" With overblown *roſes* to hide your gouty ancles."

Again, in *The Roaring Girl*, 1611: " —— many handſome legs in ſilk ſtockings have villainous ſplay-feet, for all their great *roſes*."

The reading of the quartos is *raz'd ſhoes*; that of the folio *rac'd ſhoes*. *Razed* ſhoes may mean *ſlaſhed* ſhoes, i. e. with cuts or openings in them. The poet might have written *raiſed ſhoes*, i. e. ſhoes with *high heels*; ſuch as by adding to the ſtature, are ſuppoſed to increaſe the dignity of a player. In Stubbs's *Anatomie of Abuſes*, 1595, there is a chapter on the *corked ſhoes* in England, " which (he ſays) beare them up two inches or more from the ground, &c. ſome of red, blacke, &c. *razed*, carved, cut, and ſtitched," &c.

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. IX. ch. xlvii:

" Then wore they ſhoes of eaſe, now of an inch-broad, *corked high*."

Mr. Pope reads—*rayed* ſhoes, i. e. (as interpreted by Dr. Johnſon) " ſhoes *braided in lines*." Stowe's Chronicle, anno 1353, mentions women's hoods *reyed* or ſtriped. *Raie* is the French word for a ſtripe. Johnſon's *Collection of Eccleſiaſtical Laws* informs us, under the years 1222 and 1353, that in diſobedience of the canon, the clergy's ſhoes were *checquered* with red and green, exceeding long, and variouſly pinked.

The reading of the quartos may likewiſe receive additional ſupport. Bulwer, in his *Artificial Changeling*, ſpeaks of gallants who pink and *raze* their ſatten, damaſk, and Duretto ſkins. To *raze* and to *race*, alike ſignify *to ſtreak*. See Minſheu's Dict. in v. To *raſe*. The word, though differently ſpelt, is uſed in nearly the ſame ſignification in Markham's *Country Farm*, p. 585: " —baking all (i. e. wafer cakes) together between two irons, having within them many *raced* and checkered draughts after the manner of ſmall ſquares." Steevens.

[1] ——*a* cry *of players*,] Alluſion to a pack of hounds. Warburton.

A *pack* of hounds was once called a *cry* of hounds. So, in *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, by Shakſpeare and Fletcher:

" ——— and well have hallooed

" To a deep *cry* of hounds."

Again, in *A Midſummer Night's Dream*:

Ham. A whole one, I.[2]
For thou doſt know, O Damon dear,[3]
This realm diſmantled was
Of Jove himſelf; and now reigns here
A very, very—peacock.[4]

" ——— a *cry* more tuneable
" Was never halloo'd to, or cheer'd with horn."
Milton, likewiſe, has—" A *cry* of hell-hounds."
STEEVENS.

——*a* cry *of players,*] A troop or company of players. So, in *Coriolanus:*

" ——You have made good work,
" You and your *cry.*"

Again, in a *ſtrange Horſe-race,* by Thomas Decker, 1613: " The laſt race they ran, (for you muſt know they ran many,) was from a *cry* of ſerjeants." MALONE.

[2] Hor. *Half a* ſhare.
Ham. *A whole one,* I.] It ſhould be, I think,—
A whole one;—ay,—
For &c.
The actors in our author's time had not annual ſalaries as at preſent. The whole receipts of each theatre were divided into ſhares, of which the proprietors of the theatre, or *houſe-keepers,* as they were called, had ſome; and each actor had one or more ſhares, or part of a ſhare, according to his merit. See *The Account of the Ancient Theatres,* Vol. III. MALONE.

A whole one, I, in familiar language, means no more than—I think myſelf entitled to a whole one. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*O* Damon *dear,*] Hamlet calls Horatio by this name, in alluſion to the celebrated friendſhip between *Damon* and *Pythias.* A play on this ſubject was written by Richard Edwards, and publiſhed in 1582. STEEVENS.

The friendſhip of Damion and Pythias is alſo enlarged upon in a book that was probably very popular in Shakſpeare's youth, Sir Thomas Eliot's *Governour,* 1553. MALONE.

[4] *A very, very*—peacock.] This alludes to a fable of the birds chooſing a king; inſtead of the eagle, a peacock. POPE.

The old copies have it *paiock, paicocke,* and *pajocke.* I ſubſtitute *paddock,* as neareſt to the traces of the corrupted reading. I have, as Mr. Pope ſays, been willing to ſubſtitute any thing in the place of his *peacock.* He thinks a fable alluded to,

Hor. You might have rhymed.

Ham. O good Horatio, I'll take the ghoſt's word for a thouſand pound. Didſt perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poiſoning,——

Hor. I did very well note him.

of the birds chooſing a king; inſtead of the *eagle*, a *peacock*. I ſuppoſe, he muſt mean the fable of Barlandus, in which it is ſaid, the birds, being weary of their ſtate of anarchy, moved for the ſetting up of a king; and the *peacock* was elected on account of his gay feathers. But, with ſubmiſſion, in this paſſage of our Shakſpeare, there is not the leaſt mention made of the *eagle* in antitheſis to the *peacock*; and it muſt be by a very uncommon figure, that Jove himſelf ſtands in the place of his *bird*. I think, Hamlet is ſetting his father's and uncle's characters in contraſt to each other: and means to ſay, that by his father's death the ſtate was ſtripped of a godlike monarch, and that now in his ſtead reigned the moſt deſpicable poiſonous animal that could be; a mere *paddock* or *toad*. *PAD, buſo, rubeta major*; a toad. This word I take to be of Hamlet's own ſubſtitution. The verſes, repeated, ſeem to be from ſome old ballad; in which, rhyme being neceſſary, I doubt not but the laſt verſe ran thus:

A very, very——aſs. THEOBALD.

A *peacock* ſeems proverbial for a fool. Thus, Gaſcoigne, in his *Weeds*:

"A theeſe, a cowarde, and a *peacocke* foole."

FARMER.

In the laſt ſcene of this Act, Hamlet, ſpeaking of the King, uſes the expreſſion which Theobald would introduce:

"Would from a *paddock*, from a bat, a gib,
"Such dear concernments hide?"

The reading, *peacock*, which I believe to be the true one, was firſt introduced by Mr. Pope.

Mr. Theobald is unfaithful in his account of the old copies. No copy of authority reads—*paicocke*. The quarto, 1604, has *paiock*; the folio, 1623, *paiocke*.

Shakſpeare, I ſuppoſe, means, that the King ſtruts about with a falſe pomp, to which he has no right. See Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1568: "*Pavonnegiare*. To jet up and down, fondly gazing upon himſelf, as a peacock doth." MALONE.

Ham. Ah, ha!—Come, ſome muſick; come, the recorders.—

For if the king like not the comedy,
Why then, belike,[5]—he likes it not, perdy.[6]—

Enter Rosencrantz *and* Guildenstern.

Come, ſome muſick.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchſafe me a word with you.

Ham. Sir, a whole hiſtory.

Guil. The king, ſir,——

Ham. Ay, ſir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous diſtempered.

Ham. With drink, ſir?[7]

Guil. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wiſdom ſhould ſhow itſelf more richer, to ſignify this to the doctor; for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your diſcourſe into ſome frame, and ſtart not ſo wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, ſir:—pronounce.

[5] *Why then, belike,*] Hamlet was going on to draw the conſequence, when the courtiers entered. Johnson.

[6] ——*he likes it not,* perdy.] *Perdy* is the corruption of *par Dieu,* and is not uncommon in the old plays. So, in *The Play of the Four P's,* 1569:

"In that, you Palmer, as deputie,
"May clearly diſcharge him, *pardie.*" Steevens.

[7] *With drink, ſir?*] Hamlet takes particular care that his uncle's love of drink ſhall not be forgotten. Johnson.

Guil. The queen, your mother, in moſt great affliction of ſpirit, hath ſent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this courteſy is not of the right breed. If it ſhall pleaſe you to make me a wholeſome anſwer, I will do your mother's commandment: if not, your pardon, and my return, ſhall be the end of my buſineſs.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholeſome anſwer; my wit's diſeaſed: But, ſir, ſuch anſwer as I can make, you ſhall command; or, rather, as you ſay, my mother: therefore no more, but to the matter: My mother, you ſay,——

Ros. Then thus ſhe ſays; Your behaviour hath ſtruck her into amazement and admiration.

Ham. O wonderful ſon, that can ſo aſtoniſh a mother!—But is there no ſequel at the heels of this mother's admiration? impart.

Ros. She deſires to ſpeak with you in her cloſet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We ſhall obey, were ſhe ten times our mother. Have you any further trade [8] with us?

Ros. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. And do ſtill, by theſe pickers and ſtealers.[9]

[8] ——*further trade*—] Further buſineſs; further dealing. JOHNSON.

[9] —— *by theſe pickers* &c.] By theſe hands. JOHNSON.

By theſe hands, ſays Dr. Johnſon, and rightly. But the phraſe is taken from our church catechiſm, where the catechumen, in his duty to his neighbour, is taught to keep his hands from *picking and ſtealing*. WHALLEY.

Ros. Good my lord, what is your cauſe of diſtemper? you do, ſurely, but bar the door upon your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Ros. How can that be, when you have the voice of the king himſelf for your ſucceſſion in Denmark?[1]

Ham. Ay, ſir, but, *While the graſs grows*,—the proverb is ſomething muſty.[2]

Enter the Players, *with Recorders.*[3]

O, the recorders:—let me ſee one.—To withdraw with you:[4]—Why do you go about to recover the

[1] ——*when you have the voice of the king himſelf for your ſucceſſion in Denmark?*] See p. 35, n. 8. Malone.

[2] *Ay, ſir, but,* While the graſs grows,—*the proverb is ſomething muſty.*] The remainder of this old proverb is preſerved in Whetſtone's *Promos and Caſſandra*, 1578:

"Whylſt graſs doth growe, *oft ſterves the ſeely ſteede.*"

Again, in *The Paradiſe of daintie Deviſes*, 1578:

"To whom of old this proverbe well it ſerves,
"*While graſs doth growe, the ſilly horſe he ſtarves.*"

Hamlet means to intimate, that whilſt he is waiting for the ſucceſſion to the throne of Denmark, he may himſelf be taken off by death. Malone.

[3] ——*Recorders.*] i. e. a kind of large flute. See Vol. IV. p. 472, n. 4.

To *record* anciently ſignified to ſing or modulate. Steevens.

[4] *To withdraw with you:*] Theſe laſt words have no meaning, as they ſtand; yet none of the editors have attempted to amend them. They were probably ſpoken to the Players, whom Hamlet wiſhed to get rid of:—I therefore ſhould ſuppoſe that we ought to read, "ſo, withdraw you;" or, "ſo withdraw, will you?" M. Mason.

Here Mr. Malone adds the following ſtage direction:—[*Taking Guildenſtern aſide.*] But the foregoing obſcure words may refer to ſome geſture which Guildenſtern had uſed, and which, at firſt, was interpreted by Hamlet into a ſignal for him to attend the ſpeaker into another room. "To withdraw with you?" (ſays

wind of me,[5] as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.[6]

Ham. I do not well underſtand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beſeech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

he) Is that your meaning? But finding his friends continue to move myſteriouſly about him, he adds, with ſome reſentment, a queſtion more eaſily intelligible. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *recover the wind of me,*] So, in an ancient MS. play entitled *The Second Maiden's Tragedy*:

" ——— Is that next?
" Why, then I have your ladyſhip *in the wind.*"

STEEVENS.

Again, in Churchyard's *Worthineſs of Wales*:

" Their cunning can with craft ſo cloke a troeth,
" That hardly we ſhall *have them in the winde,*
" To ſmell them forth or yet their fineneſs finde."

HENDERSON.

[6] *O, my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.*] i. e. if my duty to the *king* makes me preſs you a little, my love to *you* makes me ſtill more importunate. If that makes me *bold*, this makes me even *unmannerly*. WARBURTON.

I believe we ſhould read—*my love is* not *unmannerly*. My conception of this paſſage is, that, in conſequence of Hamlet's moving to take the recorder, Guildenſtern alſo ſhifts his ground, in order to place himſelf *beneath* the prince in his new poſition. This, Hamlet ludicrouſly calls " *going about to recover the wind,*" &c. and Guildenſtern may anſwer properly enough, I think, and like a courtier: " *if my duty* to the king makes me *too bold* in preſſing you upon a diſagreeable ſubject, *my love* to you will make me not *unmannerly*, in ſhowing you all poſſible marks of reſpect and attention. TYRWHITT.

Ham. 'Tis as eaſy as lying: govern theſe ventages[7] with your fingers and thumb,[8] give it breath with your mouth, and it will diſcourſe moſt eloquent muſick. Look you, theſe are the ſtops.[9]

Guil. But theſe cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the ſkill.

[7] ——*ventages*—] The holes of a flute. Johnson.

[8] ——*and thumb,*] The firſt quarto reads—*with your fingers and the* umber. This may probably be the ancient name for that piece of moveable braſs at the end of a flute which is either raiſed or depreſſed by the finger. The word *umber* is uſed by Stowe the chronicler, who, deſcribing a ſingle combat between two knights, ſays—"he braſt up his *umber* three times." Here, the *umber* means the viſor of the helmet. So, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queene*, B. III. c. i. ſt. 42:

"But the brave maid would not diſarmed be,
"But only vented up her *umbriere*,
"And ſo did let her goodly viſage to appere."

Again, Book IV. c. iv:

"And therewith ſmote him on his *umbriere*."

Again, in the Second Book of Lidgate on the Trojan War, 1513:

"Thorough the *umber* into Troylus' face." Steevens.

If a *recorder* had a braſs key like the *German Flute*, we are to follow the reading of the quarto; for then the thumb is not concerned in the government of the ventages or ſtops. If a *recorder* was like a *tabourer's pipe*, which has no braſs key, but has a ſtop for the thumb, we are to read—*Govern theſe ventages with your finger and thumb.* In Cotgrave's Dictionary, *ombre, ombraire, ombriere*, and *ombrelle*, are all from the Latin *umbra*, and ſignify a ſhadow, an umbrella, or any thing that ſhades or hides the face from the ſun; and hence they may have been applied to any thing that hides or covers another; as for example, they may have been applied to the braſs key that covers the hole in the German flute. So, Spenſer uſed *umbriere* for the viſor of the helmet, as Rous's *Hiſtory of the Kings of England* uſes *umbrella* in the ſame ſenſe. Tollet.

[9] ——*the* ſtops.] The ſounds formed by occaſionally ſtopping the holes, while the inſtrument is played upon. So, in the Prologue to *King Henry V.*:

"Rumour is a *pipe*—
"And of ſo eaſy and ſo plain a *ſtop*," &c. Malone.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me? You would play upon me; you would ſeem to know my ſtops; you would pluck out the heart of my myſtery; you would ſound me from my loweſt note to the top of my compaſs: and there is much muſick, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it ſpeak. 'Sblood, do you think, I am eaſier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what inſtrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Enter Polonius.

God bleſs you, ſir!

Pol. My lord, the queen would ſpeak with you, and preſently.

Ham. Do you ſee yonder cloud, that's almoſt in ſhape of a camel?

Pol. By the maſs, and 'tis like a camel, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like a weaſel.[1]

[1] *Methinks,* &c.] This paſſage has been printed in modern editions thus:

Ham. *Methinks, it is like* an ouzle, *&c.*

Pol. *It is* black *like an* ouzle.

The firſt folio reads,—*It is like a* weazel.

Pol. *It is* back'd *like* a weazel—: and what occaſion for alteration there was, I cannot diſcover. The *weaſel* is remarkable for the length of its *back*; but though I believe a *black weaſel* is not eaſy to be found, yet it is as likely that the cloud ſhould reſemble a *weaſel* in ſhape, as an *ouzle* (i. e. black-bird) in colour.

Mr. Tollet obſerves, that we might read—"it is *back'd* like a weaſel," i. e. weaſel-ſnouted. So, in Holinſhed's *Deſcription of England*, p. 172: "if he be *weaſell-backed.*" Quarles uſes this term of reproach in his *Virgin Widow*: "Go you *weaxel-ſnouted*, addle-pated," &c. Mr. Tollet adds, that Milton in his

Pol. It is backed like a weaſel.

Ham. Or, like a whale?

Pol. Very like a whale.

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by.—They fool me to the top of my bent.[2]—I will come by and by.

Pol. I will ſay ſo. [*Exit* Polonius.

Ham. By and by is eaſily ſaid.—Leave me, friends. [*Exeunt* Ros. Guil. Hor. *&c.*

'Tis now the very witching time of night;
When churchyards yawn, and hell itſelf breathes out
Contagion to this world: Now could I drink hot blood,
And do ſuch buſineſs as the bitter day[3]

Lycidas, calls a promontory *beaked*, i. e. prominent like the *beak* of a bird, or a ſhip. Steevens.

Ham. *Methinks it is like a weazel.*

Pol. *It is* backed *like a weazel.*] Thus the quarto, 1604, and the folio. In a more modern quarto, that of 1611, *backed*, the original reading, was corrupted into *black*.

Perhaps in the original edition the words *camel* and *weazel* were ſhuffled out of their places. The poet might have intended the dialogue to proceed thus:

"*Ham.* Do you ſee yonder cloud, that's almoſt in the ſhape of a *weazel*?

"*Pol.* By the maſs, and 'tis like a weazel, indeed.

"*Ham.* Methinks, it is like a *camel*.

"*Pol.* It is backed like a *camel*.

The protuberant back of a camel ſeems more to reſemble a cloud, than the back of a weazel does. Malone.

[2] *They fool me to the top of my bent.*] They compel me to play the fool, till I can endure it no longer. Johnson.

Perhaps a term in archery; i. e. as far as the bow will admit of being bent without breaking. Douce.

[3] *And do ſuch buſineſs as* the bitter day—] Thus the quarto. The folio reads:

And do ſuch bitter buſineſs *as the day* &c. Malone.

Would quake to look on. Soft; now to my mother.—
O, heart, loſe not thy nature; let not ever
The ſoul of Nero enter this firm boſom:
Let me be cruel, not unnatural:
I will ſpeak daggers to her,[4] but uſe none;
My tongue and ſoul in this be hypocrites:
How in my words ſoever ſhe be ſhent,[5]
To give them ſeals[6] never, my ſoul, conſent!
[*Exit.*

The expreſſion *bitter buſineſs* is ſtill in uſe, and though at preſent a vulgar phraſe, might not have been ſuch in the age of Shakſpeare. The *bitter* day is the day rendered hateful or *bitter* by the commiſſion of ſome act of miſchief.

Watts, in his *Logick*, ſays, "*Bitter* is an equivocal word; there is *bitter* wormwood, there are *bitter* words, there are *bitter* enemies, and a *bitter* cold morning." It is, in ſhort, any thing unpleaſing or hurtful. STEEVENS.

[4] *I will ſpeak* daggers *to her,*] A ſimilar expreſſion occurs in *The Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606: "They are peſtilent fellows, they ſpeak nothing but *bodkins*." It has been already obſerved, that a *bodkin* anciently ſignified a *ſhort dagger*.

It may, however, be obſerved, that in the *Aulularia* of Plautus, Act II. ſc. i. a phraſe not leſs ſingular occurs:

"ME. Quia mitri miſero cerebrum excutiunt
"Tua dicta, ſoror: *lapides loqueris*." STEEVENS.

[5] —— *be* ſhent,] To *ſhend*, is to reprove harſhly, to treat with rough language. So, in *The Coxcomb* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

"—— We ſhall be *ſhent* ſoundly." STEEVENS.

See Vol. XVI. p. 224, n. 2. MALONE.

Shent ſeems to mean ſomething more than reproof, by the following paſſage from *The Mirror for Magiſtrates*: Thomas Mowbray, Duke of Norfolk, is the ſpeaker, and he relates his having betrayed the Duke of Glouceſter and his confederates to the King, "for which (ſays he) they were all tane and *ſhent*."

Hamlet ſurely means, "however my mother may be *hurt, wounded*, or *puniſh'd*, by my *words*, let me never conſent" &c. HENDERSON.

[6] *To give them ſeals*—] i. e. put them in execution. WARBURTON.

SCENE III.

A Room in the ſame.

Enter King, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

KING. I like him not; nor ſtands it ſafe with us,
To let his madneſs range. Therefore, prepare you;
I your commiſſion will forthwith deſpatch,
And he to England ſhall along with you:[7]
The terms of our eſtate may not endure
Hazard ſo near us, as doth hourly grow
Out of his lunes.[8]

[7] *I like him not; nor ſtands it ſafe with us,*
To let his madneſs range. Therefore, prepare you;
I your commiſſion will forthwith deſpatch,
And he to England ſhall along with you:] In *The Hyſtory of Hamblett*, bl. l. the King does not adopt this ſcheme of ſending Hamlet to England till after the death of Polonius; and though he is deſcribed as doubtful whether Polonius was ſlain by Hamlet, his apprehenſion leſt he might himſelf meet the ſame fate as the old courtier, is aſſigned as the motive for his wiſhing the Prince out of the kingdom. This at firſt inclined me to think that this ſhort ſcene, either from the negligence of the copyiſt or the printer, might have been miſplaced; but it is certainly printed as the author intended, for in the next ſcene Hamlet ſays to his mother, "I muſt to England; you know that," before the King could have heard of the death of Polonius. MALONE.

[8] *Out of his* lunes.] [The folio reads—*Out of his* lunacies.] The old quartos:

Out of his brows.

This was from the ignorance of the firſt editors; as is this unneceſſary Alexandrine, which we owe to the players. The poet, I am perſuaded, wrote:

—— *as doth hourly grow*
Out of his lunes.

i. e. his *madneſs, frenzy*. THEOBALD.

Guil. We will ourſelves provide:
Moſt holy and religious fear it is,

I take *brows* to be, properly read *frows*, which, I think, is a provincial word for *perverſe humours*; which being, I ſuppoſe, not underſtood, was changed to *lunacies*. But of this I am not confident. JOHNSON.

I would receive Theobald's emendation, becauſe Shakſpeare uſes the word *lunes* in the ſame ſenſe in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, and *The Winter's Tale*.

I have met, however, with an inſtance in ſupport of Dr. Johnſon's conjecture:

" —— were you but as favourable as you are *frowiſh*—."
Tully's Love, by Greene, 1616.

Froes is alſo uſed by Chapman, in his verſion of the ſixth *Iliad*, for *furious* women:

" ——— ungodly fears
" He put the *froes* in, ſeiz'd their god—."

Perhaps, however, Shakſpeare deſigned a metaphor from horned cattle, whoſe powers of being dangerous increaſe with the *growth of their brows*. STEEVENS.

The two readings of *brows* and *lunes*—when taken in connection with the paſſages referred to by Mr. Steevens, in *The Winter's Tale*, and *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, plainly figure forth the image under which the King apprehended danger from Hamlet:—viz. that of a bull, which, in his frenzy, might not only gore, but puſh him from his throne.—" The hazard that hourly grows out of his BROWS" (according to the quartos) correſponds to " *the* SHOOTS *from the* ROUGH PASH," [that is *the* TUFTED PROTUBERANCE *on the head of a bull, from whence his horns ſpring*,] alluded to in *The Winter's Tale*; whilſt the imputation of impending danger to " *his* LUNES" (according to the other reading) anſwers as obviouſly to the jealous fury of the huſband that thinks he has detected the infidelity of his wife. Thus, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*: " Why, woman, your huſband is in his old *lunes*—he ſo takes on yonder with my huſband; ſo rails againſt all married mankind; ſo curſes all Eve's daughters, and ſo buffets himſelf on the *forehead*, crying peer out! peer out! that any *madneſs*, I ever yet beheld, ſeem'd but tameneſs, civility, and patience, to this diſtemper he is now in." HENLEY.

Shakſpeare probably had here the following paſſage in *The Hystory of Hamblet*, bl. l. in his thoughts: " *Fengon* could not

To keep thoſe many many bodies ſafe,
That live, and feed, upon your majeſty.

Ros. The ſingle and peculiar life is bound,
With all the ſtrength and armour of the mind,
To keep itſelf from 'noyance; but much more
That ſpirit, upon whoſe weal[9] depend and reſt
The lives of many. The ceaſe of majeſty
Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw
What's near it, with it: it is a maſſy wheel,[1]
Fix'd on the ſummit of the higheſt mount,
To whoſe huge ſpokes ten thouſand leſſer things
Are mortis'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each ſmall annexment, petty conſequence,
Attends the boiſt'rous ruin. Never alone
Did the king ſigh, but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this ſpeedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Ros. Guil. We will haſte us.

[*Exeunt* Rosencrantz & Guildenstern.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's cloſet:

content himſelfe, but ſtill his minde gave him that the *foole* [*Hamlet*] would play him *ſome trick of legerdemaine.* And in that conceit ſeeking to be rid of him, determined to find the meanes to do it, by the aid of a ſtranger; making the king of England miniſter of his maſſacrous reſolution, to whom he purpoſed to ſend him." Malone.

[9] *That ſpirit, upon whoſe* weal—] So the quarto. The folio gives—

That ſpirit, upon whoſe ſpirit——. Steevens.

[1] ——*it is a maſſy wheel,*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—Or *it is* &c. Malone.

Behind the arras I'll convey myſelf,[2]
To hear the proceſs; I'll warrant, ſhe'll tax him home:
And, as you ſaid, and wiſely was it ſaid,
'Tis meet, that ſome more audience, than a mother,
Since nature makes them partial,[3] ſhould o'erhear
The ſpeech, of vantage.[4] Fare you well, my liege:
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know.

King. Thanks, dear my lord.
[*Exit* Polonius.

O, my offence is rank, it ſmells to heaven;
It hath the primal eldeſt curſe upon't,
A brother's murder!—Pray can I not,
Though inclination be as ſharp as will;[5]

[2] *Behind the arras I'll convey myſelf,*] See Vol. XI. p. 311, n. 9. Steevens.

The arras-hangings in Shakſpeare's time, were hung at ſuch a diſtance from the walls, that a perſon might eaſily ſtand behind them unperceived. Malone.

[3] *Since nature makes them partial,* &c.]
"——Matres omnes filiis
"In peccato adjutrices, auxilii in paterna injuria
"Solent eſſe——." *Ter. Heaut.* Act V. ſc. ii.
Steevens.

[4] ——*of* vantage.] By ſome opportunity of ſecret obſervation. Warburton.

[5] *Though inclination be as ſharp as* will;] Dr. Warburton would read:
Though inclination be as ſharp as th' ill.
The old reading is—as ſharp *as will.* Steevens.

I have followed the eaſier emendation of Mr. Theobald, received by Sir T. Hanmer: i. e. as *'twill.* Johnson.

Will is *command, direction.* Thus, *Eccleſiaſticus,* xliii. 16: "—and at his *will* the ſouth wind bloweth." The King ſays,

My ſtronger guilt defeats my ſtrong intent;
And, like a man to double buſineſs bound,
I ſtand in pauſe where I ſhall firſt begin,
And both neglect. What if this curſed hand
Were thicker than itſelf with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the ſweet heavens,
To waſh it white as ſnow? Whereto ſerves mercy,
But to confront the viſage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,—
To be foreſtalled, ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd, being down? Then I'll look up;
My fault is paſt. But, O, what form of prayer
Can ſerve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder!—
That cannot be; ſince I am ſtill poſſeſs'd
Of thoſe effects for which I did the murder,
My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain the offence?[6]

his mind is in too great confuſion to pray, even though his *inclination* were as ſtrong as the *command* which requires that duty. STEEVENS.

What the King means to ſay, is, "That though he was not only *willing* to pray, but ſtrongly *inclined* to it, yet his intention was defeated by his guilt.

The diſtinction I have ſtated between *inclination* and *will*, is ſupported by the following paſſage in the *Laws of Candy*, where Philander ſays to Erato:

"I have a *will*, I'm ſure, howe'er my heart
"May play the coward." M. MASON.

[6] *May one be pardon'd, and retain the* offence?] He that does not amend what can be amended, *retains* his *offence*. The King kept the crown from the right heir. JOHNSON.

A ſimilar paſſage occurs in *Philaſter*, where the King, who had uſurped the crown of Sicily, and is praying to heaven for forgiveneſs, ſays:

"———But how can I
"Look to be heard of gods, that muſt be juſt,
"Praying upon the ground I hold by wrong?"
M. MASON.

In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may ſhove by juſtice;
And oft 'tis ſeen, the wicked prize itſelf
Buys out the law: But 'tis not ſo above:
There is no ſhuffling, there the action lies
In his true nature; and we ourſelves compell'd,
Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what reſts?
Try what repentance can: What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one can not repent?[7]
O wretched ſtate! O boſom, black as death!
O limed ſoul;[8] that ſtruggling to be free,
Art more engag'd! Help, angels, make aſſay!
Bow, ſtubborn knees! and, heart, with ſtrings of ſteel,
Be ſoft as ſinews of the new-born babe;
All may be well! [*Retires, and kneels.*

Enter HAMLET.

HAM. Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying;[9]
And now I'll do't;—and ſo he goes to heaven:
And ſo am I reveng'd? That would be ſcann'd:[1]

[7] *Yet what can it, when one* can not *repent?*] *What can* repentance *do for a man that cannot be* penitent, for a man who has only part of penitence, diſtreſs of conſcience, without the other part, reſolution of amendment? JOHNSON.

[8] *O* limed *ſoul;*] This alludes to *bird-lime.* Shakſpeare uſes the ſame word again, in *King Henry VI.* P. II:

"Madam, myſelf have *lim'd* a buſh for her."

STEEVENS.

[9] —— pat, *now he is praying;*] Thus the folio. The quartos read—*but* now, &c. STEEVENS.

[1] —— *That would be ſcann'd:*] i. e. that ſhould be conſidered, eſtimated. STEEVENS.

A villain kills my father; and, for that,
I, his ſole ſon, do this ſame villain ſend[2]
To heaven.
Why, this is hire and ſalary,[3] not revenge.
He took my father groſsly, full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown,[4] as fluſh as May;
And, how his audit ſtands, who knows, ſave heaven?[5]
But, in our circumſtance and courſe of thought,
'Tis heavy with him: And am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his ſoul,
When he is fit and ſeaſon'd for his paſſage?
No.
Up, ſword; and know thou a more horrid hent:[6]
When he is drunk, aſleep, or in his rage;

[2] *I, his* ſole *ſon, do this ſame villain ſend*—] The folio reads—*ſoule* ſon, a reading apparently corrupted from the quarto. The meaning is plain. *I, his* only *ſon,* who am bound to puniſh his murderer. JOHNSON.

[3] —— hire *and* ſalary,] Thus the folio. The quartos read—*baſe* and *filly*. STEEVENS.

[4] *He took my father groſsly,* full of bread;
With all his crimes broad blown,] The uncommon expreſſion, *full of bread,* our poet borrowed from the ſacred writings: "Behold, this was the iniquity of thy ſiſter Sodom; pride, *fullneſs of bread,* and abundance of idleneſs was in her and in her daughters, neither did ſhe ſtrengthen the hand of the poor and needy." *Ezekiel,* xvi. 49. MALONE.

[5] *And, how his audit ſtands, who knows, ſave heaven?*] As it appears from the Ghoſt's own relation that he was in *purgatory,* Hamlet's doubt could only be how long he had to continue there. RITSON.

[6] *Up, ſword; and know thou a more horrid* hent:] To *hent* is uſed by Shakſpeare for to *ſeize, to catch,* to *lay hold on. Hent* is, therefore, *hold,* or *ſeizure. Lay hold on* him, ſword, at a more horrid time. JOHNSON.

See Vol. VI. p. 381, n. 3. STEEVENS.

Or in the inceſtuous pleaſures of his bed;[7]
At gaming, ſwearing;[8] or about ſome act
That has no reliſh of ſalvation in't:
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heaven:[9]
And that his ſoul may be as damn'd, and black,
As hell, whereto it goes.[1] My mother ſtays:
This phyſick but prolongs thy ſickly days. [*Exit.*

[7] *When he is drunk, aſleep, or in his rage;*
Or in the inceſtuous pleaſures of his bed;] So, in Marſton's *Inſatiate Counteſs*, 1613:

" Didſt thou not kill him drunk?
" Thou ſhould'ſt, or in th' embraces of his luſt."

STEEVENS.

[8] *At gaming, ſwearing;*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1604, reads—At *game*, *a* ſwearing; &c. MALONE.

[9] ——*that his heels may kick at heaven;*] So, in Heywood's *Silver Age*, 1613:

" Whoſe *heels tript* up, *kick'd gainſt the firmament.*"

STEEVENS.

[1] ——*hell, whereto it goes.*] This ſpeech, in which Hamlet, repreſented as a virtuous character, is not content with taking blood for blood, but contrives damnation for the man that he would puniſh, is too horrible to be read or to be uttered.

JOHNSON.

This ſpeech of Hamlet's, as Johnſon obſerves, is horrible indeed; yet ſome moral may be extracted from it, as all his ſubſequent calamities were owing to this ſavage refinement of revenge. M. MASON.

That a ſentiment ſo infernal ſhould have met with imitators, may excite ſurprize; and yet the ſame fiend-like diſpoſition is ſhown by Lodowick, in Webſter's *White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona*, 1612:

" ——to have poiſon'd
" The handle of his racket. O, that, that!—
" That while he had been bandying at tennis,
" He might have ſworn himſelf to hell, and ſtruck
" *His ſoul* into the hazard!"

Again, in *The Honeſt Lawyer*, by S. S. 1616:

" I then ſhould ſtrike his body with his *ſoul*,
" And ſink them both together."

The King *rises, and advances.*

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below:
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go.
[*Exit.*

Again, in the third of Beaumont and Fletcher's *Four Plays in One:*

"No; take him dead drunk now, *without repentance.*"
STEEVENS.

The same horrid thought has been adopted by Lewis Machin, in *The Dumb Knight*, 1633:

"Nay, but be patient, smooth your brow a little,
"And you shall take them as they clip each other;
"Even in the height of sin; then damn them both,
"And let them stink before they ask God pardon,
"That *your revenge may stretch unto their souls.*"
MALONE.

I think it not improbable, that when Shakspeare put this horrid sentiment into the mouth of Hamlet, he might have recollected the following story: "One of these monsters meeting his enemie unarmed, threatned to kill him, if he denied not God, his power, and essential properties, viz. his mercy, suffrance, &c. the which, when the other, desiring life, pronounced with great horror, kneeling upon his knees; the bravo cried out, *nowe will I kill thy body and soule*, and at that instant thrust him through with his rapier." *Brief Discourse of the Spanish State, with a Dialogue annexed intitled Philobasilis*, 4to. 1590, p. 24.
REED.

A similar story is told in the *The Turkish Spy*, Vol. III. p. 243. MALONE.

SCENE IV.

Another Room in the ſame.

Enter Queen *and* POLONIUS.

Pol. He will come ſtraight. Look, you lay home to him:
Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with:
And that your grace hath ſcreen'd and ſtood between
Much heat and him. I'll ſilence me e'en here.[2]
Pray you, be round with him.[3]

Queen. I'll warrant you;
Fear me not:—withdraw, I hear him coming.
[POLONIUS *hides himſelf.*[4]

[2] —— *I'll ſilence me e'en here.*] *I'll* ſilence *me even here,* is, *I'll uſe no more words.* JOHNSON.

[3] —— *be round with him.*] Here the folio interpoſes, improperly, I think, the following ſpeech:
"Ham. [*Within.*] Mother, mother, mother."
STEEVENS.

[4] Polonius *hides himſelf.*] The concealment of Polonius in the Queen's chamber, during the converſation between Hamlet and his mother, and the manner of his death, were ſuggeſted by the following paſſage in *The Hyſtory of Hamblet,* bl. l. ſig. D 1: "The counſellour entered ſecretly into the queene's chamber, and there *hid himſelfe behinde the arras,* and long before the queene and Hamlet came thither; who being craftie and pollitique, as ſoone as hee was within the chamber, doubting ſome treaſon, and fearing if he ſhould ſpeake feverely and wiſely to his mother, touching his ſecret practiſes, hee ſhould be underſtood, and by that means intercepted, uſed his ordinary manner of diſſimulation, and began to come [r. *crow*] like a cocke, beating with his arms (in ſuch manner as cockes uſe to ſtrike

Enter HAMLET.

HAM. Now, mother; what's the matter?

QUEEN. Hamlet, thou haſt thy father much offended.

HAM. Mother, you have my father much offended.

QUEEN. Come, come, you anſwer with an idle tongue.

HAM. Go, go, you queſtion with a wicked tongue.

QUEEN. Why, how now, Hamlet?

HAM. What's the matter now?

QUEEN. Have you forgot me?

HAM. No, by the rood, not ſo:
You are the queen, your huſband's brother's wife;
And,—'would it were not ſo![5]—you are my mother.

QUEEN. Nay, then I'll ſet thoſe to you that can ſpeak.

HAM. Come, come, and ſit you down; you ſhall not budge;
You go not, till I ſet you up a glaſs
Where you may ſee the inmoſt part of you.

with their wings) upon the hangings of the chamber; whereby feeling ſomething ſtirring under them, he cried, *a rat, a rat,* and preſently drawing his ſworde, thruſt it into the hangings; which done; pulled the counſellour (half-deade) out by the heeles, made an ende of killing him; and, being ſlaine, cut his body in pieces, which he cauſed to be boyled, and then caſt it into an open vault or privie." MALONE.

[5] *And—'would it were not ſo!*] The folio reads—
But *would* you *were not ſo.* HENDERSON.

Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murder me?
Help, help, ho!

Pol. [*Behind.*] What, ho! help!

Ham. How now! a rat?[6] [*Draws.*
Dead, for a ducat, dead.

[Hamlet *makes a paſs through the Arras.*

Pol. [*Behind.*] O, I am ſlain. [*Falls, and dies.*

Queen, O me, what haſt thou done?

Ham. Nay, I know not:
Is it the king?

[*Lifts up the Arras, and draws forth* Polonius.

Queen. O, what a raſh and bloody deed is this!

Ham. A bloody deed;—almoſt as bad, good mother,
As kill a king, and marry with his brother.

Queen. As kill a king![7]

[6] *How now! a rat?*] This (as Dr. Farmer has obſerved,) is an expreſſion borrowed from *The Hiſtory of Hamblet,* a tranſlation from the French of Belleforeſt. Steevens.

[7] Queen. *As kill a king!*] This exclamation may be conſidered as ſome hint that the Queen had no hand in the murder of Hamlet's father. Steevens.

It has been doubted whether Shakſpeare intended to repreſent the Queen as acceſſary to the murder of her huſband. The ſurprize ſhe here expreſſes at the charge ſeems to tend to her exculpation. Where the variation is not particularly marked, we may preſume, I think, that the poet intended to tell his ſtory as it had been told before. The following extract, therefore, from *The Hystory of Hamblet,* bl. l. relative to this point, will probably not be unacceptable to the reader: "Fengon [the king in the preſent play] boldened and encouraged by ſuch impunitie, durſt venture to couple himſelf in marriage with her, whom he

Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.—
Thou wretched, raſh, intruding fool, farewell!
[*To* Polonius.

uſed as his concubine during good Horvendille's life; in that ſort ſpotting his name with a double vice, inceſtuous adulterie, and paracide murther.—This adulterer and infamous murtherer ſlaundered his dead brother, that he would have ſlaine his wife, and that hee by chance finding him on the point ready to do it, in defence of the lady, had ſlaine him.—The unfortunate and wicked woman that had received the honour to be the wife of one of the valianteſt and wiſeſt princes in the North, imbaſed herſelfe in ſuch vile ſort as to falſifie her faith unto him, and, which is worſe, to marrie him that had bin the tyrannous murtherer of her lawful huſband; *which made diverſe men think that ſhe had been the cauſer of the murther*, thereby to live in her adulterie without controle." *Hyst. of Hamb.* ſig. C 1. 2.

In the conference, however, with her ſon, on which the preſent ſcene is founded, ſhe ſtrongly aſſerts her innocence with reſpect to this fact:

"I know well, my ſonne, that I have done thee great wrong in marrying with Fengon, the cruel tyrant and murtherer of thy father, and my loyal ſpouſe; but when thou ſhalt conſider the ſmall means of reſiſtance, and the treaſon of the palace, with the little cauſe of confidence we are to expect, or hope for, of the courtiers, all wrought to his will; as alſo the power he made ready if I ſhould have refuſed to like him; thou wouldſt rather excuſe, than accuſe me of laſciviouſneſs or inconſtancy, much leſs offer me that wrong *to ſuſpect that ever thy mother* Geruth *once conſented to the death and murther of her husband:* ſwearing unto thee by the majeſtie of the gods, that if it had layne in me to have reſiſted the tyrant, although it had beene with the loſſe of my blood, yea and of my life, I would ſurely have ſaved the life of my lord and huſband." *Ibid.* ſig. D 4.

It is obſervable, that in the drama neither the king or queen make ſo good a defence. Shakſpeare wiſhed to render them as odious as he could, and therefore has not in any part of the play furniſhed them with even the ſemblance of an excuſe for their conduct.

Though the inference already mentioned may be drawn from the ſurprize which our poet has here made the Queen expreſs at being charged with the murder of her huſband, it is obſervable that when the Player-Queen in the preceding ſcene ſays:

"In ſecond huſband let me be accurſt!
"None wed the ſecond, *but who kill'd the firſt.*"

I took thee for thy better; take thy fortune:
Thou find'ſt, to be too buſy, is ſome danger.—

he has made Hamlet exclaim—"*that's wormwood.*" The Prince, therefore, both from the expreſſion and the words addreſſed to his mother in the preſent ſcene, muſt be ſuppoſed to think her guilty.—Perhaps after all this inveſtigation, the truth is, that Shakſpeare himſelf meant to leave the matter in doubt. MALONE.

I know not in what part of this tragedy the King and Queen could have been expected to enter into a vindication of their mutual conduct. The former indeed is rendered contemptible as well as guilty; but for the latter our poet ſeems to have felt all that tenderneſs which the Ghoſt recommends to the imitation of her ſon. STEEVENS.

Had Shakſpeare thought fit to have introduced the topicks I have ſuggeſted, can there be a doubt concerning his ability to introduce them? The king's juſtification, if to juſtify had been the poet's object, (which it certainly was not,) might have been made in a ſoliloquy; the queen's, in the preſent interview with her ſon. MALONE.

It might not unappoſitely be obſerved, that every new commentator, like Sir T. Hanmer's Othello, muſt often "*make* the meat he feeds on." Some ſlight objection to every opinion already offered, may be found; and, if in doubtful caſes we are to preſume that "the poet tells his ſtories as they have been told before," we muſt put new conſtructions on many of his ſcenes, as well as new comments on their verbal obſcurities.

For inſtance—touching the manner in which Hamlet diſpoſed of Polonius's body. The black-letter hiſtory tells us he "cut it in pieces, which he cauſed to be boiled, and then caſt it into an open vault or privie." Are we to conclude therefore that he did ſo in the play before us, becauſe our author has left the matter doubtful? Hamlet is only made to tell us, that this dead counſellor was "ſafely ſtowed." He afterwards adds, "— you ſhall *noſe* him" &c.; all which might have been the caſe, had the direction of the aforeſaid hiſtory been exactly followed. In this tranſaction then (which I call a doubtful one, becauſe the remains of Polonius might have been reſcued from the *forica*, and afterwards have received their "hugger-mugger" funeral) am I at liberty to ſuppoſe he had had the fate of Heliogabalus, *in cloacam miſſus?*

That the Queen (who may ſtill be regarded as innocent of murder) might have offered ſome apology for her "over-haſty

Leave wringing of your hands: Peace; ſit you down,
And let me wring your heart: for ſo I ſhall,
If it be made of penetrable ſtuff;
If damned cuſtom have not braz'd it ſo,
That it be proof and bulwark againſt ſenſe.

Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'ſt wag thy tongue
In noiſe ſo rude againſt me?

Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and bluſh of modeſty;
Calls virtue, hypocrite; takes off the roſe[8]

marriage," can eaſily be ſuppoſed; but Mr. Malone has not ſuggeſted what defence could have been ſet up by the royal fratricide. My acute predeceſſor, as well as the novelliſt, muſt have been aware that though female weakneſs, and an offence againſt the forms of the world, will admit of extenuation, ſuch guilt as that of the uſurper, could not have been palliated by the dramatick art of Shakſpeare; even if the father of Hamlet had been repreſented as a wicked inſtead of a virtuous character.

STEEVENS.

[8] —— *takes off the* roſe &c.] Alluding to the cuſtom of wearing roſes on the ſide of the face. See a note on a paſſage in *King John*, Act I. WARBURTON.

I believe Dr. Warburton is miſtaken; for it muſt be allowed that there is a material difference between an ornament worn on the *forehead*, and one exhibited on *the ſide of the face*. Some have underſtood theſe words to be only a metaphorical enlargement of the ſentiment contained in the preceding line:

" —— blurs the grace and *bluſh* of modeſty:"

but as the *forehead* is no proper ſituation for a *bluſh* to be diſplayed in, we may have recourſe to another explanation.

It was once the cuſtom for thoſe who were betrothed, to wear ſome flower as an external and conſpicuous mark of their mutual engagement. So, in Spenſer's *Shepherd's Calendar for April*:

" Bring *coronations* and *ſops in wine*,
" *Worn of paramours*."

Lyte, in his *Herbal*, 1578, enumerates *ſops in wine* among the ſmaller kind of ſingle gilliflowers or pinks.

Figure 4, in the *Morrice-dance* (a plate of which is annexed

From the fair forehead of an innocent love,

to *The Firſt Part of King Henry IV.*) has a flower fixed on his *forehead*, and ſeems to be meant for the *paramour* of the female character. The flower might be deſigned for a *roſe*, as the colour of it is red in the painted glaſs, though its form is expreſſed with as little adherence to nature as that of the marygold in the hand of the lady. It may, however, conduct us to affix a new meaning to the lines in queſtion. This flower, as I have ſince diſcovered, is exactly ſhaped like the *ſops in wine*, now called the *Deptford Pink*.

An Addreſs "To all Judiciall cenſurers," prefixed to *The Whipper of the Satyre his Pennance in a white Sheete, or the Beadle's Confutation*, 1601, begins likewiſe thus:

"Brave ſprited gentles, on whoſe comely *front*
"The *roſe* of favour ſits majeſticall,—."

Sets a *bliſter* there, has the ſame meaning as in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:

"Who falling in the flaws of her own youth,
"Hath *bliſter'd* her report."

See Vol. VI. p. 262, n. 2. STEEVENS.

I believe, by the *roſe* was only meant the *roſeate hue*. The forehead certainly appears to us an odd place for the hue of innocence to dwell on, but Shakſpeare might place it there with as much propriety as a *ſmile*. In *Troilus and Creſſida* we find theſe lines:

"So rich advantage of a promis'd glory,
"As *ſmiles* upon the *forehead* of this action."

That part of the forehead which is ſituated between the eyebrows, ſeems to have been conſidered by our poet as the ſeat of innocence and modeſty. So, in a ſubſequent ſcene:

"———— brands the harlot,
"Even here, between the *chaſte* and unſmirch'd *brow*
"Of my true mother." MALONE.

In the foregoing quotation from *Troilus and Creſſida*, I underſtand that the *forehead* is *ſmiled upon by advantage*, and not that the *forehead is itſelf the ſmiler*. Thus, ſays Laertes in the play before us:

"Occaſion *ſmiles upon* a ſecond *leave*."

But it is not the *leave* that *ſmiles*, but *occaſion* that *ſmiles upon it*.

In the ſubſequent paſſage, our author had no choice; for having alluded to that part of the face which was anciently branded with a mark of ſhame, he was compelled to place his token of innocence in a correſponding ſituation. STEEVENS.

And ſets a bliſter there; makes marriage vows
As falſe as dicers' oaths: O, ſuch a deed
As from the body of contraction[9] plucks
The very ſoul; and ſweet religion makes
A rhapſody of words: Heaven's face doth glow;
Yea, this ſolidity and compound maſs,
With triſtful viſage, as againſt the doom,
Is thought-ſick at the act.[1]

[9] —— *from the body of* contraction —] *Contraction* for *marriage contract.* WARBURTON.

[1] —— *Heaven's face doth glow;*
Yea, the ſolidity and compound maſs,
With triſtful viſage, as againſt the doom,
Is thought-ſick at the act.] If any ſenſe can be found here, it is this. The ſun glows [and does it not always?] and the very ſolid maſs of earth has a triſtful viſage, and is thought-ſick. All this is ſad ſtuff. The old quarto reads much nearer to the poet's ſenſe:

Heaven's face *does glow,*
O'er *this ſolidity and compound maſs,*
With heated *viſage, as againſt the doom,*
Is thought-ſick at the act.

From whence it appears, that Shakſpeare wrote,

Heaven's face doth glow,
O'er *this ſolidity and compound maſs,*
With triſtful viſage; and, *as 'gainſt the doom,*
Is thought-ſick at the act.

This makes a fine ſenſe, and to this effect. The ſun looks upon our globe, the ſcene of this murder, with an angry and mournful countenance, half hid in eclipſe, as at the day of doom. WARBURTON.

The word *heated*, though it agrees well enough with *glow*, is, I think, not ſo ſtriking as *triſtful*, which was, I ſuppoſe, choſen at the reviſal. I believe the whole paſſage now ſtands as the author gave it. Dr. Warburton's reading reſtores two improprieties, which Shakſpeare, by his alteration, had removed. In the firſt, and in the new reading, *Heaven's* face *glows with tristful* viſage; and, *Heaven's face is* thought-ſick. To the common reading there is no juſt objection. JOHNSON.

I am ſtrongly inclined to think that the reading of the quarto, 1604, is the true one. In Shakſpeare's licentious diction, the

Queen.
That roars so loud,[2] and t

Ham. Look here, upo

meaning may be,—The face c
visage over the earth: *and he*
ment, is thought-sick at the act.
Had not our poet St. Luke's
thoughts?—"And there *shall b*
moon, and in the stars; and upo
with perplexity, the sea and the w
failing them for fear, and for looking
coming on the earth; for the po
shaken," &c. Malone.

[2] *That roars so loud,*] The mea
which the *discovery*, or *mention*,
violence of clamour? Johnson.

[3] —— *and thunders in the i*
that the *indexes* of many old b
the beginning, instead of the end
observation I have often seen confi
So, in *Othello*, Act II. sc. vii
prologue to the history of lust and f

Bullokar in his *Expositor*, 8vo. 16
table in a booke." The *table* was
books of our poet's age. Indexes,
understand the word, were very un

[4] *Look here, upon this picture,*
from the following words,
"*A station*, like the herald M
that these pictures which are introduc
stage, were meant for whole lengths, b
of the Queen's closet:
"—— like Maia's son he stood,
"And shook his plumes." *Para*
Hamlet, who, in a former scene, has ce
"forty, fifty, a hundred ducats apiece" for
in little," would hardly have condescended
in his pocket. Steevens.

The introduction of miniatures in this
modern innovation. A print prefixed
Hamlet, published in 1709, proves this.

ment of two brothers.
ted on this brow:
nt of Jove himself;
ten and command;
Mercury,[6]

ongths, hanging in the Queen's
hole-lengths, they probably were
original performance of this tra-
. To half-lengths, however, the
niatures. MALONE.

from this print the trick of kicking
rance of the Ghoſt, was adopted by
ractice of their predeceſſors.
STEEVENS.

obſervable, that *Hyperion* is uſed
in *quantity*. FARMER.

lier edition of Marſton's *Infatiate*
this the following lines oc-
blance to Hamlet's deſcription of

of every god;
ks, *Jove* his high *front*."
lline crines."
ranſlated by Golding, 1587:
e might worthily Apollo's haire it
EVENS.

Mercury, &c.] *Station*, in this in-
ſpot where any one is placed, but *the*
ntony and Cleopatra, Act III. ſc. iii:
her *ſtation* are as one."
bald's firſt edition, I find that he had
, and ſupported it by the ſame inſtance.
ceſſary, for otherwiſe the compliment de-
of the King, would be beſtowed on the
is repreſented as ſtanding. STEEVENS.

f *Timon of Athens*, the poet, admiring a
ſame image:
is *grace*
n *ſtanding!*" MALONE.

ble that Shakſpeare caught this image

New-lighted on a heaven-
A combination, and a fo
Where every god did see
To give the world assura
This was your husband.—
lows:
Here is your husband; li
Blasting his wholesome bre
Could you on this fair mou
And batten[9] on this moor?

from Phaer's translation of Virgil, (
without doubt he had read:
" And now approaching
mighty limbs
" Of *Atlas, mountain toug*
shoulders beares;—
" There *first* on ground wi
cury arrive,
" Then down from thenc
headlong drive."
In the margin are these words:
journey from *heaven*, along the *mo*
on earth." MALONE.

[7] —— heaven-kissing *hill*;] So,
" You towers whose want
Again, in Chapman's version of th
" A fir it was that shot past air

[8] ——*like a* mildew'd ear,
Blasting *his wholesome brother*.]
Dream, in the 41st chapter of *Genesis*.

[9] ——*batten*——] i. e. to grow fat. Se
Nero, 1607:
" ——— and for milk
" I *batten'd* was with blood."
Again, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633, not
" —— make her round and plum crow
" And *batten* more than you are but by th
Bat is an ancient word for *increa*
batful, so often used by Drayton in hi RTON.

: for, at your age,
' is tame, it's humble,
ent; And what judgment
this? Senſe, ſure, you

notion:] But, ſure, that

—] This expreſſion occurs in Ford's
33:
ift
your luxury be fed
STEEVENS.

ave,
e motion:] But from what philoſo-
cannot tell. Since *motion* depends
greateſt part of *motion* in the uni-
id of *ſenſe*. We ſhould read:
ive notion.
This alludes to the famous peripa-
ntellectu, *quod non fuerit in* ſenſu.
s of applying, and alluding to, the
, we have given ſeveral inſtances,
as been ſince taken for the founda-
orks that theſe latter ages have pro-

ting in the folio; and which ſoever
one, the poet was not indebted to
his choice. STEEVENS.

d by Shakſpeare for ſenſation or *ſenſual*
the effect produced by the impulſe of
is the ſignification of theſe words here.
eaſure:
eaks, and 'tis
, that my *ſenſe* breeds with it."
tely in the ſame play, where both the words

One who never feels
n ſtings and *motions* of the *ſenſe*."
Survey of Hiſtories, 1614: "Theſe *con-*
ce the ſtraggling *motions* to a more ſettled

Is apoplex'd: for madneſs v
Nor ſenſe to ecſtaſy was n
But it reſerv'd ſome quan
To ſerve in ſuch a differe
That thus hath cozen'd y
Eyes without feeling,[4] fe
Ears without hands or ey
Or but a ſickly part of on
Could not ſo mope.[5]
O ſhame! where is thy blu
If thou canſt mutine in a ma

Senſe has already been uſed in th
" That it be proof and buly

[3] —— *at* hoodman-blind?] Th
blindman's-buff. So, in *The W*
" Why ſhould I play at *ho*
Again, in *Two Lamentable Traged*
of Maſter Beech, &c. 1601:
" Pick out men's eyes, ar
" Of *hood-man blind.*"

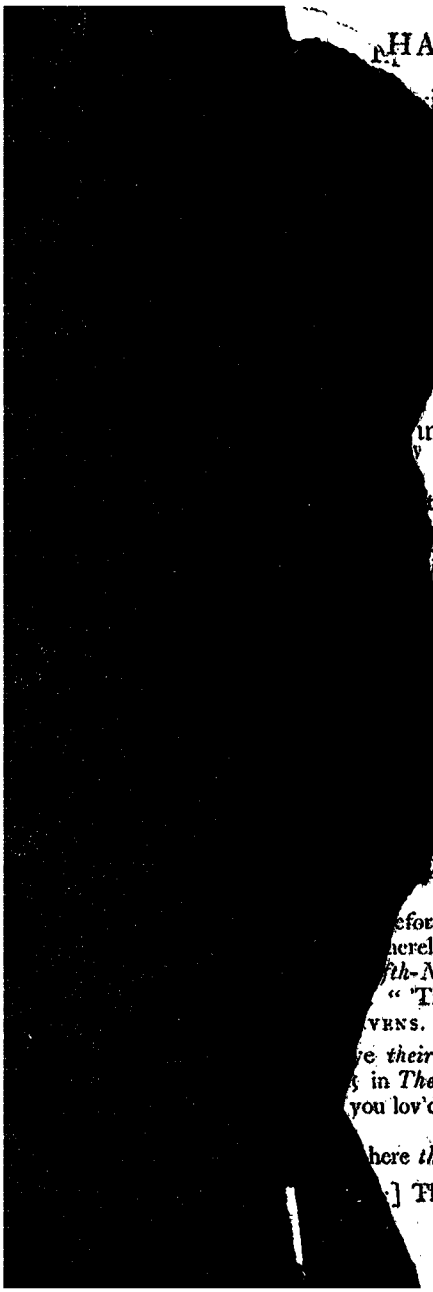
[4] *Eyes without feeling*, &c.] lines are omitted in the folio. S

[5] *Could not ſo* mope.] i. e. co ſtupidity. The ſame word is uſed
" And were brought *mopi*

[6] —— Rebellious hell,
If thou canſt mutine *in a matron* old copies. Shakſpeare calls *mutineers*, ſcene. STEEVENS.

So, in *Othello*:
" —— this hand of yours require
" A ſequeſter from liberty, faſting
" Much caſtigation, exerciſe devo
" For here's a young and ſweating
" That commonly *rebels.*"

To *mutine*, for which the modern not *mutiny*, was the ancient term, ſignifying crow in Knolles's *Hiſtory of the Turks*, 160 ut by th ATON.



HAMLET,

irtue be as wax,
: proclaim no ſhame,
our gives the charge;
y doth burn,

Hamlet, ſpeak no more:
to my very ſoul;
k and grained [8] ſpots,
nct.[9]

Nay, but to live
in enſeamed bed;[1]

ted, and began to *mutine* in diverſe
E.

ill.] So the folio, I think, rightly;
is defenſible:
will. JOHNSON.

kſpeare's word. So, in *Venus and*

bawd to luſt's abuſe." MALONE.

n grain. JOHNSON.

the epithet—*grained,* is juſtly in-
s the ſame adjective in *The Comedy*

rained face of mine be hid," &c.
on is moſt certainly to the furrows in

efore deſign the Queen to ſay, that her
erely ſuperficial, but indented.—A paſ-
th-Night, will ſufficiently authorize Dr.
" 'Tis *in grain,* ſir; 'twill endure wind
VENS.

e their tinct.] To *leave* is to part with,
in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*
you lov'd her not, to *leave* her token."

here *their tinct.* STEEVENS.

] Thus the folio: i. e. *greaſy* bed.
JOHNSON.

Stew'd in corruption; honey
Over the nafty ſtye;——

Queen.

Theſe words, like daggers
No more, ſweet Hamlet.

Ham. A

A ſlave, that is not twentie
Of your precedent lord:—
A cutpurſe of the empire
That from a ſhelf the preci
And put it in his pocket!

Thus alſo the quarto, 1604. Be
word *inſeamed* in the ſame ſenſe, i
in One:

"His leachery *inſeam'd* u

In *The Book of Haukyng*, &c.
"*Enſayme* of a hauke is *the* grec

In Randle Holme's *Academy o*
ch. ii. p. 238, we are told that "
hawk from her glut and greaſe."
ſame work, we learn that the *glu*
belly of the hawk."

In ſome places it means hogs
oil with which clothiers beſmear
in ſpinning.

Inceſtuous is the reading of the

In the Weſt of England, th
ſolved by heat, is called its
word in the ſame ſenſe in

"——ſhall the
"That baſtes his arro

[2] ——*vice of kings*:] A low i
the fool of a farce; from whence the

[3] *That from a ſhelf* &c.] This is f
to ſhow, that the uſurper came not to t
villainy that carried danger with it,
theft of a common pilferer. Warbu

No more.

Ghoſt.

A king

me with your wings,
What would your gracious

had.

come your tardy ſon to chide,
nd paſſion,[5] lets go by
of your dread command?

et: This viſitation
oft blunted purpoſe.
on thy mother ſits:
l her fighting ſoul;
s ſtrongeſt works;[6]

How is it with you, lady?
t with you?
eye on vacancy,
air do hold diſcourſe?

es;] This is ſaid, purſuing the idea of *vice* was dreſſed as a fool, in a coat of JOHNSON.

e and paſſion,] That, having ſuffered *time cool, lets go* &c. JOHNSON.

ſt bodies ſtrongeſt works;] *Conceit* for *ima-*

be of Lucrece:
he conceited painter was ſo nice." MALONE.
d Juliet, Act II. ſc. vi. STEEVENS.

Forth at your eyes your ſpirits wildly peep;
And, as the ſleeping ſoldiers in the alarm,
Your bedded hair, like life in excrements,[7]
Starts up, and ſtands on end. O gentle ſon,
Upon the heat and flame of thy diſtemper
Sprinkle cool patience.[8] Whereon do you look?

Ham. On him! on him!—Look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cauſe conjoin'd, preaching to ſtones,[9]
Would make them capable.[1]—Do not look upon me;

[7] —— *like life in* excrements,] The hairs are excrementitious, that is, without life or ſenſation; yet thoſe very hairs, as if they had life, ſtart up, &c. Pope.

So, in *Macbeth*:

" The time has been——
" ——————— my fell of *hair*,
" Would at a diſmal treatiſe *rouſe and ſtir*,
" *As life were in't.*" Malone.

Not only the hair of animals having neither life nor ſenſation was called an *excrement*, but the feathers of birds had the ſame appellation. Thus, in Izaac Walton's *Complete Angler*, P. I. c. i. p. 9, edit. 1766: "I will not undertake to mention the ſeveral kinds of fowl by which this is done, and his curious palate pleaſed by day; and which, with their very *excrements*, afford him a ſoft lodging at night." Whalley.

[8] *Upon the heat and flame of thy diſtemper*
Sprinkle cool patience.] This metaphor ſeems to have been ſuggeſted by an old black letter novel, (already quoted in a note on *The Merchant of Venice*, Act III. ſc. ii.) Green's *Hiſtory of the fair Bellora*: "Therefore ſlake the burning *heate* of thy *flaming* affections, with ſome drops of *cooling* moderation." Steevens.

[9] ——*preaching to ſtones*—] Thus, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Lib. V: "Their paſſions then ſo ſwelling in them, they would have made *auditors of ſtones*, rather than" &c. Steevens.

[1] *His form and cauſe conjoin'd, preaching to ſtones,*
Would make them capable.] *Capable* here ſignifies *intelligent*; endued with underſtanding. So, in *King Richard III*:

Left, with this piteous action, you convert
My stern effects:[2] then what I have to do
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.

Queen. To whom do you speak this?

Ham. Do you see nothing there?

Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I see.

Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?

Queen. No, nothing, but ourselves.

Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it steals away!
My father, in his habit as he liv'd![3]
Look, where he goes, even now, out at the portal!

[*Exit* Ghost.

Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain:

" ——— O, 'tis a parlous boy,
" Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, *capable.*"
We yet use *capacity* in this sense. See also Vol. XV. p. 187, &c. n. 2. MALONE.

[2] *My stern* effects:] *Effects* for actions; deeds *effected.* MALONE.

[3] *My father, in his habit as he liv'd!*] If the poet means by this expression, that his father appeared in his own *familiar habit,* he has either forgot that he had originally introduced him in *armour,* or must have meant to vary his dress at this his last appearance. Shakspeare's difficulty might perhaps be a little obviated by pointing the line thus:
My father—in his habit—as he liv'd! STEEVENS.

A man's armour, who is used to wear it, may be called his *habit,* as well as any other kind of clothing. *As he lived,* probably means—" as if he were alive—as if he lived." M. MASON.

As if is frequently so used in these plays; but this interpretation does not entirely remove the difficulty which has been stated. MALONE.

This bodileſs creation ecſtaſy
Is very cunning in.[4]

Ham. Ecſtaſy!
My pulſe, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
And makes as healthful muſick: It is not madneſs,
That I have utter'd: bring me to the teſt,
And I the matter will re-word; which madneſs
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your ſoul,
That not your treſpaſs, but my madneſs ſpeaks:
It will but ſkin and film the ulcerous place;[5]
Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unſeen. Confeſs yourſelf to heaven;
Repent what's paſt; avoid what is to come;
And do not ſpread the compoſt on the weeds,[6]
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue:
For in the fatneſs of theſe purſy times,
Virtue itſelf of vice muſt pardon beg;
Yea, curb[7] and woo, for leave to do him good.

[4] *This is the very* coinage *of your* brain:
This bodileſs creation *ecſtaſy*
Is very cunning in.] So, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*
" Such *ſhadows* are the weak *brain's forgeries.*"
MALONE.

Ecſtaſy in this place, and many others, means a temporary alienation of mind, a fit. So, in *Elioſto Libidinoſo*, a novel, by John Hinde, 1606: " —— that burſting out of an *ecſtaſy* wherein ſhe had long ſtood, like one beholding Meduſa's head, lamenting" &c. STEEVENS.

See Vol. X. p. 162, n. 2. MALONE.

[5] —— ſkin *and film the ulcerous place*;] The ſame indelicate alluſion occurs in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*
" That *ſkins* the vice o'the top." STEEVENS.

[6] —— *do not ſpread the compoſt* &c.] Do not, by any new indulgence, heighten your former offences. JOHNSON.

[7] —— *curb*—] That is, *bend* and *truckle*, Fr. *courber*. So, in *Pierce Plowman:*
" Then I *courbid* on my knees," &c. STEEVENS.

Queen. O Hamlet! thou haſt cleft my heart in twain.

Ham. O, throw away the worſer part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night: but go not to my uncle's bed;
Aſſume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monſter, cuſtom, who all ſenſe doth eat
Of habit's devil, is angel yet in this;[8]
That to the uſe of actions fair and good
He likewiſe gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on: Refrain to-night;
And that ſhall lend a kind of eaſineſs
To the next abſtinence: the next more eaſy:[9]
For uſe almoſt can change the ſtamp of nature,
And either curb the devil,[1] or throw him out

[8] *That monſter, cuſtom, who all ſenſe doth eat*
Of *habit's* devil, *is angel yet in this.*] This paſſage is left out in the two elder folios: it is certainly corrupt, and the players did the diſcreet part to ſtifle what they did not underſtand. *Habit's devil* certainly aroſe from ſome conceited tamperer with the text, who thought it was neceſſary, in contraſt to *angel.* The emendation in my text I owe to the ſagacity of Dr. Thirlby:

That monſter, cuſtom, who all ſenſe doth eat
Of habits evil, *is angel* &c. Theobald.

I think Thirlby's conjecture wrong, though the ſucceeding editors have followed it; *angel* and *devil* are evidently oppoſed. Johnson.

I incline to think with Dr. Thirlby; though I have left the text undiſturbed. From *That monſter* to *put on,* is not in the folio. Malone.

I would read—*Or* habit's devil. The poet firſt ſtyles *cuſtom* a *monſter,* and may aggravate and amplify his deſcription by adding, that it is the "dæmon who preſides over habit."—That monſter cuſtom, or habit's devil, is yet an angel in this particular. Steevens.

[9] —— *the next more eaſy:*] This paſſage, as far as *potency,* is omitted in the folio. Steevens.

[1] *And either* curb *the devil,* &c.] In the quarto, where alone

With wondrous potency. Once more, good nigh t
And when you are deſirous to be bleſs'd,
I'll bleſſing beg of you.—For this ſame lord,
[*Pointing to* POLONIUS.
I do repent: But heaven hath pleas'd it ſo,—
To puniſh me with this, and this with me,[2]
That I muſt be their ſcourge and miniſter.
I will beſtow him, and will anſwer well
The death I gave him. So, again, good night!—
I muſt be cruel, only to be kind:[3]
Thus bad begins, and worſe remains behind.—

this paſſage is found, ſome word was accidentally omitted at the preſs in the line before us. The quarto, 1604, reads:

And either the devil, or throw him out &c.

For the inſertion of the word *curb* I am anſwerable. The printer or corrector of a later quarto, finding the line nonſenſe, omitted the word *either,* and ſubſtituted *maſter* in its place. The modern editors have accepted the ſubſtituted word, and yet retain *either*; by which the metre is deſtroyed. The word omitted in the firſt copy was undoubtedly a monoſyllable. MALONE.

This very rational conjecture may be countenanced by the ſame expreſſion in *The Merchant of Venice:*

"And *curb* this cruel *devil* of his will." STEEVENS.

[2] *To puniſh me with this, and this with me,*] To puniſh me by making me the inſtrument of this man's death, and to puniſh this man by my hand. For this, the reading of both the quarto and folio, Sir T. Hanmer and the ſubſequent editors have ſubſtituted—

To puniſh *him with me, and me with him.* MALONE.

I take leave to vindicate the laſt editor of the octavo Shakſpeare from any juſt ſhare in the foregoing accuſation. Whoever looks into the edition 1785, will ſee the line before us printed exactly as in this and Mr. Malone's text.—In ſeveral preceding inſtances a ſimilar cenſure on the ſame gentleman has been as undeſervedly implied. STEEVENS.

[3] *I muſt be* cruel, *only to be* kind:] This ſentiment reſembles the—*facto pius, et ſceleratus eodem,* of Ovid's *Metamorphoſis,* B. III. It is thus tranſlated by Golding:

"For which he might both juſtly *kinde,* and *cruel* called bee." STEEVENS.

But one word more, good lady.[4]

Queen. What ſhall I do?

Ham. Not this, by no means, that I bid you do:
Let the bloat king[5] tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you, his mouſe;[6]
And let him, for a pair of reechy kiſſes,[7]

[4] But *one word more*, &c.] This paſſage I have reſtored from the quartos. For the ſake of metre, however, I have ſupplied the conjunction—*But*. Steevens.

[5] *Let the* bloat *king*—] i. e. the ſwollen king. *Bloat* is the reading of the quarto, 1604. Malone.

This again hints at his intemperance. He had already drank himſelf into a dropſy. Blackstone.

The folio reads—*blunt* king. Henderson.

[6] ——*his* mouſe;] *Mouſe* was once a term of endearment. So, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. II. ch. xvi:

"God bleſs thee *mouſe*, the bridegroom ſaid," &c.

Again, in the *Menæchmi*, 1595: "Shall I tell thee, ſweet *mouſe*? I never look upon thee, but I am quite out of love with my wife."

Again, in Churchyard's *Spider and Gowt*, 1575:

"She wan the love of all the houſe,
"And prankt it like a pretty *mouſe*."

Again, in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, edit. 1632, p. 527: "—pleaſant names may be invented, bird, *mouſe*, lamb, pus, pigeon," &c. Steevens.

This term of endearment is very ancient, being found in *A new and merry enterlude, called the Trial of Treaſure*, 1567:

"*My mouſe*, my nobs, my cony ſweete;
"My hope and joye, my whole delight." Malone.

[7] ——reechy *kiſſes*,] *Reechy* is ſmoky. The author meant to convey a coarſe idea, and was not very ſcrupulous in his choice of an epithet. The ſame, however, is applied with greater propriety to the neck of a cook-maid in *Coriolanus*. Again, in *Hans Beer Pot's Inviſible Comedy*, 1618:

"——bade him go
"And waſh his face, he look'd ſo *reechily*,
"Like bacon hanging on the chimney's roof."

Steevens.

Or padling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I eſſentially am not in madneſs,
But mad in craft.[8] 'Twere good, you let him know:

Reecky properly means *ſteaming with exſudation*, and ſeems to have been ſelected, to convey, in this place, its groſſeſt import. HENLEY.

Reechy includes, I believe, *heat* as well as ſmoke. The verb to *reech*, which was once common, was certainly a corruption of —to *reek*. In a former paſſage Hamlet has remonſtrated with his mother, on her living—

" In the *rank ſweat* of an enſeamed bed." MALONE.

Reeky moſt certainly was not deſigned by our author to convey the idea of *heat*, being employed by him in *Romeo and Juliet*, to ſignify the *chill damp* of human bones in a ſepulchre:

" ——*reeky* ſhanks, and yellow chapleſs ſculls."

STEEVENS.

[8] *That I eſſentially am not in madneſs,*
But mad in craft.] The reader will be pleaſed to ſee Dr. Farmer's extract from the old quarto *Hiſtorie of Hamblet*, of which he had a fragment only in his poſſeſſion:—" It was not without cauſe, and juſt occaſion, that my geſtures, countenances, and words, ſeeme to proceed from a madman, and that I deſire to haue all men eſteeme mee wholly depriued of ſenſe and reaſonable underſtanding, bycauſe I am well aſſured, that he that hath made no conſcience to kill his owne brother, (accuſtomed to murthers, and allured with deſire of gouernement without controll in his treaſons) will not ſpare to ſaue himſelfe with the like crueltie, in the blood and fleſh of the loyns of his brother, by him maſſacred; and therefore it is better for me to fayne madneſſe, then to uſe my right ſences as nature hath beſtowed them upon me. The bright ſhining clearnes thereof I am forced to hide vnder this ſhadow of diſſimulation, as the ſun doth hir beams under ſome great cloud, when the wether in ſummer-time ouercaſteth: the face of a madman ſerueth to couer my gallant countenance, and the geſtures of a fool are fit for me, to the end that, guiding myſelf wiſely therein, I may preſerue my life for the Danes and the memory of my late deceaſed father; for that the deſire of reuenging his death is ſo ingraven in my heart, that if I dye not ſhortly, I hope to take ſuch and ſo great vengeance, that theſe countryes ſhall for euer ſpeake thereof. Neuertheleſſe I muſt ſtay the time, meanes, and occaſion, leſt by making ouergreat haſt, I be now the cauſe of mine own ſodaine ruine and

For who, that's but a queen, fair, ſober, wiſe,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gib,[9]
Such dear concernings hide? who would do ſo?
No, in deſpite of ſenſe, and ſecrecy,
Unpeg the baſket on the houſe's top,
Let the birds fly;[1] and, like the famous ape,
To try concluſions,[2] in the baſket creep,
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou aſſur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of life, I have no life to breathe
What thou haſt ſaid to me.

Ham. I muſt to England;[3] you know that?

ouerthrow, and by that meanes end, before I beginne to effect my hearts deſire: hee that hath to doe with a wicked, diſloyall, cruell, and diſcourteous man, muſt vſe craft, and politike inuentions, ſuch as a fine witte can beſt imagine, not to diſcover his interpriſe; for ſeeing that by force I cannot effect my deſire, reaſon alloweth me by diſſimulation, ſubtiltie, and ſecret practiſes to proceed therein." Steevens.

[9] ——— *a* gib,] So, in Drayton's *Epiſtle from Elinor Cobham to Duke Humphrey*:

"And call me beldam, *gib*, witch, night-mare, trot."

Gib was a common name for a cat. So, in Chaucer's *Romaunt of the Roſe*, ver. 6204:

"——— *gibbe* our cat,
"That waiteth mice and rats to killen." Steevens.

See Vol. XI. p. 200, n. 7. Malone.

[1] *Unpeg the baſket on the houſe's top,*
Let the birds fly;] Sir John Suckling, in one of his letters, may poſſibly allude to the ſame ſtory: "It is the ſtory of the *jackanapes* and the partridges; thou ſtareſt after a beauty till it be loſt to thee, and then let'ſt out another, and ſtareſt after that till it is gone too." Warner.

[2] *To try concluſions,*] i. e. experiments. See Vol. VII. p. 266, n. 3. Steevens.

[3] *I muſt to England*;] Shakſpeare does not inform us how Hamlet came to know that he was to be ſent to England. Roſen-

Queen. Alack,
I had forgot; 'tis ſo concluded on.

Ham. There's letters ſeal'd:[4] and my two ſchool-fellows,—
Whom I will truſt, as I will adders fang'd,[5]—
They bear the mandate; they muſt ſweep my way,[6]
And marſhal me to knavery: Let it work;
For 'tis the ſport, to have the engineer
Hoiſt[7] with his own petar: and it ſhall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon: O, 'tis moſt ſweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet.[8]—

crantz and Guildenſtern were made acquainted with the King's intentions for the firſt time in the very laſt ſcene; and they do not appear to have had any communication with the Prince ſince that time. Add to this, that in a ſubſequent ſcene, when the King, after the death of Polonius, informs Hamlet he was to go to England, he expreſſes great ſurprize, as if he had not heard any thing of it before.—This laſt, however, may, perhaps, be accounted for, as contributing to his deſign of paſſing for a madman. Malone.

[4] *There's letters ſeal'd:* &c.] The nine following verſes are added out of the old edition. Pope.

[5] —— *adders* fang'd,] That is, adders with their *fangs* or *poiſonous teeth*, undrawn. It has been the practice of mountebanks to boaſt the efficacy of their antidotes by playing with vipers, but they firſt diſabled their fangs. Johnson.

[6] —— *they muſt ſweep my way,* &c.] This phraſe occurs again in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"—— ſome friends, that will
"*Sweep your way* for you." Steevens.

[7] *Hoiſt* &c.] *Hoiſt*, for *hoiſed*; as *paſt*, for *paſſed*. Steevens.

[8] *When in* one line *two crafts directly meet.*] Still alluding to a *countermine*. Malone.

The ſame expreſſion has already occured in *K. John*, Act IV. ſpeech ult:

"Now powers from home, and diſcontents at home,
"*Meet in one line.*" Steevens.

This man ſhall ſet me packing.
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room :[2]—
Mother, good night.—Indeed, this counſellor
Is now moſt ſtill, moſt ſecret, and moſt grave,
Who was in life a fooliſh prating knave.
Come, ſir, to draw toward an end with you :[1]—
Good night, mother.

[*Exeunt ſeverally*; HAMLET *dragging in* POLONIUS.

[2] *I'll lug the* guts *into the neighbour room :*] A line ſomewhat ſimilar occurs in *King Henry VI.* P. III :

" I'll throw thy body in another room,——."

The word *guts* was not anciently ſo offenſive to delicacy as it is at preſent; but was uſed by Lyly (who made the *firſt* attempt to poliſh our language) in his ſerious compoſitions. So, in his *Mydas*, 1592: " Could not the treaſure of Phrygia, nor the tributes of Greece, nor mountains in the Eaſt, whoſe *guts* are gold, ſatisfy thy mind?" In ſhort, *guts* was uſed where we now uſe *entrails*. Stanyhurſt often has it in his tranſlation of Virgil, 1582:

Pectoribus inhians ſpirantia conſulit exta.

" She weenes her fortune by *guts* hoate ſmoakye to conſter."

Again, in Chapman's verſion of the ſixth *Iliad*:

" —— in whoſe *guts* the king of men impreſt
" His aſhen lance;—." STEEVENS.

[1] *Come, ſir, to draw toward an end with you :*] Shakſpeare has been unfortunate in his management of the ſtory of this play, the moſt ſtriking circumſtances of which ariſe ſo early in its formation, as not to leave him room for a concluſion ſuitable to the importance of its beginning. After this laſt interview with the Ghoſt, the character of Hamlet has loſt all its conſequence. STEEVENS.

ACT IV.[2] SCENE I.

The ſame.

Enter King, Queen, ROSENCRANTZ, *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. There's matter in theſe ſighs; theſe profound heaves;
You muſt tranſlate: 'tis fit we underſtand them:
Where is your ſon?

Queen. Beſtow this place on us a little while.[3]—
[*To* ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN, *who go out.*
Ah, my good lord,[4] what have I ſeen to-night!

King. What, Gertrude? How does Hamlet?

Queen. Mad as the ſea, and wind, when both contend[5]
Which is the mightier: In his lawleſs fit,

[2] *Act IV.*] This play is printed in the old editions without any ſeparation of the Acts. The diviſion is modern and arbitrary; and is here not very happy, for the pauſe is made at a time when there is more continuity of action than in almoſt any other of the ſcenes. JOHNSON.

[3] *Beſtow this place on us a little while.*] This line is wanting in the folio. STEEVENS.

[4] —— my good *lord,*] The quartos read—*mine own* lord. STEEVENS.

[5] *Mad as the ſea, and wind, when both contend* &c.] We have preciſely the ſame image in *King Lear,* expreſſed with more brevity:

" —— he was met even now,
" *As mad as the* VEX'D *ſea.*" MALONE.

Behind the arras hearing ſomething ſtir,
Whips out his rapier, cries, *A rat! a rat!*
And, in this brainiſh apprehenſion, kills
The unſeen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!
It had been ſo with us, had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all;
To you yourſelf, to us, to every one.
Alas! how ſhall this bloody deed be anſwer'd?
It will be laid to us, whoſe providence
Should have kept ſhort, reſtrain'd, and out of haunt,[6]
This mad young man: but, ſo much was our love,
We would not underſtand what was moſt fit;
But, like the owner of a foul diſeaſe,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed
Even on the pith of life. Where is he gone?

Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd:
O'er whom his very madneſs, like ſome ore,[7]

[6] —— *out of* haunt,] I would rather read—*out of* harm. JOHNSON.

Out of haunt, means, out of company. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

"Dido and her Sichæus ſhall want troops,
"And all the *haunt* be ours."

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England,* 1602, B. V. ch. xxvi:

"And from the ſmith of heaven's wife allure the amorous *haunt.*"

The place where men aſſemble, is often poetically called the *haunt of men.* So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

"We talk here in the publick *haunt* of men." STEEVENS.

[7] —— *like ſome* ore,] Shakſpeare ſeems to think *ore* to be *or,* that is, gold. Baſe metals have *ore* no leſs than precious. JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare uſes the general word *ore* to expreſs *gold,* becauſe it was the moſt excellent of ores.—I ſuppoſe we ſhould read "of *metal* baſe" inſtead of *metals,* which much improves the conſtruction of the paſſage. M. MASON.

Among a mineral of metals baſe,
Shows itſelf pure; he weeps for what is done.

King. O, Gertrude, come away!
The ſun no ſooner ſhall the mountains touch,
But we will ſhip him hence: and this vile deed
We muſt, with all our majeſty and ſkill,
Both countenance and excuſe.—Ho! Guildenſtern!

Enter Rosencrantz *and* Guildenstern.

Friends both, go join you with ſome further aid:
Hamlet in madneſs hath Polonius ſlain,
And from his mother's cloſet hath he dragg'd him:
Go, ſeek him out; ſpeak fair, and bring the body
Into the chapel. I pray you, haſte in this.
[*Exeunt* Ros. *and* Guil.
Come, Gertrude, we'll call up our wiſeſt friends;
And let them know, both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done: ſo, haply, ſlander,[8]—

He has perhaps uſed *ore* in the ſame ſenſe in his *Rape of Lucrece*:

"When beauty boaſted bluſhes, in deſpite
"Virtue would ſtain that *ore* with ſilver white."

A *mineral* Minſheu defines in his *Dictionary*, 1617: "Any thing that grows in mines, and *contains metals*." Shakſpeare ſeems to have uſed the word in this ſenſe,—for *a rude maſs of metals*. In Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 8vo. 1616, *Mineral* is defined, "*mettall, or any thing digged out of the earth*."

Malone.

Minerals are *mines*. So, in *The Golden Remains* of Hales of Eton, 1693, p. 34: "Controverſies of the times, like ſpirits in the *minerals*, with all their labour, nothing is done."

Again, in Hall's *Virgidemiarum*, Lib. VI:

"Shall it not be a wild fig in a wall,
"Or fired brimſtone in a *minerall?*" Steevens.

[8] ——*ſo, haply, ſlander*, &c.] Neither theſe words, nor the following three lines and an half, are in the folio. In the quarto, 1604, and all the ſubſequent quartos, the paſſage ſtands thus:

Whoſe whiſper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,[9]
Tranſports his poiſon'd ſhot,—may miſs our name,
And hit the woundleſs air.[1]—O come away!
My ſoul is full of diſcord, and diſmay. [*Exeunt.*

" ——And what's untimely done.
" Whoſe whiſper o'er the world's diameter," &c.
the compoſitor having omitted the latter part of the firſt line, as in a former ſcene, (ſee p. 202, n. 9.) a circumſtance which gives additional ſtrength to an obſervation made in Vol. XVII. p. 257, n. 5. Mr. Theobald ſupplied the *lacuna* by reading,—*For haply* ſlander, &c. *So* appears to me to ſuit the context better; for theſe lines are rather in appoſition with thoſe immediately preceding, than an illation from them. Mr. M. Maſon, I find, has made the ſame obſervation.

Shakſpeare, as Theobald has obſerved, again expatiates on the diffuſive power of ſlander, in *Cymbeline*:

" ——No, 'tis *ſlander*;
" Whoſe edge is ſharper than the ſword, whoſe tongue
" Out-*venoms* all the worms of Nile, whoſe breath
" Rides on the poſting winds, and doth bely
" All corners of the world." MALONE.

Mr. Malone reads—So *viperous* ſlander, STEEVENS.

[9] —— *cannon to his* blank,] The *blank* was the white mark at which ſhot or arrows were directed. So, in *King Lear*:

" ——let me ſtill remain
" The true *blank* of thine eye." STEEVENS.

[1] —— *the* woundleſs air.] So, in a former ſcene:
" It is as *the air invulnerable*." MALONE.

SCENE II.

Another Room in the ſame.

Enter HAMLET.

HAM.——Safely ſtowed,—[Ros. *&c. within.* Hamlet! lord Hamlet!] But ſoft,[2]—what noiſe? who calls on Hamlet? O, here they come.

Enter ROSENCRANTZ *and* GUILDENSTERN.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?

HAM. Compounded it with duſt,[3] whereto 'tis kin.

[2] ——*But ſoft.*] I have added theſe two words from the quarto, 1604. STEEVENS.

The folio reads:

"*Ham.* Safely ſtowed.

"*Roſ.* &c. *within.* Hamlet! lord Hamlet.

"*Ham.* What noiſe," &c.

In the quarto, 1604, the ſpeech ſtands thus:

"*Ham.* Safely ſtowed; but ſoft, what noiſe? who calls on Hamlet?" &c.

I have therefore printed Hamlet's ſpeech unbroken, and inſerted that of Roſencrantz, &c. from the folio, before the words, *but ſoft*, &c. In the modern editions Hamlet is made to take notice of the noiſe made by the courtiers, before he has heard it. MALONE.

[3] *Compounded it with duſt,*] So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:

"Only *compound* me *with* forgotten *duſt*."

Again, in our poet's 71ſt Sonnet:

"When I perhaps *compounded* am *with clay*."

MALONE.

Ros. Tell us where 'tis; that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the chapel.

Ham. Do not believe it.

Ros. Believe what?

Ham. That I can keep your counſel, and not mine own. Beſides, to be demanded of a ſponge! —what replication ſhould be made by the ſon of a king?

Ros. Take you me for a ſponge, my lord?

Ham. Ay, ſir; that ſoaks up the king's countenance, his rewards, his authorities. But ſuch officers do the king beſt ſervice in the end: He keeps them, like an ape,[4] in the corner of his jaw; firſt

[4] —— *like an* ape,] The quarto has *apple*, which is generally followed. The folio has *ape*, which Sir T. Hanmer has received, and illuſtrated with the following note:

"It is the way of monkeys in eating, to throw that part of their food, which they take up firſt, into a pouch they are provided with on each ſide of their jaw, and there they keep it, till they have done with the reſt." JOHNSON.

Surely this ſhould be "like an *ape*, an *apple*." FARMER.

The reading of the folio, *like an ape*, I believe to be the true one, becauſe Shakſpeare has the ſame phraſeology in many other places. The word *ape* refers to the King, not to his courtiers. *He keeps them like an ape, in the corner of his jaw*, &c. means, he keeps them, *as* an ape *keeps food*, in the corner of his jaw, &c. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I: "—your chamber-lie breeds fleas *like a loach*;" i. e. as faſt *as a* loach *breeds loaches*. Again, in *King Lear*: "They flattered me *like a dog*;" i. e. *as* a dog *fawns upon and flatters his maſter*.

That the particular food in Shakſpeare's contemplation was an *apple*, may be inferred from the following paſſage in *The Captain*, by Beaumont and Fletcher:

"And lie, and kiſs my hand unto my miſtreſs,
"As often as *an ape does for an apple*."

I cannot approve of Dr. Farmer's reading. Had our poet

mouthed, to be laſt ſwallowed: When he needs what you have gleaned, it is but ſqueezing you, and, ſponge, you ſhall be dry again.[5]

Ros. I underſtand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it: A knaviſh ſpeech ſleeps in a fooliſh ear.[6]

Ros. My lord, you muſt tell us where the body is, and go with us to the king.

Ham. The body is with the king,[7] but the king is not with the body. The king is a thing——

meant to introduce both the ape and the apple, he would, I think, have written not *like*, but "*as* an ape an apple."

The two inſtances above quoted ſhow that any emendation is unneceſſary. The reading of the quarto is, however, defenſible. MALONE.

Apple in the quarto is a mere typographical error. So, in Peele's *Araygnement of Paris*, 1584:

"——you wot it very well
"All that be Dian's maides are vowed to halter *apples* in hell."

The meaning, however, is clearly "as an *ape* does an *apple*." RITSON.

[5] ——*and, ſponge, you ſhall be dry again.*] So, in the 7th Satire of Marſton, 1598:

"He's but a *ſponge*, and ſhortly needs muſt leeſe
"His wrong-got juice, when greatnes' fiſt ſhall *ſqueeſe*
"*His liquor out.*" STEEVENS.

[6] ——*A knaviſh ſpeech ſleeps in a fooliſh ear.*] This, if I miſtake not, is a proverbial ſentence. MALONE.

Since the appearance of our author's play, theſe words have become proverbial; but no earlier inſtance of the idea conveyed by them, has occurred within the compaſs of my reading. STEEVENS.

[7] *The body is with the king,*] This anſwer I do not comprehend. Perhaps it ſhould be,—*The body is* not *with the king*, for *the king is not with the body*. JOHNSON.

Perhaps it may mean this,—The body is in the king's houſe, (i. e. the preſent king's,) yet the king (i. e. he who ſhould have been king,) is not with the body. Intimating that the uſurper

Guil. A thing, my lord?

Ham. Of nothing:[8] bring me to him. Hide fox, and all after.[9] [*Exeunt.*

is here, the true king in a better place. Or it may mean—*the guilt of the murder lies with the king*, but the king is *not where the body lies.* The affected obſcurity of Hamlet muſt excuſe ſo many attempts to procure ſomething like a meaning. STEEVENS.

[8] Of *nothing:*] Should it not be read—*Or* nothing: When the courtiers remark that Hamlet has contemptuouſly called the *king a thing*, Hamlet defends himſelf by obſerving, that the king muſt be a *thing*, or *nothing.* JOHNSON.

The text is right. So, in *The Spaniſh Tragedy:*

" In troth, my lord, it is a *thing of nothing.*"

And, in one of Harvey's Letters, " a ſilly bug-beare, a ſorry puffe of winde, *a thing of nothing.*" FARMER.

So, in Decker's *Match me in London*, 1631:

" At what doſt thou laugh?

" At *a thing of nothing*, at thee."

Again, in *Look about you*, 1600:

" A very little thing, *a thing of nothing.*" STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens has given [i. e. edit. 1778] many paralleliſms, but the origin of all is to be looked for, I believe, in the 144th *Pſalm*, ver. 5: " Man is like *a thing of nought.*" Mr. Steevens muſt have obſerved, that the Book of Common Prayer, and the tranſlation of the Bible into Engliſh, furniſhed our old writers with many forms of expreſſion, ſome of which are ſtill in uſe. WHALLEY.

[9] —— *Hide fox*, &c.] There is a play among children called, *Hide fox, and all after.* HANMER.

The ſame ſport is alluded to in Decker's *Satiromaſtix:* " — our unhandſome-faced poet does play at bo-peep with your grace, and cries—*All hid, as boys do.*"

This paſſage is not in the quarto. STEEVENS.

SCENE III.

Another Room in the ſame.

Enter King, *attended.*

King. I have ſent to ſeek him, and to find the body.
How dangerous is it, that this man goes looſe?
Yet muſt not we put the ſtrong law on him:
He's lov'd of the diſtracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes;
And, where 'tis ſo, the offender's ſcourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all ſmooth and even,
This ſudden ſending him away muſt ſeem
Deliberate pauſe: Diſeaſes, deſperate grown,
By deſperate appliance are reliev'd,

Enter Rosencrantz.

Or not at all.—How now? what hath befallen?

Ros. Where the dead body is beſtow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Ros. Without, my lord; guarded, to know your pleaſure.

King. Bring him before us.

Ros. Ho, Guildenſtern! bring in my lord.

Enter HAMLET *and* GUILDENSTERN.

King. Now, Hamlet, where's Polonius?

Ham. At ſupper.

King. At ſupper? Where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten: a certain convocation of politick worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only emperor for diet: we fat all creatures elſe, to fat us; and we fat ourſelves for maggots: Your fat king, and your lean beggar, is but variable ſervice; two diſhes, but to one table; that's the end.

King. Alas, alas![1]

Ham. A man may fiſh with the worm that hath eat of a king; and eat of the fiſh that hath fed of that worm.

King. What doſt thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing, but to ſhow you how a king may go a progreſs[2] through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is Polonius?

Ham. In heaven; ſend thither to ſee: if your meſſenger find him not there, ſeek him i'the other place yourſelf. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you ſhall noſe him as you go up the ſtairs into the lobby.

King. Go ſeek him there. [*To ſome Attendants.*

[1] *Alas, alas!*] This ſpeech, and the following, are omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

[2] —— *go a* progreſs —] Alluding to the royal journeys of ſtate, always ſtyled *progreſſes*; a familiar idea to thoſe who, like our author, lived during the reigns of Queen Elizabeth and King James I. STEEVENS.

Ham. He will ſtay till you come.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*

King. Hamlet, this deed, for thine eſpecial ſafety,—
Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For that which thou haſt done,—muſt ſend thee hence
With fiery quickneſs:[3] Therefore, prepare thyſelf;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,[4]
The aſſociates tend, and every thing is bent
For England.

Ham. For England?

King. Ay, Hamlet.

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'ſt our purpoſes.

Ham. I ſee a cherub, that ſees them.—But, come; for England!—Farewell, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, Hamlet.

Ham. My mother: Father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one fleſh; and ſo, my mother. Come, for England. [*Exit.*

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with ſpeed aboard;
Delay it not, I'll have him hence to-night:

[3] *With fiery quickneſs:*] Theſe words are not in the quartos We meet with *fiery expedition* in *King Richard III.* STEEVENS.

[4] —— *the wind at* help,] I ſuppoſe it ſhould be read—
The bark is ready, and the wind at helm. JOHNSON.

—— *at* help,] i. e. at hand, ready,—ready to help or aſſiſt you. RITSON.

Similar phraſeology occurs in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre:*
" —— I'll leave it
" *At* careful nurſing." STEEVENS.

Away; for every thing is ſeal'd and done
That elſe leans on the affair: Pray you, make haſte.
[*Exeunt* Ros. *and* Guil.
And, England, if my love thou hold'ſt at aught,
(As my great power thereof may give thee ſenſe;
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Daniſh ſword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us,) thou may'ſt not coldly ſet
Our ſovereign proceſs;[5] which imports at full,
By letters cónjuring[6] to that effect,

[5] —— *thou may'ſt not coldly* ſet
Our ſovereign proceſs;] I adhere to the reading of the quarto and folio. Mr. M. Maſon obſerves, that "one of the common acceptations of the verb *ſet*, is to value or eſtimate; as we ſay to *ſet* at nought; and in that ſenſe it is uſed here." Steevens.

Our poet has here, I think, as in many other places, uſed an elliptical expreſſion: "thou may'ſt not coldly ſet *by* our ſovereign proceſs;" thou may'ſt not *ſet little by it*, or eſtimate it lightly. "To *ſet by*," Cole renders in his Dict. 1679, by *æſtimo*. "*To ſet little by*," he interprets *parvi-facio*. See many other inſtances of ſimilar ellipſes, in *Cymbeline*, Act V. ſc. v. Malone.

[6] *By letters* cónjuring—] Thus the folio. The quarto reads:
By letters congruing—. Steevens.

The reading of the folio may derive ſome ſupport from the following paſſage in *The Hyſtory of Hamblet*, bl. l: "—making the king of England miniſter of his maſſacring reſolution; to whom he purpoſed to ſend him, [Hamlet,] and by letters *deſire* him to put him to death." So alſo, by a ſubſequent line:
"*Ham.* Wilt thou know the effect of what I wrote?
"*Hor.* Ay, good my lord.
"*Ham.* An earneſt *conjuration* from the king," &c.
The circumſtances mentioned as inducing the king to ſend the prince to England, rather than elſewhere, are likewiſe found in *The Hyſtory of Hamblet*.

Effect was formerly uſed for *act* or *deed*, ſimply, and is ſo uſed in the line before us. So, in Leo's *Hiſtorie of Africa*, tranſlated by Pory, folio, 1600, p. 253: "Three daies after this *effect*, there came to us a Zu[illegible] that is, a captaine," &c. See alſo *ſupra*, p. 250, n. 2.

The preſent death of Hamlet. Do it, England;
For like the hectick in my blood he rages,[7]
And thou muſt cure me: Till I know 'tis done,
Howe'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin.[8]
[*Exit.*

The verb to *conjure* (in the ſenſe of to *ſupplicate,*) was formerly accented on the firſt ſyllable. So, in *Macbeth:*

" I cónjure you, by that which you profeſs,
" Howe'er you come to know it, anſwer me."

Again, in *King John:*

" I cónjure thee but ſlowly; run more faſt."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" I cónjure thee, by Roſaline's bright eyes,—."

Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

" O prince, I cónjure thee, as thou believ'ſt," &c.

MALONE.

[7] ——*like the hectick in my blood he rages,*] So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt:*

" I would forget her, but a *fever,* ſhe
" *Reigns in my blood.*" MALONE.

Scaliger has a parallel ſentiment:—*Febris hectica uxor, & non niſi morte avellenda.* STEEVENS.

[8] *Howe'er my haps, my joys* will *ne'er* begin.] This being the termination of a ſcene, ſhould, according to our author's cuſtom, be rhymed. Perhaps he wrote:

Howe'er my hopes, *my joys* are not begun.

If *haps* be retained, the meaning will be, *'till I know 'tis done, I ſhall be miſerable,* whatever befal me. JOHNSON.

The folio reads, in ſupport of Dr. Johnſon's remark:

Howe'er my haps, my joys were ne'er begun.

Mr. Heath would read:

Howe'er 't may hap, *my joys will ne'er begin.*

STEEVENS.

By his *haps,* he means his *ſucceſſes.* His fortune was begun, but his joys were not. M. MASON.

Howe'er my haps, my joys will *ne'er* begin.] This is the reading of the quarto. The folio, for the ſake of rhyme reads:

Howe'er my haps, my joys were *ne'er* begun.

But this, I think, the poet could not have written. The King is ſpeaking of the future time. To ſay, till I *ſhall be* informed that a certain act *has been* done, whatever may befal me, my joys never *had* a beginning, is ſurely nonſenſe. MALONE.

SCENE IV.

A Plain in Denmark.

Enter FORTINBRAS, *and Forces, marching.*

FOR. Go, captain, from me greet the Danish king;
Tell him, that, by his licence, Fortinbras
Craves[9] the conveyance of a promis'd march
Over his kingdom. You know the rendezvous.
If that his majesty would aught with us,
We shall express our duty in his eye,[1]
And let him know so.

CAP. I will do't, my lord.

FOR. Go softly on.

[*Exeunt* FORTINBRAS *and Forces.*

[9] —— *Craves* —] Thus the quartos. The folio—*Claims.* STEEVENS.

[1] *We shall express our duty* in his eye,] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" —— tended her *i'the eyes.*"

In his eye, means, in his presence. The phrase appears to have been formularly. See *The Establishment of the Household of Prince Henry,* A. D. 1610: " Also the gentleman-usher shall be careful to see and informe all such as doe service *in the Prince's eye,* that they perform their dutyes" &c. Again, in *The Regulations for the Government of the Queen's Household,* 1627: " —— all such as doe service *in the Queen's eye.*" STEEVENS.

Enter HAMLET, ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN, *&c.*

Ham. Good ſir, whoſe powers are theſe?[2]

Cap. They are of Norway, ſir.

Ham. How purpos'd, ſir, I pray you?

Cap. Againſt ſome part of Poland.

Ham. Who Commands them, ſir?

Cap. The nephew to old Norway, Fortinbras.

Ham. Goes it againſt the main of Poland, ſir, Or for ſome frontier?

Cap. Truly to ſpeak, ſir, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats, five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to Norway, or the Pole,
A ranker rate, ſhould it be ſold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the Polack never will defend it.

Cap. Yes, 'tis already garriſon'd.

Ham. Two thouſand ſouls, and twenty thouſand ducats,
Will not debate the queſtion of this ſtraw:
This is the impoſthume of much wealth and peace;
That inward breaks, and ſhows no cauſe without
Why the man dies.—I humbly thank you, ſir.

Cap. God be wi'you, ſir. [*Exit* Captain.

Ros. Will't pleaſe you go, my lord?

[2] *Good ſir,* &c.] The remaining part of this ſcene is omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

Ham. I will be with you ſtraight. Go a little before. [*Exeunt* Ros. *and* Guil.

How all occaſions do inform againſt me,
And ſpur my dull revenge! What is a man,
If his chief good, and market of his time,[3]
Be but to ſleep, and feed? a beaſt, no more.
Sure, he, that made us with ſuch large diſcourſe,[4]
Looking before, and after, gave us not
That capability and godlike reaſon
To fuſt in us unus'd. Now, whether it be
Beſtial oblivion, or ſome craven ſcruple[5]
Of thinking too preciſely on the event,—
A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wiſdom,
And, ever, three parts coward,—I do not know
Why yet I live to ſay, *This thing's to do*;
Sith I have cauſe, and will, and ſtrength, and means,
To do't. Examples, groſs as earth, exhort me:
Witneſs, this army of ſuch maſs, and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender prince;
Whoſe ſpirit, with divine ambition puff'd,
Makes mouths at the inviſible event;
Expoſing what is mortal, and unſure,
To all that fortune, death, and danger, dare,
Even for an egg-ſhell. Rightly to be great,

[3] —— *chief good, and market of his time,* &c.] If his higheſt good, and *that for which he ſells his time,* be to ſleep and feed. Johnson.

Market, I think, here means *profit.* Malone.

[4] —— *large* diſcourſe,] Such latitude of comprehenſion, ſuch power of reviewing the paſt, and anticipating the future. Johnson.

[5] —— *ſome* craven *ſcruple*—] Some cowardly ſcruple. See Vol. IX. p. 25, n. 4. Malone.

So, in *King Henry VI.* Part I:

"Or durſt not, for his *craven* heart, ſay this."

Steevens.

Is, not to ſtir without great argument;[6]
But greatly to find quarrel in a ſtraw,
When honour's at the ſtake. How ſtand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother ſtain'd,
Excitements of my reaſon, and my blood,[7]
And let all ſleep? while, to my ſhame, I ſee
The imminent death of twenty thouſand men,
That, for a fantaſy, and trick of fame,
Go to their graves like beds; fight for a plot[8]
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cauſe,
Which is not tomb enough, and continent,[9]

[6] —— *Rightly to be great,*
Is, not to ſtir without &c.] This paſſage I have printed according to the copy. Mr. Theobald had regulated it thus:
—— *'Tis not to be great,*
Never to ſtir without great argument;
But greatly &c.
The ſentiment of Shakſpeare is partly juſt, and partly romantick,
—— *Rightly to be great,*
Is, not to ſtir without great argument;
is exactly philoſophical.
But greatly to find quarrel in a ſtraw,
When honour's at the ſtake.
is the idea of a modern hero. *But then*, ſays he, *honour is an argument, or ſubject of debate, ſufficiently* great, *and* when honour is at ſtake, we muſt *find cauſe of quarrel in a ſtraw.*
JOHNSON.

[7] *Excitements of my reaſon, and my blood,*] Provocations which excite both my reaſon and my paſſions to vengeance.
JOHNSON.

[8] —— *a plot.*] A piece, or portion. See Vol. XVI. p. 152, n. 9.
REED.
So, in *The Mirror for Magiſtrates:*
" Of grounde to win *a plot*, a while to dwell,
" We venture lives, and ſend our ſouls to hell."
HENDERSON.

[9] —— *continent,*] *Continent*, in our author, means that which comprehends or encloſes. So, in *King Lear:*
" Rive your concealing *continents.*"
Again, in Chapman's verſion of the third *Iliad:*

To hide the ſlain?—O, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth!
[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Elſinore. *A Room in the Caſtle.*

Enter Queen *and* HORATIO.

QUEEN. ——I will not ſpeak with her.

HOR. She is importunate; indeed, diſtract;
Her mood will needs be pitied.

QUEEN. What would ſhe have?

HOR. She ſpeaks much of her father; ſays, ſhe hears,
There's tricks i'the world; and hems, and beats her heart;
Spurns enviouſly at ſtraws;[1] ſpeaks things in doubt,

" ——— did take
" Thy fair form for a *continent* of parts as fair,—"
See *King Lear*, Act III. ſc. ii. STEEVENS.

Again, Lord Bacon, *On the Advancement of Learning*, 4to. 1633, p. 7: " —— if there be no fulneſſe, then is the *continent* greater than the content." REED.

[1] *Spurns* enviouſly *at ſtraws*;] *Envy* is much oftener put by our poet (and thoſe of his time) for direct *averſion*, than for *malignity conceived at the ſight of another's excellence or happineſs*.

So, in *King Henry VIII*:

" You turn the good we offer into *envy*."

Again, in *God's Revenge againſt Murder*, 1621, *Hiſt.* VI.—" She loves the memory of Sypontus, and *envies* and deteſts that of her two huſbands." STEEVENS.

See Vol. XIII. p. 123, n. 1; and Vol. XV. p. 64, n. 2.
MALONE.

That carry but half ſenſe: her ſpeech is nothing,
Yet the unſhaped uſe of it doth move
The hearers to collection;[2] they aim at it,[3]
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which, as her winks, and nods, and geſtures yield them,
Indeed would make one think, there might be thought,
Though nothing ſure, yet much unhappily.[4]

Queen. 'Twere good, ſhe were ſpoken with;[5] for ſhe may ſtrew

[2] —— *to* collection;] i. e. to deduce conſequences from ſuch premiſes; or, as Mr. M. Maſon obſerves, "endeavour to collect ſome meaning from them." So, in *Cymbeline*, ſcene the laſt:

"—— whoſe containing
"Is ſo from ſenſe to hardneſs, that I can
"Make no *collection* of it."

See the note on this paſſage. Steevens.

[3] —— *they* aim *at it*,] The quartos read—*they* yawn *at it* To *aim* is to gueſs. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"I *aim'd* ſo near, when I ſuppos'd you lov'd."

Steevens.

[4] *Though nothing ſure, yet much* unhappily.] i. e. though her meaning cannot be certainly collected, yet there is enough to put a miſchievous interpretation to it. Warburton.

That *unhappy* once ſignified *miſchievous*, may be known from P. Holland's tranſlation of Pliny's *Natural Hiſtory*, Book XIX. ch. vii: "—— the ſhrewd and *unhappie* foules which lie upon the lands, and eat up the ſeed new ſowne." We ſtill uſe *unlucky* in the ſame ſenſe. Steevens.

See Vol. VI. p. 55, n. 2; and Vol. VIII. p. 376, n. 6; and Vol. XV. p. 57, n. 6. Malone.

[5] *'Twere good ſhe were ſpoken with;*] Theſe lines are given to the Queen in the folio, and to Horatio in the quarto. Johnson.

I think the two firſt lines of Horatio's ſpeech [*'Twere good*, &c.] belong to him; the reſt to the Queen. Blackstone.

In the quarto, the Queen, Horatio, and a *Gentleman*, enter at the beginning of this ſcene. The two ſpeeches, "She is impor-

Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds:
Let her come in. [*Exit* HORATIO.
To my ſick ſoul, as ſin's true nature is,
Each toy ſeems prologue to ſome great amiſs:[6]
So full of artleſs jealouſy is guilt,
It ſpills itſelf in fearing to be ſpilt.

Re-enter HORATIO, *with* OPHELIA.

Oph. Where is the beauteous majeſty of Denmark?

Queen, How now, Ophelia?

OPH. *How ſhould I your true love know*[7]
From another one?
By his cockle hat and ſtaff,
And his ſandal ſhoon.[8] [Singing.

tunate," &c. and "She ſpeaks much of her father," &c. are there given to the *Gentleman*, and the line now before us, as well as the two following, to *Horatio*: the remainder of this ſpeech to the Queen. I think it probable that the regulation propoſed by Sir W. Blackſtone was that intended by Shakſpeare. MALONE.

[6] —— *to ſome great* amiſs:] Shakſpeare is not ſingular in his uſe of this word as a ſubſtantive. So, in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:

"Gracious forbearers of this world's *amiſs*."

Again, in Lyly's *Woman in the Moon*, 1597:

"Pale be my looks, to witneſs my *amiſs*."

Again, in Greene's *Diſputation between a He Cony-catcher*, &c 1592: "revive in them the memory of my *great amiſs*." STEEVENS.

Each *toy* is, each trifle. MALONE.

[7] *How ſhould I your true love* &c.] There is no part of this play in its repreſentation on the ſtage, more pathetick than this ſcene; which, I ſuppoſe, proceeds from the utter inſenſibility Ophelia has to her own misfortunes.

A great ſenſibility, or none at all, ſeems to produce the ſame

Queen. Alas, ſweet lady, what imports this ſong?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

He is dead and gone, lady, [Sings.
He is dead and gone;
At his head a graſs-green turf,
At his heels a ſtone.

O, ho!

Queen. Nay, but Ophelia,——

Oph. Pray you, mark.

White his ſhroud as the mountain ſnow, [Sings.

Enter King.

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

effect. In the latter the audience ſupply what ſhe wants, and with the former they ſympathize. Sir J. Reynolds.

[8] *By his cockle hat and ſtaff,*
And his ſandal ſhoon.] This is the deſcription of a pilgrim. While this kind of devotion was in favour, love-intrigues were carried on under that maſk. Hence the old ballads and novels made pilgrimages the ſubjects of their plots. The cockle-ſhell hat was one of the eſſential badges of this vocation: for the chief places of devotion being beyond ſea, or on the coaſts, the pilgrims were accuſtomed to put cockle-ſhells upon their hats, to denote the intention or performance of their devotion.

Warburton.

So, in Green's *Never too late*, 1616:

"A hat of ſtraw like to a ſwain,
"Shelter for the ſun and rain,
"With a *ſcallop-ſhell* before," &c.

Again, in *The Old Wives Tale*, by George Peele, 1595: "I will give thee a palmer's *ſtaff* of yvorie, and a *ſcallop-ſhell* of beaten gold." Steevens.

OPH. *Larded all with ſweet flowers*;[9]
Which bewept to the grave did go,[1]
With true-love ſhowers.

KING. How do you, pretty lady?

OPH. Well, God'ield you![2] They ſay, the owl was a baker's daughter.[3] Lord, we know what we

[9] Larded *all with ſweet flowers*;] The expreſſion is taken from cookery. JOHNSON.

[1] ——*did go*,] The old editions read—*did* not *go*. Corrected by Mr. Pope. STEEVENS.

[2] *Well*, God'ield *you!*] i. e. Heaven reward you! So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" Tend me to-night two hours, I aſk no more,
" And the *Gods yield you* for't!"

So, Sir John Grey, in a letter in Aſhmole's Appendix to his Account of the Garter, Numb. 46: " The king of his gracious lordſhipe, *God yeld* him, hafe choſen me to be owne of his brethrene of the knyghts of the garter." THEOBALD.

See Vol. X. p. 74, &c. n. 9. STEEVENS.

[3] ——*the owl was a baker's daughter.*] This was a metamorphoſis of the common people, ariſing from the mealy appearance of the owl's feathers, and her guarding the *bread* from mice. WARBURTON.

To *guard the* bread *from mice*, is rather the office of a *cat* than an *owl*. In *barns* and *granaries*, indeed, the ſervices of the *owl* are ſtill acknowledged. This was, however, no *metamorphoſis of the common people*, but a legendary ſtory, which both Dr. Johnſon and myſelf have read, yet in what book at leaſt I cannot recollect.—Our Saviour being refuſed bread by the *daughter of a baker*, is deſcribed as puniſhing her by turning her into an *owl*. STEEVENS.

This is a common ſtory among the vulgar in Glouceſterſhire, and is thus related: " Our Saviour went into a baker's ſhop where they were baking, and aſked for ſome bread to eat. The miſtreſs of the ſhop immediately put a piece of dough into the oven to bake for him; but was reprimanded by her daughter, who inſiſting that the piece of dough was too large, reduced it to a very ſmall ſize. The dough, however, immediately afterwards began to ſwell, and preſently became of a moſt enormous

are, but know not what we may be. God be at your table!

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray, let us have no words of this; but when they aſk you, what it means, ſay you this:

Good morrow, 'tis Saint Valentine's day,[4]
All in the morning betime,
And I a maid at your window,
To be your Valentine:

Then up he roſe, and don'd his clothes,[5]
And dupp'd the chamber door;[7]
Let in the maid, that out a maid
Never departed more.

ſize. Whereupon, the baker's daughter cried out 'Heugh, heugh, heugh,' which owl-like noiſe probably induced our Saviour for her wickedneſs to transform her into that bird." This ſtory is often related to children, in order to deter them from ſuch illiberal behaviour to poor people. Douce.

[4] Good *morrow*, 'tis *Saint* Valentine's *day*,] Old copies: To-*morrow* is *&c.*
The correction is Dr. Farmer's. Steevens.

There is a rural tradition that about this time of year birds chooſe their mates. Bourne, in his *Antiquities of the Common People*, obſerves, that "it is a ceremony never omitted among the vulgar, to draw lots, which they term *Valentines*, on the *eve* before Valentine-day. The names of a ſelect number of one ſex are by an equal number of the other put into ſome veſſel; and after that every one draws a name, which for the preſent is called their *Valentine*, and is alſo look'd upon as a good omen of their being man and wife afterwards." Mr. Brand adds, that he has "ſearched the legend of St. Valentine, but thinks there is no occurrence in his life, that could give riſe to this ceremony." Malone.

[5] —— don'd *his clothes*,] To *don*, is to *do on*, to put on, as *doff* is to *do off*, put off. Steevens.

[6] *And* dupp'd *the chamber door*;] To *dup*, is to *do up*; to lift the latch. It were eaſy to write—And *op'd*. Johnson.

King. Pretty Ophelia!

Oph. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end on't:

By Gis,[7] *and by Saint Charity,*[8]
Alack, and fye for shame!
Young men will do't, if they come to't;
By cock,[9] *they are to blame.*

To *dup*, was a common contraction of to *do up*. So, in *Damon and Pythias*, 1582: "—the porters are drunk; will they not *dup* the gate to-day?"

Lord Surrey, in his translation of the second *Æneid*, renders *Panduntur portæ*, &c.

"The gates *cast up*, we issued out to play."

The phrase seems to have been adopted either from *doing up* the *latch*, or drawing up the *portcullis*. So, in the ancient MS. romance of *The Sowdon of Babyloyne*, p. 40:

"To the prison she hyed hir swyth,
"The *prison dore up she doth.*"

Again, in *The Cooke's Play*, in the Chester collection of mysteries, MS. Harl. 1013, p. 140:

"*Open up* hell-gates anon."

It appears from *Martin Mark-all's Apologie to the Bel-man of London*, 1610, that in the cant of gypsies, &c. *Dup the gigger*, signified *to open the doore*. Steevens.

[7] *By* Gis,] I rather imagine it should be read:

By Cis,——

That is, by St. Cecily. Johnson.

See the second paragraph of the next note. Steevens.

[8] —— *by* Saint Charity,] *Saint Charity* is a known saint among the Roman Catholicks. Spenser mentions her, Eclog. V. 255:

"Ah dear lord, and sweet *Saint Charity!*"

Again, in *The Downfall of Robert Earl of Huntington*, 1601:

"Therefore, sweet master, for *Saint Charity.*"

Again, in *A lytell Geste of Robyn Hode*:

"Lete me go, then sayd the sheryf,
"For *saint Charyte*,—."

Again, *ibid*:

"Gyve us some of your spendynge,
"For *saynt Charyte*."

Quoth ſhe, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed:

[He anſwers.[1]]

So would I ha' done, by yonder ſun,
An thou hadſt not come to my bed.

I find, by *Giſſe*, uſed as an adjuration, both by Gaſcoigne in his *Poems*, by Preſton in his *Cambyſes*, and in the comedy of *See me and ſee me not*, 1618:

" By *Giſſe* I ſwear, were I ſo fairly wed," &c.

Again, in *King Edward III.* 1599:

" By *Gis*, fair lords, ere many daies be paſt," &c.

Again, in Heywood's 23d Epigram, Fourth Hundred:

" Nay, by *Gis*, he looketh on you maiſter, quoth he."

STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's firſt aſſertion, though diſputed by a catholick friend, can be ſupported by infallible authority. " We read," ſays Dr. Douglas, " in the martyrology on the firſt of Auguſt—*Romæ paſſio ſanctarum virginum*, Fidei, Spei, *et* CHARITATIS, *quæ ſub Hadriano principe martyriæ coronam adeptæſunt*."

Criterion, p. 68. RITSON.

In the ſcene between the Baſtard Faulconbridge and the friars and nunne, in the Firſt Part of *The troubleſome Raigne of King John*, (edit. 1779, p. 256, &c.) " the nunne ſwears *by Gis*, and the friers pray to *Saint Withold* (another obſolete ſaint mentioned in *King Lear*, Vol. XVII.) and adjure him by *Saint Charitie* to hear them." BLACKSTONE.

By Gis,] There is not the leaſt mention of any ſaint whoſe name correſponds with this, either in the *Roman Calendar*, the ſervice *in Uſum Sarum*, or in the Benedictionary of Biſhop Athelwold. I believe the word to be only a corrupted abbreviation of *Jeſus*, the letters J. H. S. being anciently all that was ſet down to denote that ſacred name, on altars, the covers of books, &c. RIDLEY.

Though *Gis* may be, and I believe is, only a contraction of *Jeſus*, there is certainly a Saint *Giſlen*, with whoſe name it correſponds. RITSON.

[2] *By* cock,] This is likewiſe a corruption of the ſacred name. Many inſtances of it are given in a note at the beginning of the fifth Act of *The Second Part of King Henry IV.* STEEVENS.

[1] *He anſwers.*] Theſe words I have added from the quartos. STEEVENS.

King. How long hath ſhe been thus?

Oph. I hope, all will be well. We muſt be patient: but I cannot chooſe but weep, to think, they ſhould lay him i'the cold ground: My brother ſhall know of it, and ſo I thank you for your good counſel. Come, my coach! Good night, ladies;[3] good night, ſweet ladies: good night, good night.

[*Exit.*

King. Follow her cloſe; give her good watch, I pray you. [*Exit* Horatio.

O! this is the poiſon of deep grief; it ſprings
All from her father's death: And now behold,
O Gertrude, Gertrude,
When ſorrows come,[3] they come not ſingle ſpies,
But in battalions! Firſt, her father ſlain;
Next, your ſon gone; and he moſt violent author
Of his own juſt remove: The people muddied,
Thick and unwholeſome in their thoughts and whiſpers,
For good Polonius' death; and we have done but greenly,[4]
In hugger-mugger to inter him:[5] Poor Ophelia

[2] Come, my coach! *Good night, ladies*; &c.] In Marlowe's *Tamburlaine*, 1590, Zabina in her frenzy uſes the ſame expreſſion: "Hell, *make ready my coach*, my chair, my jewels, I *come*, I *come*." Malone.

[3] *When ſorrows come*, &c.] In Ray's *Proverbs* we find, "Misfortunes ſeldom come alone," as a proverbial phraſe. Reed.

[4] ——*but* greenly,] But *unſkilfully*; with *greenneſs*; that is, without *maturity* of judgment. Johnson.

[5] *In* hugger-mugger *to inter him:*] All the modern editions that I have conſulted, give it:

In private *to inter him*;—.

That the words now replaced are better, I do not undertake to prove; it is ſufficient that they are Shakſpeare's: if phraſeology is to be changed as words grow uncouth by diſuſe, or groſs by

Divided from herſelf, and her fair judgment;
Without the which we are pictures, or mere beaſts.
Laſt, and as much containing as all theſe,
Her brother is in ſecret come from France:
Feeds on his wonder,[6] keeps himſelf in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With peſtilent ſpeeches of his father's death;
Wherein neceſſity, of matter beggar'd,[7]

vulgarity, the hiſtory of every language will be loſt; we ſhall no longer have the words of any author; and, as theſe alterations will be often unſkilfully made, we ſhall in time have very little of his meaning. JOHNSON.

On this juſt obſervation I ground the reſtoration of a groſs and unpleaſing word in a preceding paſſage, for which Mr. Pope ſubſtituted *groan*. See p. 172, n. 9. The alteration in the preſent inſtance was made by the ſame editor. MALONE.

This expreſſion is uſed in *The Revenger's Tragedy*, 1609:

" ——he died like a politician,
" In *hugger-mugger*."

Again, in Harrington's *Arioſto*:

" So that it might be done in *hugger-mugger*."

Shakſpeare probably took the expreſſion from the following paſſage in Sir Thomas North's tranſlation of Plutarch:—" Antonius thinking that his body ſhould be honourably buried, and not in *hugger-mugger*."

It appears from Greene's *Groundwork of Coneycatching*, 1592, that *to hugger* was to lurk about. STEEVENS.

The meaning of the expreſſion is aſcertained by Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: " *Dinaſcoſo*, Secretly, hiddenly, *in hugger-mugger*." MALONE.

[6] Feeds *on his wonder*,] The folio reads—
Keeps *on his wonder*,——.
The quarto—
Feeds *on* this *wonder*,——.
Thus the true reading is picked out from between them. Sir T. Hanmer reads unneceſſarily—
Feeds *on his* anger,——. JOHNSON.

[7] *Wherein neceſſity*, &c.] Sir T. Hanmer reads:
Whence animoſity *of matter beggar'd*.
He ſeems not to have underſtood the connection. *Wherein*,

Will nothing ſtick our perſon to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear Gertrude, this,
Like to a murdering piece,[8] in many places
Gives me ſuperfluous death! [*A Noiſe within.*

that is, *in which peſtilent ſpeeches, neceſſity,* or *the obligation of an accuſer to ſupport his charge, will nothing ſtick,* &c. JOHNSON.

[8] *Like to a* murdering piece,] Such a piece as aſſaſſins uſe, with many barrels. It is neceſſary to apprehend this, to ſee the juſtneſs of the ſimilitude. WARBURTON.

The ſame term occurs in a paſſage in *The Double Marriage* of Beaumont and Fletcher:

" And, like a *murdering piece,* aims not at one,
" But all that ſtand within the dangerous level."

Again, in *All's Loſt by Luſt,* a tragedy by Rowley, 1633:

" If thou fail'ſt too, the king comes with a *murdering piece,*
" In the rear."

Again, in *A Fair Quarrel,* by Middleton and Rowley, 1622:

" There is not ſuch another *murdering piece*
" In all the ſtock of calumny."

It appears from a paſſage in Smith's *Sea Grammer,* 1627, that it was a piece of ordnance uſed in ſhips of war: " A caſe-ſhot is any kinde of ſmall bullets, nailes, old iron, or the like, to put into the caſe, to ſhoot out of the ordnances or *murderers;* theſe will doe much miſchiefe," &c. STEEVENS.

A *murdering-piece* was the ſpecifick term in Shakſpeare's time for a piece of ordnance, or ſmall cannon. The word is found in Cole's *Latin Dictionary,* 1679, and rendered, " *tormentum murale.*"

The ſmall cannon, which are, or were uſed in the forecaſtle, half-deck, or ſteerage of a ſhip of war, were within this century, called *murdering-pieces.* MALONE.

Perhaps what is now, from the manner of it, called a *ſwivel.* It is mentioned in Sir T. Roes *Voiage to the E. Indies,* at the end of Della Valle's *Travels,* 1665: " —the Eaſt India company had a very little pinnace...mann'd ſhe was with ten men, and had only one ſmall *murdering-piece* within her." Probably it was never charged with a ſingle ball, but always with ſhot, pieces of old iron, &c. RITSON.

Queen. Alack! what noiſe is this?[9]

Enter a Gentleman.

King. Attend.
Where are my Switzers?[1] Let them guard the door:
What is the matter?

Gent. Save yourſelf, my lord;
The ocean, overpeering of his liſt,[2]
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haſte,
Than young Laertes, in a riotous head,
O'erbears your officers! The rabble call him, lord;
And, as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, cuſtom not known,

[9] *Alack!* &c.] This ſpeech of the Queen is omitted in the quartos. Steevens.

[1] —— *my* Switzers?] I have obſerved in many of our old plays, that the guards attendant on Kings are called *Switzers*, and that without any regard to the country where the ſcene lies. Thus, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Noble Gentleman*, Act III. ſc. i:

"——— was it not
"Some place of gain, as clerk to the great band
"Of marrow-bones, that the people call the *Switzers?*
"Men made of beef and ſarcenet?" Reed.

The reaſon is, becauſe the Swiſs in the time of our poet, as at preſent, were hired to fight the battles of other nations. So, in Naſhe's *Chriſt's Teares over Jeruſalem*, 4to. 1594: "Law, logicke, and the *Switzers*, may be hired to fight for any body." Malone.

[2] *The ocean, overpeering of his* liſt,] The liſts are the barriers which the ſpectators of a tournament muſt not paſs. Johnson.

See note on *Othello*, Act IV. ſc. i. Steevens.

Liſt, in this place, only ſignifies *boundary*, i. e. the ſhore. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:

"The very *liſt*, the very utmoſt bound
"Of all our fortunes."

The *ſelvage* of cloth was in both places, I believe, in our author's thoughts. Malone.

The ratifiers and props of every word,[3]
They cry, *Chooſe we*; *Laertes ſhall be king!*
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the clouds,
Laertes ſhall be king, Laertes king!

Queen. How cheerfully on the falſe trail they cry!
O, this is counter, you falſe Daniſh dogs.[4]

[3] *The ratifiers and props of every* word,] By *word* is here meant *a declaration*, or propoſal. It is determined to this ſenſe, by the inference it hath to what had juſt preceded:

" The rabble call him lord," &c.

This acclamation, which is the *word* here ſpoken of, was made without regard to antiquity, or received cuſtom, whoſe concurrence, however, is neceſſarily required to confer validity and ſtability in every propoſal of this kind. Heath.

Sir T. Hanmer would tranſpoſe this line and the next. Dr. Warburton propoſes to read, *ward*; and Dr. Johnſon, *weal*, inſtead of *word*. I ſhould be rather for reading, *work*.

Tyrwhitt.

In the firſt folio there is only a comma at the end of the above line; and will not the paſſage bear this conſtruction?—The rabble call him lord, and as if the world were now but to begin, and as if the ancient cuſtom of hereditary ſucceſſion were unknown, they, the ratifiers and props of *every word he utters*, cry,—Let us make choice, that Laertes ſhall be king. Tollet.

This *conſtruction* might certainly be admitted, and *the ratifiers and props of every word* might be underſtood to be applied to the *rabble* mentioned in a preceding line, without Sir T. Hanmer's tranſpoſition of this and the following line; but there is no authority for what Mr. Tollet adds, " of every word *he* [Laertes] *utters*," for the poet has not deſcribed Laertes as having uttered a word. If, therefore, the rabble are called *the ratifiers and props of every word*, we muſt underſtand, " of every word *uttered by themſelves*:" which is ſo tame, that it would be unjuſt to our poet to ſuppoſe that to have been his meaning. *Ratifiers*, &c. refer not to the people, but to *cuſtom* and *antiquity*, which the ſpeaker ſays are the true ratifiers and props of every word. The laſt word however of the line may well be ſuſpected to be corrupt; and Mr. Tyrwhitt has probably ſuggeſted the true reading.

Malone.

[4] *O, this is counter, you falſe Daniſh dogs.*] Hounds run *counter* when they trace the trail backwards. Johnson.

King. The doors are broke. [*Noiſe within.*

Enter Laertes, *armed*; Danes *following.*

Laer. Where is this king?—Sirs, ſtand you all without.

Dan. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

Dan. We will, we will.

[*They retire without the Door.*

Laer. I thank you:—keep the door.—O thou vile king,
Give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good Laertes.

Laer. That drop of blood, that's calm, proclaims me baſtard;
Cries, cuckold, to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaſte unſmirched brow[5]
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cauſe, Laertes,
That thy rebellion looks ſo giant-like?—
Let him go, Gertrude; do not fear our perſon;
There's ſuch divinity doth hedge a king,
That treaſon can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of his will.—Tell me, Laertes,

[5] ——unſmirched *brow,*] i. e. clean, not defiled. To *beſmirch,* our author uſes, Act I. ſc. v. and again in *King Henry V.* Act IV. ſc. iii.

This ſeems to be an alluſion to a proverb often introduced in the old comedies. Thus, in *The London Prodigal,* 1605: "—as true as the ſkin between any man's *brows.*"

The ſame phraſe is alſo found in *Much Ado about Nothing,* Act III. ſc. v. Steevens.

Why thou art thus incens'd;—Let him go, Gertrude;—
Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackeſt devil!
Conſcience, and grace, to the profoundeſt pit!
I dare damnation: To this point I ſtand,—
That both the worlds I give to negligence,[6]
Let come what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Moſt throughly for my father.

King. Who ſhall ſtay you?

Laer. My will, not all the world's:
And, for my means, I'll huſband them ſo well,
They ſhall go far with little.

King. Good Laertes,
If you deſire to know the certainty
Of your dear father's death, is't writ in your revenge,
That, ſweepſtake, you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loſer?

Laer. None but his enemies.

King. Will you know them then?

Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms;

[6] *That* both the worlds *I give to negligence,*] So, in *Macbeth*: "But let the frame of things disjoint, *both the worlds* ſuffer." Steevens.

And, like the kind life-rend'ring pelican,[7]
Repaſt them with my blood.

King. Why, now you ſpeak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltleſs of your father's death,
And am moſt ſenſibly[8] in grief for it,
It ſhall as level to your judgment 'pear,[9]
As day does to your eye.

Danes. [*Within.*] Let her come in.

Laer. How now! what noiſe is that?

[7] ——*life-rend'ring* pelican,] So, in the ancient *Interlude of Nature*, bl. l. no date:

" Who taught the cok hys watche-howres to obſerve,
" And ſyng of corage wyth ſhryll throte on hye?
" Who taught the *pellycan* her tender hart to carve?—
" For ſhe nolde ſuffer her byrdys to dye?"

Again, in the old play of *King Leir*, 1605:

" I am as kind as is the *pelican*,
" That kils itſelfe, to ſave her young ones lives."

It is almoſt needleſs to add that this account of the bird is entirely fabulous. Steevens.

[8] ——*moſt* ſenſibly—] Thus the quarto, 1604. The folio, following the error of a later quarto, reads—moſt *ſenſible*. Malone.

[9] ——*to your judgment* 'pear,] So the quarto. The folio, and all the later editions, read:

——*to your judgment* pierce,

leſs intelligibly. Johnson.

This eliſion of the verb to *appear*, is common to Beaumont and Fletcher. So, in *The Maid in the Mill*:

" They *'pear* ſo handſomely, I will go forward."

Again:

" And where they *'pear* ſo excellent in little,
" They will but flame in great." Steevens.

Enter OPHELIA, *fantaſtically dreſſed with Straws and Flowers.*

O heat, dry up my brains! tears ſeven times ſalt,
Burn out the ſenſe and virtue of mine eye!—
By heaven, thy madneſs ſhall be paid with weight,
Till our ſcale turn the beam. O roſe of May!
Dear maid, kind ſiſter, ſweet Ophelia!—
O heavens! is't poſſible, a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love: and, where 'tis fine,
It ſends ſome precious inſtance of itſelf
After the thing it loves.[1]

OPH. *They bore him barefac'd on the bier*;[2]
Hey no nonny, nonny hey nonny:[3]
And in his grave rain'd many a tear;—
Fare you well, my dove!

[1] *Nature is* fine *in love: and, where 'tis fine,*
It ſends ſome precious inſtance of itſelf
After the thing it loves.] Theſe lines are not in the quarto, and might have been omitted in the folio without great loſs, for they are obſcure and affected; but, I think, they require no emendation. *Love* (ſays Laertes) is the paſſion by which *nature is moſt* exalted and *refined*; and as ſubſtances, *refined* and ſubtiliſed, eaſily obey any impulſe, or follow any attraction, ſome part of nature, ſo purified and *refined*, flies off after the attracting object, after the thing it loves:

" As into air the purer ſpirits flow,
" And ſeparate from their kindred dregs below,
" So flew her ſoul." JOHNSON.

The meaning of the paſſage may be—That her wits, like the ſpirit of fine eſſences, flew off or evaporated. *Fine*, however, ſometimes ſignifies *artful*. So, in *All's well that ends well*: " Thou art too *fine* in thy evidence." STEEVENS.

[2] *They bore him barefac'd on the bier*; &c.] So, in Chaucer's *Knighte's Tale*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. ver. 2879:

" He laid him bare the viſage on the bere,
" Therwith he wept that pitee was to here."

STEEVENS.

Laer. Hadſt thou thy wits, and didſt perſuade revenge,
It could not move thus.

Oph. You muſt ſing, *Down a-down,*[4] *an you call him a-down-a.* O, how the wheel becomes it![5] It

[3] *Hey no nonny,* &c.] Theſe words, which were the burthen of a ſong, are found only in the folio. See Vol. XVII. *King Lear,* Act III. ſc. iii. Malone.

Theſe words are alſo found in old John Heywood's *Play of The Wether:*

"Gyve boys wether, quoth a *nonny nonny.*"

I am informed, that among the common people in Norfolk, to *nonny* ſignifies to *trifle* or *play with.* Steevens.

[4] ——*ſing,* Down a-down,] Perhaps Shakſpeare alludes to *Phœbe's Sonnet,* by Thomas Lodge, which the reader may find in *England's Helicon,* 1600:

"*Downe a-downe,*
"Thus Phillis ſung,
"By fancie once diſtreſſed: &c.
"And ſo ſing I, with *downe a-downe,*" &c.

Down a-down is likewiſe the burthen of a ſong in *The Three Ladies of London,* 1584, and perhaps common to many others. Steevens.

See Florio's Italian Dictionary, 1598: "*Filibuſtacchina,* The burden of a countrie ſong; as we ſay, *Hay doune a doune, douna.* Malone.

[5] *O, how the wheel becomes it!* &c.] The ſtory alluded to I do not know; but perhaps the lady ſtolen by the ſteward was reduced to *ſpin.* Johnson.

The *wheel* may mean no more than *the burthen of the ſong,* which ſhe had juſt repeated, and as ſuch was formerly uſed. I met with the following obſervation in an old quarto black-letter book, publiſhed before the time of Shakſpeare.

"The ſong was accounted a good one, though it was not moche graced by the *wheele* which in no wiſe accorded with the ſubject matter thereof."

I quote this from memory, and from a book, of which I cannot recollect the exact title or date; but the paſſage was in a preface to ſome ſongs or ſonnets. I well remember, to have met with the word in the ſame ſenſe in other old books.

Rota, indeed, as I am informed, is the ancient muſical term

is the falſe ſteward, that ſtole his maſter's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's roſemary, that's for remembrance;

in Latin, for the burden of a ſong. Dr. Farmer, however, has juſt favoured me with a quotation from Nicholas Breton's *Toyes of an idle Head*, 1577, which at once explains the word *wheel* in the ſenſe for which I have contended:

"That I may ſing, full merrily,
"Not heigh ho *wele*, but care away!"

i. e. not with a melancholy, but a cheerful burthen.

I formerly ſuppoſed that the ballad alluded to by Ophelia, was that entered on the books of the Stationers' Company: "October 1580. Four ballades of the Lord of Lorn and the *Falſe Steward*," &c. but Mr. Ritſon aſſures me there is no correſponding *theft* in it. Steevens.

I am inclined to think that *wheel* is here uſed in its ordinary ſenſe, and that theſe words allude to the occupation of the girl who is ſuppoſed to ſing the ſong alluded to by Ophelia.—The following lines in Hall's *Virgidemiarum*, 1597, appear to me to add ſome ſupport to this interpretation:

"Some drunken rimer thinks his time well ſpent,
"If he can live to ſee his name in print;
"Who when he is once fleſhed to the preſſe,
"And ſees his handſelle have ſuch fair ſucceſſe,
"*Sung to the wheele*, and ſung unto the payle,
"He ſends forth thraves of *ballads* to the ſale."

So, in Sir Thomas Overbury's *Characters*, 1614: She makes her hands hard with labour, and her head ſoft with pittie; and when winter evenings fall early, ſitting at her merry *wheele*, ſhe ſings a defiance to the giddy wheele of fortune."

Our author likewiſe furniſhes an authority to the ſame purpoſe. *Twelfth Night*, Act. II. ſc. iv:

"——Come, the *ſong* we had laſt night:
"The *ſpinſters* and knitters in the ſun,
"Do uſe to *chaunt* it."

A muſical antiquary may perhaps contend, that the controverted words of the text alludes to an ancient inſtrument mentioned by Chaucer, and called by him a *rote*, by others a *vielle*; which was played upon by the friction of a *wheel*. Malone.

pray you, love, remember: and there is panſies, that's for thoughts.[6]

[6] *There's roſemary, that's for remembrance;—and there is panſies, that's for thoughts.*] There is probably ſome mythology in the choice of theſe herbs, but I cannot explain it. *Panſies* is for *thoughts*, becauſe of its name, *Penſees*; but why *roſemary* indicates *remembrance*, except that it is an ever-green, and carried at funerals, I have not diſcovered. JOHNSON.

So, in *All Fools*, a comedy, by Chapman, 1605:

" What flowers are theſe?
" The *panſie* this.
" O, that's for lovers' *thoughts!*"

Roſemary was anciently ſuppoſed to ſtrengthen the memory, and was not only carried at funerals, but worn at weddings, as appears from a paſſage in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Elder Brother*, Act III. ſc. iii.

And from another in *Ram Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

" —— will I be *wed* this morning,
" Thou ſhalt not be there, nor once be graced with
" A piece of *roſemary*."

Again, in *The Noble Spaniſh Soldier*, 1634: " I meet few but are ſtuck with *roſemary*: every one aſked me who was to be *married*."

Again, in Greene's *Never too late*, 1616: " —— ſhe hath given thee a noſegay of flowers, wherein, as a top-gallant for all the reſt, is ſet in *roſemary for remembrance*."

Again, in *A Dialogue between Nature and the Phœnix*, by R. Cheſter, 1601:

" There's *roſemarie*; the Arabians juſtifie
" (Phyſitions of exceeding perfect ſkill)
" It comforteth the braine and *memorie*," &c.

STEEVENS.

Roſemary being ſuppoſed to ſtrengthen the memory, was the emblem of fidelity in lovers. So, in *A Handfull of pleaſant Delites, containing ſundrie new Sonets*, 16mo. 1584:

" *Roſemary* is *for remembrance*
" Betweene us daie and night;
" Wiſhing that I might alwaies have
" You preſent in my ſight."

The poem in which theſe lines are found, is entitled *A Noſegaie alwaies ſweet for Lovers to ſend for Tokens of Love*, &c.

MALONE.

Laer. A document in madneſs; thoughts and remembrance fitted.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines:[7]

[7] *There's* fennel *for you, and* columbines:] Greene, in his *Quip for an Upſtart Courtier*, 1620, calls *fennel, women's weeds*: "fit generally for that ſex, ſith while they are maidens, they wiſh wantonly."

Among Turbervile's *Epitaphes*, &c. p. 42, b. I likewiſe find the following mention of *fennel*:

"Your *fenell* did declare
"(As ſimple men can ſhowe)
"That flattrie in my breaſt I bare,
"Where friendſhip ought to grow."

I know not of what *columbines* were ſuppoſed to be emblematical. They are again mentioned in *All Fools*, by Chapman, 1605:

"What's that?—a *columbine?*
"No: that *thankleſs* flower grows not in my garden."

Gerard, however, and other herbaliſts, impute few, if any, virtues to them; and they may therefore be ſtyled *thankleſs*, becauſe they appear to make no grateful return for their creation.

Again, in the 15th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

"The *columbine* amongſt, they ſparingly do ſet."

From the *Caltha Poetarum*, 1599, it ſhould ſeem as if this flower was the emblem of cuckoldom:

"——the blue *cornuted* columbine,
"Like to the crooked horns of Acheloy." Steevens.

Columbine was an emblem of cuckoldom on account of the horns of its nectaria, which are remarkable in this plant. See *Aquilegia*, in Linnæus's Genera, 684. S. W.

The columbine was emblematical of forſaken lovers:

"The *columbine* in tawny often taken,
"*Is then aſcribed to ſuch as are forſaken.*"
Browne's *Britannia's Paſtorals*, B. I. Song ii. 1613.
Holt White.

Ophelia gives her fennel and columbines to the *king*. In the collection of Sonnets quoted above, the former is thus mentioned:

"*Fennel* is *for flatterers*,
"An evil thing 'tis ſure;
"But I have alwaies meant truely,
"With conſtant heart moſt pure."

See alſo, Florio's *Italian Dictionary*, 1598: "*Dare finocchio*, to give *fennel*,—to flatter, to diſſemble." Malone.

—there's rue for you; and here's ſome for me:—we may call it, herb of grace o'Sundays:[8]—you

[8] ——*there's* rue *for you; and here's ſome for me:—we may call it,* herb of grace o'Sundays: *&c.*] I believe there is a quibble meant in this paſſage; *rue* anciently ſignifying the ſame as *ruth,* i. e. ſorrow. Ophelia gives the Queen ſome, and keeps a proportion of it for herſelf. There is the ſame kind of play with the ſame word in *King Richard II.*

Herb of grace is one of the titles which *Tucca* gives to *William Rufus,* in Decker's *Satiromaſtix.* I ſuppoſe the firſt ſyllable of the ſurname *Rufus* introduced the quibble.

In *Doctor Do-good's Directions,* an ancient ballad, is the ſame alluſion:

" If a man have light fingers that he cannot charme,
" Which will pick men's pockets, and do ſuch like harme,
" He muſt be let blood, in a ſcarfe weare his arme,
" And drink the *herb grace* in a poſſet luke-warme."

STEEVENS.

The following paſſage from Greene's *Quip for an Upſtart Courtier,* will furniſh the beſt reaſon for calling *rue* herb of grace o'Sundays: " —ſome of them ſmil'd and ſaid, *Rue* was called *Herbegrace,* which though they ſcorned in their youth, they might wear in their age, and that it was never too late to ſay *miſerere.*" HENLEY.

Herb of grace was not the *Sunday name,* but the *every day* name of *rue.* In the common Dictionaries of Shakſpeare's time it is called *herb of grace.* See Florio's *Italian Dictionary,* 1598, in v. *ruta,* and Cotgrave's *French Dictionary,* 1611, in v. *rue.* There is no ground, therefore, for ſuppoſing with Dr. Warburton, that *rue* was called herb of grace, from its being uſed in exorciſms performed in churches on Sundays.

Ophelia only means, I think, that the Queen may with peculiar propriety on *Sundays,* when ſhe ſolicits pardon for that crime which ſhe has ſo much occaſion to *rue* and repent of, call her rue, *herb of grace.* So, in *King Richard II:*

" Here did ſhe drop a tear; here in this place
" I'll ſet a bank of *rue,* ſour *herb of grace.*
" *Rue,* even for *ruth,* here ſhortly ſhall be ſeen,
" In the remembrance of a weeping queen."

Ophelia, after having given the Queen *rue* to remind her of the *ſorrow* and *contrition* ſhe ought to feel for her inceſtuous marriage, tells her, ſhe may wear it with a *difference,* to diſtinguiſh it from that worn by Ophelia herſelf; becauſe her tears

may wear your rue with a difference.[9]—There's a daiſy:[1]—I would give you ſome violets; but they withered all, when my father died:[2]—They ſay, he made a good end,——

For bonny ſweet Robin is all my joy,[3]—

[Sings.

flowed from the loſs of a father, thoſe of the Queen ought to flow for her guilt. MALONE.

[9] ——*you may wear your rue* with a difference.] This ſeems to refer to the rules of heraldry, where the younger brothers of a family bear the ſame arms *with a difference*, or mark of diſtinction. So, in Holinſhed's *Reign of King Richard II.* p. 443: "—becauſe he was the youngeſt of the Spenſers, he bare a border gules for a *difference*."

There may, however, be ſomewhat more implied here than is expreſſed. *You, madam,* (ſays Ophelia to the Queen,) *may call your* RUE *by its Sunday name,* HERB OF GRACE, *and ſo wear it with a difference to diſtinguiſh it from mine, which can never be any thing but merely* RUE, i. e. *ſorrow.* STEEVENS.

[1] *There's a* daiſy:] Greene, in his *Quip for an Upſtart Courtier*, has explained the ſignificance of this flower: "—Next them grew the DISSEMBLING DAISIE, to warne ſuch light-of-love wenches not to truſt every faire promiſe that ſuch amorous bachelors make them." HENLEY.

[2] *I would give you ſome violets; but they wither'd all, when my father died:*] So, in Bion's beautiful elegy on the death of Adonis:

"——————πάντα σὺν αὐτῳ
"Ὡς τήνος τέθναχε, καὶ ἄνθεα πάντ' ἐμαράνθη." TODD.

The violet is thus characterized in the old collection of Sonnets above quoted, printed in 1584:

"*Violet* is for *faithfulneſſe*,
"Which in me ſhall abide;
"Hoping likewiſe that from your heart
"You will not let it ſlide." MALONE.

[3] *For bonny ſweet Robin is all my joy,*] This is part of an old ſong, mentioned likewiſe by Beaumont and Fletcher, in *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, Act IV. ſc. i:

"——I can ſing the broom,
"And *Bonny Robin*."

Laer. Thought and affliction,[4] paſſion, hell itſelf,
She turns to favour, and to prettineſs.

Oph. *And will he not come again?* [Sings.
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead,
Go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.

His beard was as white as ſnow,[5]
All flaxen was his poll:
He is gone, he is gone,
And we caſt away moan;
God 'a mercy on his ſoul!

And of all chriſtian ſouls![6] I pray God. God be wi' you! [*Exit* Ophelia.

In the books of the Stationers' Company, 26 April, 1594, is entered "A ballad, intituled, A doleful adewe to the laſt Erle of Darbie, to the tune of *Bonny ſweet Robin.*" Steevens.

The "Courtly new ballad of the princely wooing of the faire maid of London, by King Edward," is alſo "to the tune of *Bonny ſweet Robin.*" Ritson.

[4] Thought *and affliction,*] *Thought* here, as in many other places, ſignifies melancholy. See Vol. XVII. p. 179, n. 1. Malone.

[5] *His beard was as white as ſnow,* &c.] This, and ſeveral circumſtances in the character of Ophelia, ſeem to have been ridiculed in *Eaſtward Hoe,* a comedy, written by Ben Jonſon, Chapman, and Marſton, printed in 1605, Act III:

"His head as white as milk,
"All flaxen was his hair;
"But now he's dead,
"And laid in his bed,
"And never will come again,
"God be at your labour!" Steevens.

[6] *God 'a mercy on his ſoul!*
And of all chriſtian ſouls!] This is the common concluſion

Laer. Do you ſee this, O God?

King. Laertes, I muſt commune with your grief,[7]
Or you deny me right. Go but apart,
Make choice of whom your wiſeſt friends you will,
And they ſhall hear and judge 'twixt you and me:
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our kingdom give,
Our crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in ſatisfaction; but, if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us,
And we ſhall jointly labour with your ſoul
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be ſo;
His means of death, his obſcure funeral,—
No trophy, ſword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones,[8]

to many of the ancient monumental inſcriptions. See Weever's *Funeral Monuments*, p. 657, 658. Berthelette, the publiſher of Gower's *Confeſſio Amantis*, 1554, ſpeaking firſt of the funeral of Chaucer, and then of Gower, ſays: "—he lieth buried in the monaſterie of Seynt Peter's at Weſtminſter, &c. *On whoſe ſoules and all chriſten, Jeſu have mercie.*" Steevens.

[7] ——commune *with your grief*,] The folio reads—*common*. To *common* is to *commune*. This word, pronounced as anciently ſpelt, is ſtill in frequent provincial uſe. So, in *The Laſt Voyage of Captaine Frobiſher*, by Dionyſe Settle, 12mo. bl. l. 1577: "Our Generall repayred with the ſhip boat to *common* or ſign with them." Again, in Holinſhed's account of Jack Cade's inſurrection: "—to whome were ſent from the king the archbiſhop &c. to *common* with him of his griefs and requeſts."
Steevens.

[8] *No trophy, ſword, nor hatchment, o'er his bones,*] It was the cuſtom, in the times of our author, to hang a ſword over the grave of a knight. Johnson.

This practice is uniformly kept up to this day. Not only the ſword, but the helmet, gauntlet, ſpurs, and tabard (i. e. a coat whereon the armorial enſigns were anciently depicted, from whence the term *coat of armour*,) are hung over the grave of every knight. Sir J. Hawkins.

No noble rite, nor formal oſtentation,—
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heaven to earth,
That I muſt call't in queſtion.

King. So you ſhall;
And, where the offence is, let the great axe fall.
I pray you, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Another Room in the ſame.

Enter Horatio, *and a* Servant.

Hor. What are they, that would ſpeak with me?

Serv. Sailors, ſir;
They ſay, they have letters for you.

Hor. Let them come in.—
[*Exit* Servant.
I do not know from what part of the world
I ſhould be greeted, if not from lord Hamlet.

Enter Sailors.

1 *Sail.* God bleſs you, ſir.

Hor. Let him bleſs thee too.

1 *Sail.* He ſhall, ſir, an't pleaſe him. There's a letter for you, ſir; it comes from the ambaſſador that was bound for England; if your name be Horatio, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. [*Reads.*] Horatio, *when thou ſhalt have overlooked this, give theſe fellows ſome means to the king; they have letters for him. Ere we were two*

days old at ſea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chace: Finding ourſelves too ſlow of ſail, we put on a compelled valour; and in the grapple I boarded them: on the inſtant, they got clear of our ſhip; ſo I alone became their priſoner. They have dealt with me, like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did; I am to do a good turn for them. Let the king have the letters I have ſent; and repair thou to me with as much haſte as thou would'ſt fly death. I have words to ſpeak in thine ear, will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the bore of the matter.[9] *Theſe good fellows will bring thee where I am.* Roſencrantz *and* Guildenſtern *hold their courſe for England: of them I have much to tell thee. Farewell.*

He that thou knoweſt thine, Hamlet.

Come, I will give you way for theſe your letters;
And do't the ſpeedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them.

[*Exeunt.*

[9] ——*for the* bore *of the matter.*] The *bore* is the caliber of a gun, or the capacity of the barrel. *The matter* (ſays Hamlet) *would carry heavier words.* JOHNSON.

SCENE VII.

Another Room in the ſame.

Enter King *and* LAERTES.

KING. Now muſt your conſcience my acquittance ſeal,
And you muſt put me in your heart for friend;
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father ſlain,
Purſu'd my life.

LAER. It well appears:—But tell me,
Why you proceeded not againſt theſe feats,
So crimeful and ſo capital in nature,
As by your ſafety, greatneſs, wiſdom, all things elſe,
You mainly were ſtirr'd up.

KING. O, for two ſpecial reaſons;
Which may to you, perhaps, ſeem much unſinew'd,
But yet to me they are ſtrong. The queen his mother,
Lives almoſt by his looks; and for my ſelf,
(My virtue, or my plague, be it either which,)
She is ſo conjunctive to my life and ſoul,
That, as the ſtar moves not but in his ſphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a publick count I might not go,
Is, the great love the general gender[1] bear him:
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,

[1] ——*the general gender*—] The *common race* of the people. JOHNSON.

Work like the ſpring [2] that turneth wood to ſtone,
Convert his gyves to graces; ſo that my arrows,
Too ſlightly timber'd for ſo loud a wind,[3]
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And ſo have I a noble father loſt;
A ſiſter driven into deſperate terms;
Whoſe worth, if praiſes may go back again,[4]

[2] Work *like the ſpring* &c.] This ſimile is neither very ſeaſonable in the deep intereſt of this converſation, nor very accurately applied. If the *ſpring* had changed baſe metals to gold, the thought had been more proper. JOHNSON.

The folio, inſtead of—*work*, reads—*would*.

The ſame compariſon occurs in Churchyard's *Choiſe*:

" So there is *wood* that water turns to *ſtones*."

In Thomas Lupton's *Third Book of Notable Thinges*, 4to. bl. l. there is alſo mention of " a well, that whatſoever is throwne into the ſame, is *turned into a ſtone*."

This, however, we learn from Ovid, is no modern ſuppoſition:

" Flumen habent Cicones, quod potum ſaxea reddit
" Viſcera, quod tactis inducit marmora rebus."

See alſo, Hackluyt, Vol. I. p. 563. STEEVENS.

The alluſion here is to the qualities ſtill aſcribed to the dropping well at Knareſborough in Yorkſhire. Camden (edit. 1590, p. 564,) thus mentions it: " Sub quo fons eſt in quem ex impendentibus rupibus aquæ guttatim diſtillant, unde DROPPING WELL vocant, in quem *quicquid ligni immittitur, lapideo cortice brevi obduci & lapideſcere obſervatum eſt*." REED.

[3] ——*for ſo* loud a wind,] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1604, reads—for ſo *loued arm'd*. If theſe words have any meaning, it ſhould ſeem to be—The inſtruments of offence I employ, would have proved too weak to injure one who is ſo *loved and arm'd* by the affection of the people. Their love, like *armour*, would revert the arrow to the bow.

The reading in the text, however, is ſupported in Aſcham's *Toxophilus*, edit. 1589, p. 57: " Weake bowes and *lighte ſhaftes* cannot ſtand in a *rough winde*." STEEVENS.

Loued arm'd is as extraordinary a corruption as any that is found in theſe plays. MALONE.

[4] ——*if praiſes may go back again*,] If I may praiſe what has been, but is now to be found no more. JOHNSON.

Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections :—But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your ſleeps for that : you muſt not think,
That we are made of ſtuff ſo flat and dull,
That we can let our beard be ſhook with danger,[5]
And think it paſtime. You ſhortly ſhall hear more :
I loved your father, and we love ourſelf ;
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine,—
How now ? what news ?[6]

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſs. Letters, my lord, from Hamlet :[7]
This to your majeſty ; this to the queen.

King. From Hamlet ! who brought them ?

Meſs. Sailors, my lord, they ſay : I ſaw them not ;
They were given me by Claudio, he receiv'd them
Of him that brought them.[8]

King. Laertes, you ſhall hear them :—
Leave us. [*Exit* Meſſenger.

[Reads.] *High and mighty, you ſhall know, I am ſet naked on your kingdom. To-morrow ſhall I beg leave to ſee your kingly eyes : when I ſhall, firſt aſking your pardon thereunto, recount the occaſion of my ſudden and more ſtrange return.* Hamlet.

[5] *That we can let our beard be ſhook with danger,*] It is wonderful that none of the advocates for the learning of Shakſpeare have told us that this line is imitated from Perſius, Sat. ii :

" Idcirco ſtolidam præbet tibi vellere barbam
" Jupiter ?" STEEVENS.

[6] *How now ?* &c.] Omitted in the quartos. THEOBALD.

[7] *Letters,* &c.] Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[8] *Of him that brought them.*] I have reſtored this hemiſtich from the quartos. STEEVENS.

What ſhould this mean! Are all the reſt come back?
Or is it ſome abuſe, and no ſuch thing?

Laer. Know your the hand?

King. 'Tis Hamlet's character. *Naked,*—
And, in a poſtſcript here, he ſays, *alone:*
Can you adviſe me?

Laer. I am loſt in it, my lord. But let him come;
It warms the very ſickneſs in my heart,
That I ſhall live and tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddeſt thou.

King. If it be ſo, Laertes,
As how ſhould it be ſo? how otherwiſe?—
Will you be rul'd by me?

Laer. Ay, my lord;
So you will not o'er-rule me to a peace.

King. To thine own peace. If he be now return'd,—
As checking at his voyage,[9] and that he means
No more to undertake it,—I will work him
To an exploit, now ripe in my device,
Under the which he ſhall not chooſe but fall:
And for his death no wind of blame ſhall breathe;

[9] *As* checking *at his voyage,*] The phraſe is from falconry; and may be juſtified from the following paſſage in Hinde's *Elioſto Libidinoſo,* 1606: "—For who knows not, quoth ſhe, that this hawk, which comes now ſo fair to the fiſt, may to-morrow *check* at the lure?"

Again, in G. Whetſtone's *Caſtle of Delight,* 1576:

"But as the hawke, to gad which knowes the way,
"Will hardly leave to *checke* at carren crowes," &c.

Steevens.

As checking *at his voyage,*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1604, exhibits a corruption ſimilar to that mentioned in n. 3, p. 304. It reads:—As *the king* at his voyage. Malone.

But even his mother ſhall uncharge the practice,
And call it, accident.

Laer.[1] My lord, I will be rul'd;
The rather, if you could deviſe it ſo,
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right.
You have been talk'd of ſince your travel much,
And that in Hamlet's hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they ſay, you ſhine: your ſum of parts
Did not together pluck ſuch envy from him,
As did that one; and that, in my regard,
Of the unworthieſt ſiege.[2]

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very ribband in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no leſs becomes
The light and careleſs livery that it wears,
Than ſettled age his ſables, and his weeds,
Importing health and graveneſs.[3]—Two months ſince,

[1] *Laer.* &c.] The next ſixteen lines are omitted in the folio. STEEVENS.

[2] *Of the unworthieſt* ſiege.] Of the loweſt rank. *Siege*, for *ſeat, place.* JOHNSON.

So, in *Othello:*

" ——— I fetch my birth
" From men of royal *ſiege.*" STEEVENS.

[3] Importing health *and graveneſs.*] *Importing* here may be, not *inferring* by logical conſequence, but *producing* by phyſical effect. A young man regards ſhow in his dreſs, an old man, *health.* JOHNSON.

Importing health, I apprehend, means, *denoting an attention to health.* MALONE.

Importing may only ſignify—*implying, denoting.* So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I:

" Comets, *importing* change of times and ſtates."

Mr. Malone's explanation, however, may be the true one. STEEVENS.

Here was a gentleman of Normandy,—
I have ſeen myſelf, and ſerv'd againſt, the French,
And they can well on horſeback: but this gallant
Had witchcraft in't; he grew unto his ſeat,
And to ſuch wond'rous doing brought his horſe,
As he had been incorps'd and demi-natur'd
With the brave beaſt:[4] ſo far he topp'd my thought,
That I, in forgery of ſhapes and trieks,[5]
Come ſhort of what he did.

Laer. A Norman, was't?

King. A Norman.

Laer. Upon my life, Lamord.[6]

King. The very ſame.

Laer. I know him well: he is the brooch, indeed,
And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confeſſion of you;
And gave you ſuch a maſterly report,
For art and exerciſe in your defence,[7]
And for your rapier moſt eſpecial,
That he cried out, 'twould be a ſight indeed,
If one could match you: the ſcrimers[8] of their nation,

[4] *As he had been incorps'd and demi-natur'd*
With the brave beaſt:] This is from Sidney's *Arcadia*, B. II: "As if, Centaur-like, he had been one peece with the horſe." Steevens.

[5] —— *in forgery of ſhapes and tricks,*] I could not contrive ſo many proofs of dexterity as he could perform. Johnson.

[6] *Lamord.*] Thus the quarto, 1604. Shakſpeare, I ſuſpect, wrote *Lamode*. See the next ſpeech but one. The folio has—*Lamound*. Malone.

[7] —— *in your defence,*] That is, in the *ſcience of* defence. Johnson.

[8] —— *the* ſcrimers—] The *fencers*. Johnson.

He ſwore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd them: Sir, this report of his
Did Hamlet ſo envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wiſh and beg
Your ſudden coming o'er, to play with you.
Now, out of this,——

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. Laertes, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a ſorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why aſk you this?

King. Not that I think, you did not love your father;
But that I know, love is begun by time;[9]
And that I ſee, in paſſages of proof,[1]
Time qualifies the ſpark and fire of it.
There lives[2] within the very flame of love
A kind of wick, or ſnuff, that will abate it;
And nothing is at a like goodneſs ſtill;

From *eſcrimeur*, Fr. a fencer. Malone.

This unfavourable deſcription of the French ſwordſmen is not in the folio. Steevens.

[9] —— *love is* begun *by time*;] This is obſcure. The meaning may be, *love* is not innate in us, and co-eſſential to our nature, but begins at a certain time from ſome external cauſe, and being always ſubject to the operations of time, ſuffers change and diminution. Johnson.

The King reaſons thus:—"I do not ſuſpect that you did not love your father; but I know that time abates the force of affection." I therefore ſuſpect that we ought to read:

—— *love is* begone *by time*;

I ſuppoſe that Shakſpeare places the ſyllable *be* before *gone*, as we ſay *be*-paint, *be*-ſpatter, *be*-think, &c. M. Mason.

[1] ——*paſſages of proof*,] In tranſactions of daily experience. Johnson.

[2] *There lives* &c.] The next ten lines are not in the folio. Steevens.

For goodneſs, growing to a pluriſy,[3]
Dies in his own too-much: That we would do,
We ſhould do when we would; for this *would* changes,

[3] *For goodneſs, growing to a pluriſy,*] I would believe, for the honour of Shakſpeare, that he wrote *plethory*. But I obſerve the dramatick writers of that time frequently call a fullneſs of blood a *pluriſy*, as if it came, not from πλευρὰ, but from *plus, pluris*. WARBURTON.

I think the word ſhould be ſpelt—*pluriſy*. This paſſage is fully explained by one in Maſcal's *Treatiſe on Cattle*, 1662, p. 187: "Againſt the blood, or *pluriſie* of blood. The diſeaſe of blood is, ſome young horſes will feed, and being fat will *increaſe* blood, and ſo *grow to a pluriſie*, and *die* thereof if he have not ſoon help." TOLLET.

We ſhould certainly read *pluriſy*, as Tollet obſerves. Thus, in Maſſinger's *Unnatural Combat*, Malefort ſays—

"——————in a word,
"Thy *pluriſy* of goodneſs is thy ill."

And again, in *The Picture*, Sophia ſays:

"A *pluriſy* of blood you may let out," &c.

The word alſo occurs in *The Two Noble Kinſmen*. Arcite, in his invocation to Mars, ſays:

"——— that heal'ſt with blood
"The earth, when it is ſick, and cur'ſt the world
"Of the *pluriſy* of people!" M. MASON.

Dr. Warburton is right. The word is ſpelt *pluriſy* in the quarto, 1604, and is uſed in the ſame ſenſe as here, in *'Tis Pity ſhe's a Whore*, by Ford, 1633:

"Muſt your hot itch and *pluriſie* of luſt,
"The hey-day of your luxury, be fed
"Up to a ſurfeit?" MALONE.

Mr. Pope introduced this ſimile in the *Eſſay on Criticiſm*, v. 303:

"For works may have more wit than does them good,
"*As bodies periſh through exceſs of blood.*"

Aſcham has a thought very ſimilar to Pope's: "Twenty to one, offend more, in writing to much, then to litle: *euen as twenty, fall into ſickneſſe, rather by ouer much fulnes, then by any lacke, or emptineſſe.*" *The Schole-Maſter*, 4to. bl. l. fol. 43

HOLT WHITE.

And hath abatements and delays as many,
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this *ſhould* is like a ſpendthrift ſigh,
That hurts by eaſing.[4] But, to the quick o'the ulcer:

[4] *And then this* ſhould *is like a ſpendthrift* ſigh,
That hurts by eaſing.] A *ſpendthrift ſigh* is a *ſigh* that makes an unneceſſary waſte of the vital flame. It is a notion very prevalent, that *ſighs* impair the ſtrength, and wear out the animal powers. JOHNSON.

So, in the *Governall of Helthe* &c. printed by Wynkyn de Worde: "And for why whan a man caſteth out that noble humour too moche, he is hugely dyſcolored, and his body moche febled, more then he lete four *ſythes*, ſoo moche blode oute of his body." STEEVENS.

Hence they are called, in *King Henry VI.*—blood-conſuming *ſighs*. Again, in *Pericles*, 1609:

"Do not *conſume* your *blood with ſorrowing*."

The idea is enlarged upon in Fenton's *Tragical Diſcourſes*, 1579: "Why ſtaye you not in tyme the ſource of your ſcorching *ſighes*, that have already drayned your body of his wholeſome humoures, appoynted by nature to gyve ſucke to the entrals and inward parts of you?"

The original quarto, as well as the folio, reads—a ſpendthrift's ſigh; but I have no doubt that it was a corruption, ariſing from the firſt letter of the following word *ſigh*, being an *s*. I have, therefore, with the other modern editors, printed *ſpendthrift* ſigh, following a late quarto, (which however is of no authority,) printed in 1611. That a ſigh, if it conſumes the blood, *hurts us by eaſing*, or is prejudicial to us on the whole, though it affords a temporary relief, is ſufficiently clear: but the former part of the line, *and then this ſhould*, may require a little explanation. I ſuppoſe the King means to ſay, that if we do not promptly execute what we are convinced we *ſhould* or ought to do, we ſhall afterwards in vain repent our not having ſeized the fortunate moment for action: and this opportunity which we have let go by us, and the reflection that we *ſhould* have done that, which, from ſupervening accidents, it is no longer in our power to do, is as prejudicial and painful to us as a blood-conſuming ſigh, that at once hurts and eaſes us.

I apprehend the poet meant to compare ſuch a conduct, and the conſequent reflection, *only* to the *pernicious* quality which he

Hamlet comes back; What would you undertake,
To ſhow yourſelf in deed your father's ſon
More than in words?

Laer. To cut his throat i'the church.

King. No place, indeed, ſhould murder ſanctuarize;
Revenge ſhould have no bounds. But, good Laertes,
Will you do this, keep cloſe within your chamber:
Hamlet, return'd, ſhall know you are come home:
We'll put on thoſe ſhall praiſe your excellence,
And ſet a double varniſh on the fame
The Frenchman gave you; bring you, in fine, together,
And wager o'er your heads: he, being remiſs,[5]
Moſt generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruſe the foils; ſo that, with eaſe,
Or with a little ſhuffling, you may chooſe
A ſword unbated,[6] and, in a paſs of practice,[7]

ſuppoſed to be annexed to ſighing, and not to the temporary eaſe which it affords. His ſimiles, as I have frequently had occaſion to obſerve, ſeldom run on four feet. Malone.

[5] —— *he, being remiſs,*] He being not vigilant or cautious. Johnson.

[6] *A ſword* unbated,] i. e. not blunted as foils are. Or, as one edition has it, *embaited* or *envenomed.* Pope.

There is no ſuch reading as *embaited* in any edition. In Sir Thomas North's tranſlation of Plutarch, it is ſaid of one of the *Metelli,* that "he ſhewed the people the cruel fight of fencers, at *unrebated* ſwords." Steevens.

Not blunted, as foils are by a button fixed to the end. So, in *Love's Labour's Loſt:*

"That honour, which ſhall *bate* his ſcythe's keen edge."
Malone.

[7] —— *a paſs of* practice,] *Practice* is often by Shakſpeare, and other writers, taken for an *inſidious ſtratagem,* or *privy* treaſon, a ſenſe not incongruous to this paſſage, where yet I

Requite him for your father.

Laer. I will do't:
And, for the purpoſe, I'll anoint my ſword.
I bought an unction of a mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood no cataplaſm ſo rare,
Collected from all ſimples that have virtue
Under the moon, can ſave the thing from death,
That is but ſcratch'd withal: I'll touch my point
With this contagion; that, if I gall him ſlightly,
It may be death.[8]

King. Let's further think of this;
Weigh, what convenience, both of time and means,

rather believe, that nothing more is meant than a *thruſt for exerciſe*. Johnson.

So, in *Look about you*, 1600:

"I pray God there be no *practice* in this change."

Again:

"——the man is like to die:
"*Practice*, by th' maſs, *practice* by the &c.——
"*Practice*, by the Lord, *practice*, I ſee it clear."

Again, more appoſitely, in our author's *Twelfth-Night*, Act V. ſc. ult:

"This *practice* hath moſt ſhrewdly *paſs'd* upon thee."
Steevens.

A paſs of practice is a *favourite paſs*, one that Laertes was well practiſed in.—In *Much Ado about Nothing*, Hero's father ſays:

"I'll prove it on his body, if he dare,
"Deſpite his nice fence, and his active *practice*."

The treachery on this occaſion, was his uſing a ſword *unbated* and *envenomed*. M. Mason.

[8] *It may be death.*] It is a matter of ſurpriſe, that no one of Shakſpeare's numerous and able commentators has remarked, with proper warmth and deteſtation, the villainous aſſaſſin-like treachery of Laertes in this horrid plot. There is the more occaſion that he ſhould be here pointed out an object of abhorrence, as he is a character we are, in ſome preceding parts of the play, led to reſpect and admire. Ritson.

May ſit us to our ſhape:[9] if this ſhould fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not aſſay'd; therefore this project
Should have a back, or ſecond, that might hold,
If this ſhould blaſt in proof.[1] Soft;—let me ſee:—
We'll make a ſolemn wager on your cunnings,—
I ha't:
When in your motion you are hot and dry,
(As make your bouts more violent to that end,)
And that he calls for drink, I'll have preferr'd him[2]
A chalice for the nonce; whereon but ſipping,
If he by chance eſcape your venom'd ſtuck,[3]

[9] *May ſit us to our ſhape:*] May *enable* us to *aſſume proper characters*, and to act our part. JOHNSON.

[1] —— *blaſt in proof.*] This, I believe, is a metaphor taken from a mine, which, in the proof or execution, ſometimes breaks out with an ineffectual *blaſt*. JOHNSON.

The word *proof* ſhows the metaphor to be taken from the trying or proving fire-arms or cannon, which often *blaſt* or *burſt* in the *proof*. STEEVENS.

[2] —— *I'll have* preferr'd him—] i. e. preſented to him. Thus the quarto, 1604. The word indeed is miſpelt, *prefard*. The folio reads—I'll have *prepar'd* him. MALONE.

To *prefer* (as Mr. Malone obſerves,) certainly means—to *preſent, offer*, or *bring forward*. So, in *Timon of Athens:*

" Why then *preferr'd* you not your ſums and bills?"

STEEVENS.

[3] *If he by chance eſcape your venom'd* ſtuck,] For *ſtuck*, read *tuck*, a common name for a *rapier*. BLACKSTONE.

Your venom'd *ſtuck* is, your venom'd thruſt. *Stuck* was a term of the fencing-ſchool. So, in *Twelfth-Night:* " —and he gives me the *ſtuck* with ſuch a mortal motion,—." Again, in *The Return from Parnaſſus*, 1606: " Here is a fellow, Judicio, that carried the deadly *ſtocke* in his pen."—See Florio's *Italian Dict.* 1598: " *Stoccata*, a foyne, a thruſt, a *ſtoccado* given in fence." MALONE.

See Vol. V. p. 371, n. 9. STEEVENS.

Our purpoſe may hold there. But ſtay, what noiſe?[4]

Enter Queen.

How now, ſweet queen?[5]

Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,[6]
So faſt they follow:—Your ſiſter's drown'd, Laertes.

Laer. Drown'd! O, where?

Queen. There is a willow grows aſcaunt the brook,[7]
That ſhows his hoar leaves in the glaſſy ſtream;
Therewith fantaſtick garlands did ſhe make
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daiſies, and long purples,[8]

[4] —— *But ſtay, what noiſe?*] I have recovered this from the quartos. Steevens.

[5] *How* now, *ſweet queen?*] Theſe words are not in the quarto. The word *now*, which appears to have been omitted by the careleſsneſs of the tranſcriber or compoſitor, was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[6] *One woe doth tread upon another's heel,*] A ſimilar thought occurs in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

" One ſorrow never comes, but brings an heir,
" That may ſucceed as his inheritor." Steevens.

Again, in Drayton's *Mortimeriados*, 4to. 1596:

" —— miſeries, which ſeldom come alone,
" Thick on the neck one of another fell."

Again, in Shakſpeare's 131ſt Sonnet:

" A thouſand groans, but thinking on thy fall,
" One on another's neck,——." Malone.

Again, in *Locrine*, 1595:

" *One* miſchief follows on *another's* neck."

And this alſo is the firſt line of a queen's ſpeech on a lady's drowning herſelf. Ritson.

[7] —— aſcaunt *the brook,*] Thus the quartos. The folio reads *aſlant*. *Aſcaunce* is interpreted in a note of Mr. Tyrwhitt's on Chaucer—*aſkew, aſide, ſideways*. Steevens.

[8] —— *and* long purples,] By *long purples* is meant a plant,

That liberal [9] ſhepherds give a groſſer name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them:
There on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious ſliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies, and herſelf,
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes ſpread wide;
And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up:
Which time, ſhe chanted ſnatches of old tunes;[1]

the modern botanical name of which is *orchis morio mas*, anciently *teſticulus morionis*. The *groſſer name* by which it paſſes, is ſufficiently known in many parts of England, and particularly in the county where Shakſpeare lived. Thus far Mr. Warner. Mr. Collins adds, that in Suſſex it is ſtill called *dead men's hands*; and that in Lyte's *Herbal*, 1578, its various names, too groſs for repetition, are preſerved.

Dead men's thumbs are mentioned in an ancient bl. l. ballad, entitled *The deceaſed Maiden Lover*:

" Then round the meddowes did ſhe walke,
" Catching each flower by the ſtalke,
" Such as within the meddowes grew;
" As *dead mans thumbe*, and hare-bell blew."

STEEVENS.

One of the groſſer names of this plant Gertrude had a particular reaſon to avoid:—*the rampant widow*. MALONE.

[9] —— *liberal*—] *Licentious*. See Vol. IV. p. 255, n. 7; Vol. VI. p. 122, n. 6; Vol. VIII. p. 197, n. 5, and p. 275, n. 5. REED.

Liberal is free-ſpoken, licentious in language. So, in *Othello*: " Is he not a moſt profane and *liberal* counſellor?" Again, in *A Woman's a Weathercock*, by N. Field, 1612:

" ——— Next that, the fame
" Of your neglect, and *liberal*-talking tongue,
" Which breeds my honour an eternal wrong."

MALONE.

[1] *Which time, ſhe chanted ſnatches of old* tunes;] Fletcher, in his *Scornful Lady*, very invidiouſly ridicules this incident:

" I will run mad firſt, and if that get not pity,
" I'll drown myſelf to a moſt diſmal ditty."

WARBURTON.

As one incapable of her own diſtreſs,[2]
Or like a creature native and indu'd
Unto that element:[3] but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.[4]

Laer. Alas then, ſhe is drown'd?

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

The quartos read—ſnatches of old *lauds*, i. e. *hymns*.
STEEVENS.

[2] *As one* incapable *of her own diſtreſs*,] As one having no *underſtanding* or knowledge of her danger. See p. 249, n. 1.
MALONE.

That is, inſenſible. So, in *King Richard III*:
"*Incapable* and ſhallow innocents." RITSON.

[3] *Or like a creature native and* indu'd
Unto that element:] I do not think the word *indued* is ſenſe in this place; and believe we ſhould read *inured*.

Shakſpeare ſeems to have forgot himſelf in this ſcene, as there is not a ſingle circumſtance in the relation of Ophelia's death, that induces us to think ſhe had drowned herſelf intentionally.
M. MASON.

As we are indued with certain original diſpoſitions and propenſities at our birth, Shakſpeare here uſes *indued* with great licentiouſneſs, for formed by nature; clothed, endowed, or furniſhed, with properties ſuited to the element of water.

Our old writers uſed *indued* and *endowed* indiſcriminately. "To indue," ſays Minſheu in his Dictionary, "ſepiſſime refertur ad dotes animo infuſas, quibus nimirum ingenium alicujus imbutum et initiatum eſt, unde et G. *inſtruire* eſt. L. *imbuere*. *Imbuere* proprie eſt inchoare et initiari."

In Cotgrave's French Dictionary, 1611, *inſtruire* is interpreted, "to faſhion, to furniſh with." MALONE.

[4] *To muddy death.*] In the firſt ſcene of the next Act we find Ophelia buried with ſuch rites as betoken ſhe *foredid her own life*. It ſhould be remembered, that the account here given, is that of a friend; and that the Queen could not poſſibly know what paſſed in the mind of Ophelia, when ſhe placed herſelf in ſo perilous a ſituation. After the facts had been weighed and conſidered, the prieſt in the next Act pronounces, that *her death was doubtful*. MALONE.

Laer. Too much of water haſt thou, poor Ophelia,
And therefore I forbid my tears: But yet
It is our trick; nature her cuſtom holds,
Let ſhame ſay what it will: when theſe are gone,
The woman will be out.[5]—Adieu, my lord!
I have a ſpeech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it.[6] [*Exit.*

King. Let's follow, Gertrude:
How much I had to do to calm his rage!
Now fear I, this will give it ſtart again;
Therefore, let's follow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Church Yard.

Enter Two Clowns, *with Spades, &c.*

1 *Clo.* Is ſhe to be buried in chriſtian burial, that wilfully ſeeks her own ſalvation?

2 *Clo.* I tell thee, ſhe is; therefore make her grave ſtraight:[7] the crowner hath ſet on her, and finds it chriſtian burial.

[5] *The* woman *will be out.*] i. e. tears will flow. So, in *K. Henry V:*
"And all *the woman* came into my eyes." Malone.
See Vol. XII. p. 476, n. 1. Steevens.

[6] *But that this folly* drowns *it.*] Thus the quarto, 1604. The folio reads—But that this folly *doubts* it; i. e. *doubts*, or extinguiſhes it. See p. 68, n. 4. Malone.

[7] —— *make her grave* ſtraight:] Make her grave from eaſt

1 *Clo.* How can that be, unleſs ſhe drowned herſelf in her own defence?

2 *Clo.* Why, 'tis found ſo.

1 *Clo.* It muſt be *ſe offendendo*; it cannot be elſe. For here lies the point: If I drown myſelf wittingly, it argues an act: and an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform:[8] Argal, ſhe drowned herſelf wittingly.

2 *Clo.* Nay, but hear you, goodman delver.

1 *Clo.* Give me leave. Here lies the water; good: here ſtands the man; good: If the man go to this water, and drown himſelf, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that: but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himſelf:

to weſt in a direct line parallel to the church; not from north to ſouth, athwart the regular line. This, I think, is meant.
JOHNSON.

I cannot think that this means any more than make *her grave immediately.* She is to be buried in *chriſtian burial,* and conſequently the grave is to be made as uſual. My interpretation may be juſtified from the following paſſage in *King Henry V.* and the play before us: "—— We cannot lodge and board a dozen or fourteen gentlewomen who live by the prick of their needles, but it will be thought we keep a bawdy-houſe *ſtraight.*"

Again, in *Hamlet,* Act. III. ſc. iv:

"*Pol.* He will come *ſtraight.*"

Again, in *The Lover's Progreſs,* by Beaumont and Fletcher

"*Lif.* Do you fight *ſtraight?*

"*Clar.* Yes preſently."

Again, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor:*

"—— we'll come and dreſs you *ſtraight.*"

Again, in *Othello:*

"Farewell, my Deſdemona, I will come to thee *ſtraight.*"
STEEVENS.

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

"Let us make ready *ſtraight.*" MALONE.

[8] —— *an act hath three branches; it is, to act, to do, and to perform:*] Ridicule on ſcholaſtick diviſions without diſtinction; and of diſtinctions without difference. WARBURTON.

Argal, he, that is not guilty of his own death, ſhortens not his own life.

2 *Clo.* But is this law?

1 *Clo.* Ay, marry is't; crowner's-queſt law.[9]

2 *Clo.* Will you ha' the truth on't? If this had not been a gentlewoman, ſhe ſhould have been buried out of chriſtian burial.

1 *Clo.* Why, there thou ſay'ſt: And the more pity; that great folks ſhall have countenance in this world to drown or hang themſelves, more than their even chriſtian.[1] Come, my ſpade. There

[9] —— *crowner's queſt-law.*] I ſtrongly ſuſpect that this is a ridicule on the caſe of Dame Hales, reported by Plowden in his Commentaries, as determined in 3 Eliz.

It ſeems, her huſband, Sir James Hales had drowned himſelf in a river; and the queſtion was, whether by this act a forfeiture of a leaſe from the Dean and Chapter of Canterbury, which he was poſſeſſed of, did not accrue to the crown: an inquiſition was found before the coroner, which found him *felo de ſe*. The legal and logical ſubtilties, ariſing from the courſe of the argument of this caſe, gave a very fair opportunity for a ſneer at *crowner's queſt-law*. The expreſſion, a little before, that *an act hath three branches*, &c. is ſo pointed an alluſion to the caſe I mention, that I cannot doubt but that Shakſpeare was acquainted with, and meant to laugh at it.

It may be added, that on this occaſion a great deal of ſubtilty was uſed, to aſcertain whether Sir James was the *agent* or the *patient*; or, in other words, whether *he went to the water, or the water came to him*. The cauſe of Sir James's madneſs was the circumſtance of his having been the judge who condemned *Lady Jane Grey*. Sir J. Hawkins.

If Shakſpeare meant to allude to the caſe of Dame Hales, (which indeed ſeems not improbable,) he muſt have heard of that caſe in converſation; for it was determined before he was born, and Plowden's Commentaries, in which it is reported, were not tranſlated into Engliſh till a few years ago. Our author's ſtudy was probably not much encumbered with old French Reports. Malone.

[1] —— *their* even *chriſtian.*] So, all the old books, and rightly. An old Engliſh expreſſion for fellow-chriſtian.

Thirlby.

is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up Adam's profeſſion.

2 *Clo.* Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clo.* He was the firſt that ever bore arms.

2 *Clo.*[2] Why, he had none.

1 *Clo.* What, art a heathen? How doſt thou underſtand the ſcripture? The ſcripture ſays, Adam digged; Could he dig without arms? I'll put another queſtion to thee: if thou anſwereſt me not to the purpoſe, confeſs thyſelf——[3]

2 *Clo.* Go to.

1 *Clo.* What is he, that builds ſtronger than either the maſon, the ſhipwright, or the carpenter?

So, in Chaucer's *Jack Upland:* "If freres cannot or mow not excuſe 'hem of theſe queſtions aſked of 'hem, it ſeemeth that they be horrible giltie againſt God, and *ther even chriſtian*;" &c.

Again, in Gower, *de Confeſſione Amantis*, Lib. V. fol. 102:

"Of beautie ſighe he never hir *even*."

Again, Chaucer's *Perſones Tale:* "—— of his neighbour, that is to ſayn, of his *even criſten*," &c. This phraſe alſo occurs frequently in the *Paſton Letters*. See Vol. III. p. 421, &c. &c. "That is to ſay, in relieving and ſuſtenance of your *even chriſten*," &c.—Again: "—— to diſpoſe and help your *even chriſten*." STEEVENS.

So King Henry Eighth, in his anſwer to parliament in 1546: "—— you might ſay that I, beyng put in ſo ſpeciall a truſt as I am in this caſe, were no truſtie frende to you, nor charitable man to mine *even chriſtian*,—." Hall's *Chronicle*, fol. 261. MALONE.

[2] 2. *Clo.*] This ſpeech, and the next as far as—*without arms*, is not in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[3] —— *confeſs thyſelf* —] *and be hanged*, the Clown, I ſuppoſe, would have ſaid, if he had not been interrupted. This was a common proverbial ſentence. See *Othello*, Act IV. ſc. i.—He might, however, have intended to ſay, *confeſs thyſelf an aſs*. MALONE.

2 *Clo.* The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thouſand tenants.

1 *Clo.* I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well: But how does it well? it does well to thoſe that do ill: now thou doſt ill, to ſay, the gallows is built ſtronger than the church; argal, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again; come.

2 *Clo.* Who builds[4] ſtronger than a maſon, a ſhipwright, or a carpenter?

1 *Clo.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.[5]

2 *Clo.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clo.* To't.

2 *Clo.* Maſs, I cannot tell.

[4] *Who builds* &c.] The inquiſitive reader may meet with an aſſemblage of ſuch queries (which perhaps compoſed the chief feſtivity of our anceſtors by an evening fire) in a volume of very ſcarce tracts, preſerved in the Univerſity Library, at Cambridge, D. 5. 2. The innocence of theſe *Demaundes Joyous* may deſerve a praiſe which is not always due to their delicacy. STEEVENS.

[5] *Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.*] If it be not ſufficient to ſay, with Dr. Warburton, that this phraſe might be taken from huſbandry, without much depth of reading, we may produce it from a dittie of the workmen of Dover, preſerved in the additions to Holinſhed, p. 1546:

" My bow is broke, I would *unyoke*,
" My foot is ſore, I can worke no more." FARMER.

Again, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, at the end of Song I:

" Here I'll *unyoke* a while and turne my ſteeds to meat."

Again, in P. Holland's tranſlation of Pliny's *Natural Hiſtory*, p. 593: " —— in the evening, and when thou doſt *unyoke*." STEEVENS.

Enter HAMLET *and* HORATIO, *at a diſtance.*

1 *Clo.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it;[6] for your dull aſs will not mend his pace with beating: and, when you are aſked this queſtion next, ſay, a grave-maker; the houſes that he makes, laſt till doomsday. Go, get thee to Yaughan, and fetch me a ſtoup of liquor. [*Exit* 2 Clown.

1 Clown digs, and ſings.

In youth, when I did love, did love,[7]
Methought, it was very ſweet,
To contract, O, the time, for, ah, my behove
O, methought, there was nothing meet.[8]

[6] *Cudgel thy brains no more about it:*] So, in *The Maydes Metamorphoſis*, by Lyly, 1600:

" In vain I fear, *I beat my brains* about
" Proving by ſearch to find my miſtreſſe out." MALONE.

[7] *In youth, when I did love,* &c.] The three ſtanzas, ſung here by the Grave-Digger, are extracted, with a ſlight variation, from a little poem, called *The aged Lover renounceth Love*, written by Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, who flouriſhed in the reign of King Henry VIII. and who was beheaded 1547, on a ſtrained accuſation of treaſon. THEOBALD.

[8] *To contract, O, the time, for,* ah, *my behove*
O, methought, there was nothing meet.] This paſſage, as it ſtands, is abſolute nonſenſe; but if we read " for *aye*," inſtead of " for *ah*" it will have ſome kind of ſenſe, as it may mean, " that it was not meet, though he was in love, to contract himſelf *for ever*." M. MASON.

Dr. Percy is of opinion that the different corruptions in theſe ſtanzas, might have been " deſigned by the poet himſelf, the better to paint the character of an illiterate clown."

Behove is intereſt, convenience. So, in the 4th Book of Phaer's verſion of the *Æneid*:

" —— wilt for thyne own *behove*." STEEVENS.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his buſineſs? he ſings at grave-making.

Hor. Cuſtom hath made it in him a property of eaſineſs.

Ham. 'Tis e'en ſo: the hand of little employment hath the daintier ſenſe.

1 Clo. *But age, with his ſtealing ſteps,*
Hath claw'd me in his clutch,
And hath ſhipped me into the land,
As if I had never been ſuch.[9]
[Throws up a ſcull.

——*nothing meet.*] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1604, reads: *O me thought there a was nothing a meet.* Malone.

The original poem from which this ſtanza is taken, like the other ſucceeding ones, is preſerved among Lord Surrey's poems; though, as Dr. Percy has obſerved, it is attributed to Lord Vaux by George Gaſcoigne. See an epiſtle prefixed to one of his poems, printed with the reſt of his works, 1575. By others it is ſuppoſed to have been written by Sir Thomas Wyatt:

" I lothe that I did love;
" In youth that I thought ſwete:
" As time requires for my behove,
" Methinks they are not mete."

All theſe difficulties, however, (ſays the Rev. Thomas Warton, *Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry*, Vol. III. p. 45,) are at once adjuſted by MS. Harl. 1703, 25, in the Britiſh Muſeum, in which we have a copy of Vaux's poem, beginning, *I lothe that I did love*, with the title, " A dyttie or ſonet made by the lord Vaus, in the time of the noble quene Marye, repreſenting the image of death."

The entire Song is publiſhed by Dr. Percy, in the firſt volume of his *Reliques of Ancient Engliſh Poetry*. Steevens.

[9] *As if I had never been ſuch.*] Thus, in the original:

" For age with ſtealing ſteps
" Hath claude me with his crowch;
" And luſty youthe away he leapes,
" As there had bene none ſuch." Steevens.

Ham. That ſcull had a tongue in it, and could ſing once: How the knave jowls it to the ground, as if it were Cain's jaw-bone, that did the firſt murder! This might be the pate of a politician, which this aſs now o'er-reaches;[1] one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

Ham. Or of a courtier; which could ſay, *Good-morrow, ſweet lord! How doſt thou, good lord?* This might be my lord ſuch-a-one, that praiſed my lord ſuch-a-one's horſe, when he meant to beg it;[2] might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en ſo: and now my lady Worm's;[3] chapleſs, and knocked about the mazzard with a ſexton's ſpade: Here's fine revolution, an we had the trick to ſee't. Did theſe bones coſt no more

[1] ——*which this aſs now* o'er-reaches;] The folio reads—*o'er-offices.* Steevens.

In the quarto, [1604] for *over-offices* is *over-reaches,* which agrees better with the ſentence: it is a ſtrong exaggeration to remark, that an *aſs* can *over-reach* him who would once have tried to *circumvent*—. I believe, both theſe words were Shakſpeare's. An author in reviſing his work, when his original ideas have faded from his mind, and new obſervations have produced new ſentiments, eaſily introduces images which have been more newly impreſſed upon him, without obſerving their want of congruity to the general texture of his original deſign. Johnson.

[2] *This might be my lord ſuch-a-one, that praiſed my lord ſuch-a-one's horſe, when he meant to beg it;*] So, in *Timon of Athens,* Act I:

" ——my lord, you gave
" Good words the other day of a bay courſer
" I rode on; it is yours, becauſe you lik'd it."

Steevens.

[3] ——*and now my lady Worm's;*] The ſcull that was *my lord Such-a-one's,* is now *my lady Worm's.* Johnson.

the breeding, but to play at loggats with them?[4] mine ache to think on't.

1 CLO. *A pick-axe, and a ſpade, a ſpade,* [Sings.
For—and a ſhrouding ſheet:
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For ſuch a gueſt is meet.[5]
[Throws up a ſcull.

[4] —— *to play at* loggats *with them?*] This is a game played in ſeveral parts of England even at this time. A ſtake is fixed into the ground; thoſe who play, throw *loggats* at it, and he that is neareſt the ſtake, wins: I have ſeen it played in different counties at their ſheep-ſhearing feaſts, where the winner was entitled to a black fleece, which he afterwards preſented to the farmer's maid to ſpin for the purpoſe of making a petticoat, and on condition that ſhe knelt down on the fleece to be kiſſed by all the ruſticks preſent.

So, Ben Jonſon, *Tale of a Tub*, Act IV. ſc. vi:

"Now are they toſſing of his legs and arms,
"Like *loggats* at a pear-tree."

Again, in an old collection of Epigrams, Satires, &c.

"To play at *loggats*, nine holes, or ten pinnes."

Again, in Decker's *If this be not a good Play, the Devil is in it*, 1612:

"—— two hundred crowns!
"I've loſt as much at *loggats*."

It is one of the unlawful games enumerated in the ſtatute of 33 of Henry VIII. STEEVENS.

Loggeting in the fields is mentioned for the firſt time among other "*new* and crafty games and plays," in the ſtatute of 33 Henry VIII. c. 9. Not being mentioned in former acts againſt unlawful games, it was probably not practiſed long before the ſtatute of Henry the Eighth was made. MALONE.

A *loggat*-ground, like a ſkittle-ground, is ſtrewed with aſhes, but is more extenſive. A bowl much larger than the jack of the game of bowls is thrown firſt. The pins, which I believe are called *loggats*, are much thinner, and lighter at one extremity than the other. The bowl being firſt thrown, the players take the pins up by the thinner and lighter end, and fling them towards the bowl, and in ſuch a manner that the pins may once turn round in the air, and ſlide with the thinner extremity foremoſt towards the bowl. The pins are about one or two-and twenty inches long. BLOUNT.

Ham. There's another: Why may not that be the ſcull of a lawyer? Where be his quiddits[6] now, his quillets,[7] his caſes, his tenures, and his tricks? why does he ſuffer this rude knave now to knock him about the ſconce[8] with a dirty ſhovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? Humph! This fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his ſtatutes,[9] his recognizances, his fines,

[5] *For ſuch a gueſt is meet.*] Thus in the original:

A pick-axe and a ſpade,
And eke a ſhrowding ſheet;
A houſe of clay for to be made,
For ſuch a gueſt moſt meet. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*quiddits* &c.] i. e. ſubtilties. So, in *Soliman and Perſeda*:

"I am wiſe, but *quiddits* will not anſwer death." STEEVENS.

Again, in Drayton's *Owle*, 4to. 1604:

"By ſome ſtrange *quiddit*, or ſome wreſted clauſe,
"To find him guiltie of the breach of lawes." MALONE.

[7] ——*his* quillets,] So, in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"Nay, good Sir Throat, forbear your *quillets* now." STEEVENS.

Quillets are nice and frivolous diſtinctions. The word is rendered by Cole, in his *Latin Dictonary*, 1679, *res frivola*. MALONE.

[8] ——*the ſconce*—] i. e. the head. So, in Lyly's *Mother Bombie*, 1594:

"Laudo ingenium; I like thy *ſconce*."

Again, in *Ram-Alley, or Merry Tricks*, 1611:

"————I ſay no more;
"But 'tis within this *ſconce* to go beyond them." STEEVENS.

See *Comedy of Errors*, Act I. ſc. iv. Vol. XX. MALONE.

[9] ——*his* ſtatutes,] By a ſtatute is here meant, not an act of parliament, but a ſpecies of ſecurity for money, affecting real property; whereby the lands of the debtor are conveyed to the creditor, till out of the rents and profits of them his debt may be ſatisfied. MALONE.

his double vouchers,[1] his recoveries: Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries,[2] to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchaſes, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? The very conveyances of his lands will hardly lie in this box; and muſt the inheritor himſelf have no more? ha?

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of ſheep-ſkins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calves-ſkins too.

Ham. They are ſheep, and calves, which ſeek out aſſurance in that.[3] I will ſpeak to this fellow:—Whoſe grave's this, ſirrah?

1 *Clo.* Mine, ſir.—

O, a pit of clay for to be made [Sings.
For ſuch a gueſt is meet.

[1] —— *his* double vouchers, *&c.*] A recovery with *double voucher* is the one uſually ſuffered, and is ſo denominated from *two* perſons (the latter of whom is always the common cryer, or ſome ſuch inferior perſon,) being ſucceſſively *voucher,* or called upon, to warrant the tenant's title. Both *fines* and *recoveries* are fictions of law, uſed to convert an eſtate tail into a fee ſimple. *Statutes* are (not acts of parliament, but) *ſtatutes-merchant* and *ſtaple,* particular modes of *recognizance* or acknowledgment for ſecuring *debts,* which thereby become a charge upon the party's land. *Statutes* and *recognizances* are conſtantly mentioned together in the covenants of a purchaſe deed. RITSON.

[2] *Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries,*] Omitted in the quartos. STEEVENS.

[3] —— aſſurance *in that.*] A quibble is intended. Deeds, which are uſually written on parchment, are called the common *aſſurances* of the kingdom. MALONE.

Ham. I think it be thine, indeed; for thou lieſt in't.

1 *Clo.* You lie out on't, ſir, and therefore it is not yours: for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou doſt lie in't, to be in't, and ſay it is thine: 'tis for the dead, not for the quick; therefore thou lieſt.

1 *Clo.* 'Tis a quick lie, ſir; 'twill away again, from me to you.

Ham. What man doſt thou dig it for?

1 *Clo.* For no man, ſir.

Ham. What woman then?

1 *Clo.* For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

1 *Clo.* One, that was a woman, ſir; but, reſt her ſoul, ſhe's dead.

Ham. How abſolute the knave is! we muſt ſpeak by the card,[4] or equivocation will undo us. By

[4] —— *by the* card,] The *card* is the paper on which the different points of the compaſs were deſcribed. *To do any thing by the card,* is, *to do it with nice obſervation.* JOHNSON.

The *card* is a *ſea-chart,* ſtill ſo termed by mariners: and the word is afterwards uſed by Oſric in the ſame ſenſe. Hamlet's meaning will therefore be, we muſt ſpeak *directly forward in a ſtraight line,* plainly to the point. RITSON.

So, in *Macbeth:*

" And the very ports they blow, &c.
" In the ſhipman's *card.*" STEEVENS.

—— *by the* card,] i. e. we muſt ſpeak with the ſame preciſion and accuracy as is obſerved in marking the true diſtances of coaſts, the heights, courſes, &c. in a ſea-*chart,* which in our poet's time was called a *card.* So, in *The Commonwealth and Government of Venice,* 4to. 1599, p. 177: " Sebaſtian Munſter in his *carde* of Venice—." Again, in Bacon's *Eſſays,* p. 326,

the lord, Horatio, theſe three years I have taken note of it; the age is grown ſo picked,[5] that the toe of the peaſant comes ſo near the heel of the courtier, he galls his kibe.—How long haſt thou been a grave-maker?

edit. 1740: "Let him carry with him alſo ſome *card*, or book, deſcribing the country where he travelleth." In 1589 was publiſhed in 4to. *A briefe Diſcourſe of* Mappes *and* Cardes, *and of their Uſes.*—The "ſhipman's *card*" in *Macbeth*, is the paper on which the different points of the compaſs are deſcribed.

MALONE.

In every ancient ſea-*chart* that I have ſeen, the compaſs, &c. was likewiſe introduced. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*the age is grown ſo* picked,] So *ſmart*, ſo *ſharp*, ſays Sir T. Hanmer, very properly; but there was, I think, about that time, a *picked* ſhoe, that is, *a ſhoe with a long pointed toe*, in faſhion, to which the alluſion ſeems likewiſe to be made. *Every man now is ſmart; and every man now is a man of faſhion.* JOHNSON.

This faſhion of wearing ſhoes with long pointed toes was carried to ſuch exceſs in England, that it was reſtrained at laſt by proclamation ſo long ago as the fifth year of Edward IV. when it was ordered, "that the beaks or pykes of ſhoes and boots ſhould not paſs two inches, upon pain of curſing by the clergy, and forfeiting twenty ſhillings, to be paid, one noble to the king, another to the cordwainers of London, and the third to the chamber of London:—and for other countries and towns the like order was taken.—Before this time, and ſince the year 1482, the pykes of ſhoes and boots were of ſuch length, that they were fain to be tied up to the knee with chains of ſilver, and gilt, or at leaſt ſilken laces." STEEVENS.

——*the age is grown ſo* picked,] i. e. ſo ſpruce, ſo quaint, ſo affected. See Vol. VII. p. 133, n. 1; and Vol. X. p. 360, n. 8. There is, I think, no alluſion to *picked* or pointed ſhoes, as has been ſuppoſed. *Picked* was a common word of Shakſpeare's age, in the ſenſe above given, and is found in Minſheu's Dictionary, 1617, with its original ſignification: "*Trimm'd* or dreſt ſprucely." It is here uſed metaphorically. MALONE.

I ſhould have concurred with Mr. Malone in giving a general ſenſe to the epithet—*picked*, but for Hamlet's mention of the *toe* of the peaſant, &c. STEEVENS.

1 *Clo.* Of all the days i'the year, I came to't that day that our laſt king Hamlet overcame Fortinbras.

Ham. How long's that ſince?

1 *Clo.* Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: It was that very day that young Hamlet was born:[6] he that is mad, and ſent into England.

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he ſent into England?

1 *Clo.* Why, becauſe he was mad: he ſhall recover his wits there; or, if he do not, 'tis no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

1 *Clo.* 'Twill not be ſeen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.[7]

Ham. How came he mad?

1 *Clo.* Very ſtrangely, they ſay.

Ham. How ſtrangely?

1 *Clo.* 'Faith, e'en with loſing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

1 *Clo.* Why, here in Denmark; I have been ſexton here, man, and boy, thirty years.

[6] ——*that young Hamlet was born:*] By this ſcene it appears that Hamlet was then thirty years old, and knew Yorick well, who had been dead twenty-two years. And yet in the beginning of the play he is ſpoken of as a *very young* man, one that deſigned to go back to ſchool, i. e. to the Univerſity of Wittenberg. The poet in the fifth Act had forgot what he wrote in the firſt. Blackstone.

[7] *'Twill not be ſeen in him there; there the men are as mad as he.*]

"Nimirum inſanus paucis videatur; eo quod
"Maxima pars hominum morbo jactatur eodem."
Horace, Sat. L. II. iii. 120. Steevens.

Ham. How long will a man lie i'the earth ere he rot?

1 *Clo.* 'Faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky corſes now-a-days,[8] that will ſcarce hold the laying in,) he will laſt you ſome eight year, or nine year: a tanner will laſt you nine year.

Ham. Why he more than another?

1 *Clo.* Why, ſir, his hide is ſo tanned with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while; and your water is a ſore decayer of your whoreſon dead body. Here's a ſcull now hath lain you i'the earth three-and-twenty years.

Ham. Whoſe was it?

1 *Clo.* A whoreſon mad fellow's it was; Whoſe do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

1 *Clo.* A peſtilence on him for a mad rogue! he poured a flagon of Rheniſh on my head once. This ſame ſcull, ſir, was Yorick's ſcull,[9] the king's jeſter.

Ham. This? [*Takes the Scull.*

1 *Clo.* E'en that.

Ham. Alas, poor Yorick!—I knew him, Horatio; a fellow of infinite jeſt, of moſt excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thouſand times; and now, how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge riſes at it. Here hung thoſe lips, that I have kiſſed I know not how oft. Where be

[8] ——*now a-days,*] Omitted in the quarto. Malone.

[9] ——*Yorick's ſcull,*] Thus the folio. The quarto reads—Sir Yorick's ſcull. Malone.

your gibes now? your gambols? your ſongs? your flaſhes of merriment, that were wont to ſet the table on a roar? Not one now, to mock your own grinning?[1] quite chap-fallen? Now get you to my lady's chamber,[2] and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour[3] ſhe muſt come; make her laugh at that.—Pr'ythee, Horatio, tell me one thing.

Hor. What's that, my lord?

Ham. Doſt thou think, Alexander looked o'this faſhion i'the earth?

Hor. E'en ſo.

Ham. And ſmelt ſo? pah!

[*Throws down the Scull.*

Hor. E'en ſo, my lord.

Ham. To what baſe uſes we may return, Horatio! Why may not imagination trace the noble duſt of Alexander, till he find it ſtopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to conſider too curiouſly, to conſider ſo.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot; but to follow him thither with modeſty enough, and likelihood to lead it: As thus; Alexander died, Alexander was buried, Alexander returneth to duſt; the duſt is earth;

[1] ——*your own* grinning?] Thus the quarto, 1604. The folio reads—your own *jeering?* In that copy, after this word, and *chap-fallen*, there is a note of interrogation, which all the editors have adopted. I doubt concerning its propriety. MALONE.

[2] ——*my lady's* chamber,] Thus the folio. The quartos read —my lady's *table*, meaning, I ſuppoſe, her *dreſſing-table.* STEEVENS.

[3] ——*to this* favour—] i. e. to this countenance or complexion. See Vol. IV. p. 329, n. 4; and Vol. XVI. p. 284, n. 5. MALONE.

of earth we make loam: And why of that loam, whereto he was converted, might they not ſtop a beer-barrel?

Imperious Cæſar,[4] dead, and turn'd to clay,
Might ſtop a hole to keep the wind away:
O, that the earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall to expel the winter's flaw![5]

But ſoft! but ſoft! aſide;—Here comes the king,

Enter Prieſts, *&c. in Proceſſion; the Corpſe of* OPHELIA, LAERTES *and Mourners following;* King, Queen, *their Trains,* &c.

The queen, the courtiers: Who is this they follow? And with ſuch maimed rites![6] This doth betoken, The corſe, they follow, did with deſperate hand Fordo its own life.[7] 'Twas of ſome eſtate:[8]

[4] Imperious *Cæſar,*] Thus the quarto, 1604. The editor of the folio ſubſtituted *imperial,* not knowing that imperious was uſed in the ſame ſenſe. See Vol. XV. p. 416, n. 8; and *Cymbeline,* Act IV. ſc. ii. There are other inſtances in the folio of a familiar term being ſubſtituted in the room of a more ancient word. See p. 335, n. 3. MALONE.

[5] —— *winter's* flaw!] Winter's *blaſt.* JOHNSON.

So, in *Marius and Sylla,* 1594:

" ——— no doubt, this ſtormy *flaw,*
" That Neptune ſent to caſt us on this ſhore."

The quartos read—to expel the *water's* flaw. STEEVENS.

See Vol. XIII. p. 275, n. 9. A *flaw* meant a ſudden guſt of wind. So, in Florio's *Italian Dictionary,* 1598: " Groppo, a *flaw,* or berrie of wind." See alſo, Cotgrave's *Dictionary,* 1611: " *Lis de vent,* a *guſt* or *flaw* of wind." MALONE.

[6] —— *maimed rites!*] Imperfect obſequies. JOHNSON.

[7] Fordo *its own life.*] To *fordo* is to undo, to deſtroy. So, in *Othello:*

" —— this is the night
" That either makes me, or *fordoes* me quite."

Couch we a while, and mark.

[*Retiring with* HORATIO.

LAER. What ceremony elſe?

HAM. That is Laertes,
A very noble youth: Mark.

LAER. What ceremony elſe?

1 *PRIEST.*[9] Her obſequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warranty:[1] Her death was doubtful;
And, but that great command o'erſways the order,
She ſhould in ground unſanctified have lodg'd
Till the laſt trumpet; for charitable prayers,
Shards,[2] flints, and pebbles, ſhould be thrown on her,
Yet here ſhe is allow'd her virgin crants,[3]

Again, in *Acolaſtus*, a comedy, 1529: "—— wolde to God it might be leful for me to *fordon* myſelf, or to make an ende of me." STEEVENS.

[8] ——*ſome eſtate:*] Some perſon of high rank. JOHNSON.

See Vol. XV. p. 319, n. 6. MALONE.

[9] 1. *Prieſt.*] This *Prieſt* in the old quarto is called *Doctor.* STEEVENS.

[1] *Her obſequies have been as far enlarg'd*
As we have warranty:] Is there any alluſion here to the coroner's warrant, directed to the miniſter and church-wardens of a pariſh, and permitting the body of a perſon, who comes to an untimely end, to receive chriſtian burial? WHALLEY.

[2] *Shards,*] i. e. broken pots or tiles, called *pot-ſherds, tile-ſherds.* So, in *Job*, ii. 8: "And he took him a *potſherd*, (i. e. a piece of a broken pot,) to ſcrape himſelf withal." RITSON.

[3] —— *allow'd her virgin* crants,] Evidently corrupted from *chants*, which is the true word. A *ſpecific* rather than a *generic* term being here required to anſwer to *maiden ſtrewments.* WARBURTON.

—— *allow'd her virgin* crants,] Thus the quarto, 1604. For this unuſual word the editor of the firſt folio ſubſtituted *rites.* By a more attentive examination and compariſon of the quarto

Her maiden ſtrewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.[4]

Laer. Muſt there no more be done?

1 *Priest.* No more be done!
We ſhould profane the ſervice of the dead,
To ſing a *requiem*,[5] and ſuch reſt to her
As to peace-parted ſouls.

Laer. Lay her i'the earth;—
And from her fair and unpolluted fleſh,
May violets ſpring![6]—I tell thee, churliſh prieſt,

copies and the folio, Dr. Johnſon, I have no doubt, would have been convinced that this and many other changes in the folio were not made by Shakſpeare, as is ſuggeſted in the following note. Malone.

I have been informed by an anonymous correſpondent, that *crants* is the German word for *garlands*, and I ſuppoſe it was retained by us from the Saxons. To carry *garlands* before the bier of a maiden, and to hang them over her grave, is ſtill the practice in rural pariſhes.

Crants therefore was the original word, which the author, diſcovering to be provincial, and perhaps not underſtood, changed to a term more intelligible, but leſs proper. *Maiden rites* give no certain or definitive image. He might have put *maiden wreaths*, or *maiden garlands*, but he perhaps beſtowed no thought upon it; and neither genius nor practice will always ſupply a haſty writer with the moſt proper diction. Johnson.

In Minſheu's Dictionary, ſee *Beades*, where *rooſen krants* means *ſertum roſarium*; and ſuch is the name of a character in this play. Tollet.

The names—*Roſenkrantz* and *Gyldenſtiern* occur frequently in Roſtgaard's *Deliciæ Poetarum Danorum*. Steevens.

[4] —— *bell and* burial.] *Burial*, here ſignifies interment in conſecrated ground. Warburton.

[5] *To ſing a* requiem,] A *requiem*, is a maſs performed in Popiſh churches for the reſt of the ſoul of a perſon deceaſed. The folio reads—ſing *fage* requiem. Steevens.

[6] —— *from her fair and unpolluted fleſh*
May violets ſpring!] Thus, *Perſius*. Sat. I.
" —— e tumulo, fortunataque favilla,
" Naſcentur violæ?" Steevens.

A miniſt'ring angel ſhall my ſiſter be,
When thou lieſt howling.

Ham. What, the fair Ophelia!

Queen. Sweets to the ſweet: Farewell!
[*Scattering Flowers.*
I hop'd, thou ſhould'ſt have been my Hamlet's wife;
I thought, thy bride-bed to have deck'd, ſweet maid,
And not have ſtrew'd thy grave.

Laer. O, treble woe
Fall ten times treble on that curſed head,
Whoſe wicked deed thy moſt ingenious ſenſe
Depriv'd thee of!—Hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in mine arms:
[*Leaps into the Grave.*
Now pile your duſt upon the quick and dead;
Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
To o'er-top old Pelion, or the ſkyiſh head
Of blue Olympus.

Ham. [*Advancing.*] What is he, whoſe grief
Bears ſuch an emphaſis? whoſe phraſe of ſorrow
Conjures the wand'ring ſtars, and makes them ſtand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,
Hamlet the Dane. [*Leaps into the Grave.*

Laer. The devil take thy ſoul!
[*Grappling with him.*

Ham. Thou pray'ſt not well.
I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat;
For, though I am not ſplenetive and raſh,
Yet have I in me ſomething dangerous,
Which let thy wiſdom fear: Hold off thy hand.

King. Pluck them aſunder.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet!

All.[7] Gentlemen,——

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.

[*The Attendants part them, and they come out of the Grave.*

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eyelids will no longer wag.

Queen. O my ſon! what theme?

Ham. I lov'd Ophelia; forty thouſand brothers
Could not, with all their quantity of love
Make up my ſum.—What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, Laertes.

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. 'Zounds, ſhow me what thou'lt do:
Woul't weep? woul't fight? woul't faſt? woul't tear thyſelf?
Woul't drink up Eſil? eat a crocodile?[8]

[7] *All.* &c.] This is reſtored from the quartos. Steevens.

[8] *Woul't drink up* Eſil? *eat a crocodile?*] This word has through all the editions been diſtinguiſhed by Italick characters, as if it were the proper name of ſome river; and ſo, I dare ſay, all the editors have from time to time underſtood it to be. But then this muſt be ſome river in Denmark; and there is none there ſo called; nor is there any near it in name, that I know of but *Yſſel*, from which the province of Overyſſel derives its title in the German Flanders. Beſides, Hamlet is not propoſing any impoſſibilities to Laertes, as the drinking up a river would be: but he rather ſeems to mean,—Wilt thou reſolve to do things the moſt ſhocking and diſtaſteful to human nature; and, behold, I am as reſolute. I am perſuaded the poet wrote:

"*Wilt drink up* Eiſel? *eat a crocodile?*

i. e. Wilt thou ſwallow down large draughts of *vinegar?* The propoſition, indeed, is not very grand: but the doing it might be as diſtaſteful and unſavoury as eating the fleſh of a *crocodile*. And now there is neither an impoſſibility, nor an anticlimax: and the lowneſs of the idea is in ſome meaſure removed by the uncommon term. Theobald.

I'll do't.—Doſt thou come here to whine?

Sir T. Hanmer has,

Wilt drink up Nile? *or eat a crocodile?*

Hamlet certainly meant (for he ſays he will rant) to dare Laertes to attempt any thing, however difficult or unnatural; and might ſafely promiſe to follow the example his antagoniſt was to ſet, in draining the channel of a river, or trying his teeth on an animal whoſe ſcales are ſuppoſed to be impenetrable. Had Shakſpeare meant to make Hamlet ſay—*Wilt thou drink vinegar?* he probably would not have uſed the term *drink up*; which means, *totally to exhauſt*; neither is that challenge very magnificent, which only provokes an adverſary to hazard a fit of the heart-burn or the colick.

The commentator's *Yſſell* would ſerve Hamlet's turn or mine. This river is twice mentioned by Stowe, p. 735: "It ſtandeth a good diſtance from the river *Iſſell*, but hath a ſconce on *Iſſell* of incredible ſtrength."

Again, by Drayton, in the 24th Song of his *Polyolbion*:

"The one o'er *Iſell's* banks the ancient Saxons taught;
"At *Over-Iſell* reſts, the other did apply:—."

And in *King Richard II.* a thought, in part the ſame, occurs, Act II. ſc. ii:

"—— the taſk he undertakes
"Is numb'ring ſands, and *drinking oceans dry*."

But in an old Latin account of Denmark and the neighbouring provinces, I find the names of ſeveral rivers little differing from *Eſil*, or *Eiſell*, in ſpelling or pronunciation. Such are the *Eſſa*, the *Oeſil*, and ſome others. The word, like many more, may indeed be irrecoverably corrupted; but, I muſt add, that few authors later than Chaucer or Skelton made uſe of *eyſel* for *vinegar*: nor has Shakſpeare employed it in any other of his plays. The poet might have written the *Weiſel*, a conſiderable river which falls into the Baltick ocean, and could not be unknown to any prince of Denmark. STEEVENS.

Woul't is a contraction of *wouldeſt*, [wouldeſt thou] and perhaps ought rather to be written *woul'ſt*. The quarto, 1604, has *eſil*. In the folio the word is ſpelt *eſile*. *Eiſil* or *eiſel* is vinegar. The word is uſed by Chaucer, and Skelton, and Sir Thomas More, *Works*, p. 21, edit. 1557:

"—— with ſowre pocion
"If thou paine thy taſt, remember therewithal
"How Chriſt for thee taſted *eiſil* and gall."

To outface me with leaping in her grave?

The word is alſo found in Minſheu's *Dictionary*, 1617, and in Cole's *Latin Dictionary*, 1679.

Our poet, as Dr. Farmer has obſerved, has again employed the ſame word in his 111th Sonnet:

" —— like a willing patient I will drink
" Potions of *eyſell* 'gainſt my ſtrong infection;
" No *bitterneſs* that I will bitter think,
" Nor double penance, to correct correction."

Mr. Steevens ſuppoſes, that a river was meant, either the *Yſſel*, or *Oeſil*, or *Weiſel*, a conſiderable river which falls into the Baltick ocean. The words, *drink up*, he conſiders as favourable to his notion. " Had Shakſpeare (he obſerves,) meant to make Hamlet ſay, *Wilt thou drink vinegar?* he probably would not have uſed the term *drink up*, which means, *totally to exhauſt*. In *King Richard II.* Act II. ſc. ii. (he adds) a thought in part the ſame occurs:

" —— the taſk he undertakes,
" Is numb'ring ſands, and *drinking oceans dry*."

But I muſt remark, in that paſſage evidently *impoſſibilities* are pointed out. Hamlet is only talking of difficult or painful exertions. Every man can weep, fight, faſt, tear himſelf, drink a potion of vinegar, and eat *a piece* of a diſſected crocodile, however diſagreeable; for I have no doubt that the poet uſes the words *eat a crocodile*, for *eat* of *a crocodile*. We yet uſe the ſame phraſeology in familiar language.

On the phraſe *drink up* no ſtreſs can be laid, for our poet has employed the ſame expreſſion in his 114th Sonnet, without any idea of *entirely exhauſting*, and merely as ſynonymous to *drink*:

" Or whether doth my mind, being crown'd with you,
" *Drink up* the monarch's plague, this flattery?"

Again, in the ſame Sonnet:

" —— 'tis flattery in my ſeeing,
" And my great mind moſt kingly *drinks* it *up*."

Again, in *Timon of Athens*:

" And how his ſilence *drinks up* his applauſe."

In Shakſpeare's time, as at preſent, to *drink up*, often meant no more than ſimply to drink. So, in Florio's *Italian Dictionary*, 1598: " *Sorbire*, to ſip or *ſup up* any drink." In like manner we ſometimes ſay, " when you have *ſwallowed down* this potion," though we mean no more than—when you have ſwallowed this potion. MALONE.

Mr. Malone's ſtrictures are undoubtedly acute, and though

Be buried quick with her, and ſo will I:
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us; till our ground,
Singeing his pate againſt the burning zone,
Make Oſſa like a wart! Nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.

Queen. This is mere madneſs:[9]
And thus a while the fit will work on him;
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are diſclos'd,[1]

not, in my own opinion, deciſive, may ſtill be juſt. Yet, as I cannot reconcile myſelf to the idea of a prince's challenging a nobleman to drink what Mrs. Quickly has called "a meſs of vinegar," I have neither changed our former text, nor withdrawn my original remarks on it, notwithſtanding they are almoſt recapitulated in thoſe of my opponent.—On the ſcore of ſuch redundancy, however, I both need and ſolicit the indulgence of the reader. Steevens.

[9] *This is mere madneſs:*] This ſpeech in the firſt folio is given to the King. Malone.

[1] *When that her golden couplets are* diſclos'd,] To *diſcloſe* was anciently uſed for to *hatch*. So, in *The Booke of Huntynge, Hawkyng, Fyshing*, &c. bl. l. no date: "Firſt they ben eges; and after they ben *diſcloſed*, haukes; and commonly goshaukes ben *diſcloſed* as ſone as the choughes." To *exclude* is the technical term at preſent. During three days after the pigeon has *hatched* her *couplets*, (for ſhe lays no more than *two* eggs,) ſhe never quits her neſt, except for a few moments in queſt of a little food for herſelf; as all her young require in that early ſtate, is to be kept warm, an office which ſhe never entruſts to the male. Steevens.

The young neſtlings of the pigeon, when firſt diſcloſed, are callow, only covered with a yellow down: and for that reaſon ſtand in need of being cheriſhed by the warmth of the hen, to protect them from the chillneſs of the ambient air, for a conſiderable time after they are hatched. Heath.

The word *diſcloſe* has already occurred in a ſenſe nearly allied to *hatch*, in this play:

"And I do doubt, the hatch and the *diſcloſe*
"Will be ſome danger." Malone.

His ſilence will ſit drooping.

Ham. Hear you, ſir;
What is the reaſon that you uſe me thus?
I lov'd you ever:[2] But it is no matter;
Let Hercules himſelf do what he may,
The cat will mew, and dog will have his day.
[*Exit.*

King. I pray thee, good Horatio, wait upon him.— [*Exit* Horatio.
Strengthen your patience in our laſt night's ſpeech;
[*To* Laertes.
We'll put the matter to the preſent puſh.—
Good Gertrude, ſet ſome watch over your ſon.—
This grave ſhall have a living monument:
An hour of quiet ſhortly[3] ſhall we ſee;
Till then, in patience our proceeding be.
[*Exeunt.*

[2] *What is the reaſon that you uſe me thus?*
I lov'd you ever:] So, in *A Midſummer-Night's Dream*, Helena ſays to her rival—
" ——do not be ſo bitter with me,
" *I evermore did love you,* Hermia." Steevens.

[3] ——*ſhortly*—] The firſt quarto erroneouſly reads—*thirty*. The ſecond and third—*thereby*. The folio—*ſhortly*.
Steevens.

SCENE II.

A Hall in the Caſtle.

Enter HAMLET *and* HORATIO.

HAM. So much for this, ſir: now ſhall you ſee the other;—
You do remember all the circumſtance?

HOR. Remember it, my lord!

HAM. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me ſleep:[4] methought, I lay

[4] *Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,*
That would not let me ſleep; &c.] So, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

"Within my ſoul there doth commence a fight,
"Of this ſtrange nature," &c.

The Hyſtorie of Hamblet, bl. l. furniſhed our author with the ſcheme of ſending the Prince to England, and with moſt of the circumſtances deſcribed in this ſcene:

[After the death of Polonius] "Fengon [the King in the preſent play] could not content himſelfe, but ſtill his mind gave him that the foole [Hamlet] would play him ſome trick of leger-demaine. And in that conceit, ſeeking to bee rid of him, determined to find the meanes to doe it by the aid of a ſtranger, making the king of England miniſter of his maſſacrous reſolution; to whom he purpoſed to ſend him, and by letters deſire him to put him to death.

"Now to beare him company, were aſſigned two of Fengon's faithful miniſters, bearing letters ingraved in wood, that contained Hamlet's death, in ſuch ſort as he had advertiſed the king of England. But the ſubtil Daniſh prince, (being at ſea,) whilſt his companions ſlept, having read the letters, and knowing his uncle's great treaſon, with the wicked and villainous mindes of the two courtiers that led him to the ſlaughter, raced out the letters that concerned his death, and inſtead thereof graved

Worſe than the mutines in the bilboes.[5] Raſhly,

others, with commiſſion to the king of England to hang his two companions; and not content to turn the death they had deviſed againſt him, upon their own neckes, wrote further, that king Fengon willed him to give his daughter to Hamblet in marriage." *Hyſt. of Hamblet*, ſignat. G 2.

From this narrative it appears that the faithful miniſters of Fengon were not unacquainted with the import of the letters they bore. Shakſpeare, who has followed the ſtory pretty cloſely, probably meant to deſcribe their repreſentatives, Roſencrantz and Guildenſtern, as equally guilty; as confederating with the King to deprive Hamlet of his life. So that his procuring their execution, though certainly not abſolutely neceſſary to his own ſafety, does not appear to have been a wanton and unprovoked cruelty, as Mr. Steevens has ſuppoſed in his very ingenious obſervations on the general character and conduct of the prince throughout this piece.

In the concluſion of his drama the poet has entirely deviated from the fabulous hiſtory, which in other places he has frequently followed.

After Hamblet's arrival in England, (for no ſea-fight is mentioned,) "the king, (ſays *The Hyſtory of Hamblet*,) admiring the young prince,—gave him his daughter in marriage, according to the counterfeit letters by him deviſed; and the next day cauſed the two ſervants of Fengon to be executed, to ſatisfy, as he thought, the king's deſire." *Hyſt. of Hamb.* Ibid.

Hamlet, however, returned to Denmark, without marrying the king of England's daughter, who, it ſhould ſeem, had only been *betrothed* to him. When he arrived in his native country, he made the courtiers drunk, and having burnt them to death, by ſetting fire to the banqueting-room wherein they ſat, he went into Fengon's chamber, and killed him, "giving him (ſays the relater) ſuch a violent blowe upon the chine of the neck, that he cut his head clean from the ſhoulders." *Ibid.* ſignat. F 3.

He is afterwards ſaid to have been crowned king of Denmark.

MALONE.

I apprehend that a critick and a juryman are bound to form their opinions on what they ſee and hear in the cauſe before them, and not to be influenced by extraneous particulars unſupported by legal evidence in open court. I perſiſt in obſerving, that from Shakſpeare's drama no proofs of the guilt of Roſencrantz and Guildenſtern can be collected. They may be convicted by the black letter hiſtory; but if the tragedy forbears to criminate, it has no right to ſentence them. This is ſufficient for the commen-

And prais'd be raſhneſs for it,—Let us know,

tator's purpoſe. It is not his office to interpret the plays of Shakſpeare according to the novels on which they are founded, novels which the poet ſometimes followed, but as often materially deſerted. Perhaps he never confined himſelf ſtrictly to the plan of any one of his originals. His negligence of poetick juſtice is notorious; nor can we expect that he who was content to ſacrifice the pious Ophelia, ſhould have been more ſcrupulous about the worthleſs lives of Roſencrantz and Guildenſtern. Therefore, I ſtill aſſert that, in the tragedy before us, their deaths appear both wanton and unprovoked; and the critick, like Bayes, muſt have recourſe to ſomewhat *long before the beginning of this play*, to juſtify the conduct of its hero. STEEVENS.

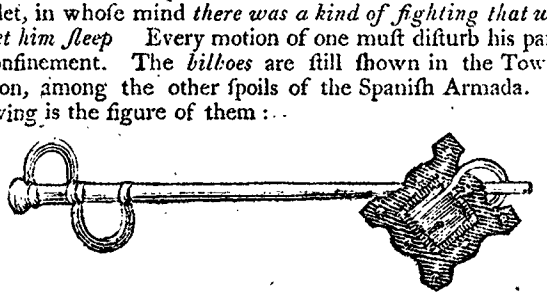
[5] ——mutines *in the bilboes.*] *Mutines*, the French word for ſeditious or diſobedient fellows in the army or fleet. *Bilboes*, the *ſhip's priſon*. JOHNSON.

To *mutine* was formerly uſed for to *mutiny*. See p. 245, n. 6. So *mutine*, for *mutiner*, or *mutineer*: "un homme *mutin*," Fr. a mutinous or ſeditious perſon. In *The Misfortunes of Arthur*, a tragedy, 1587, the adjective is uſed:

"Suppreſſeth *mutin* force, and practicke fraud."

MALONE.

The *bilboes* is a bar of iron with fetters annexed to it, by which mutinous or diſorderly ſailors were anciently linked together. The word is derived from *Bilboa*, a place in Spain where inſtruments of ſteel were fabricated in the utmoſt perfection. To underſtand Shakſpeare's alluſion completely, it ſhould be known, that as theſe fetters connect the legs of the offenders very cloſe together, their attempts to reſt muſt be as fruitleſs as thoſe of Hamlet, in whoſe mind *there was a kind of fighting that would not let him ſleep* Every motion of one muſt diſturb his partner in confinement. The *bilboes* are ſtill ſhown in the Tower of London, among the other ſpoils of the Spaniſh Armada. The following is the figure of them:



STEEVENS.

Our indiſcretion ſometimes ſerves us well,
When[6] our deep plots do pall:[7] and that ſhould teach us,
There's a divinity that ſhapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.[8]

[6] ——— *raſhly,*
And prais'd be raſhneſs for it,—Let us know,
Our indiſcretion ſometimes ſerves us well,
When &c.] Hamlet delivering an account of his eſcape, begins with ſaying—That he *raſhly*——and then is carried into a reflection upon the weakneſs of human wiſdom. I raſhly—— praiſed be raſhneſs for it—*Let us* not think theſe events caſual, but *let us know*, that is, *take notice and remember*, that we ſometimes ſucceed by *indiſcretion* when we *fail* by *deep plots*, and infer the perpetual ſuperintendance and *agency* of the *Divinity*. The obſervation is juſt, and will be allowed by every human being, who ſhall reflect on the courſe of his own life. JOHNSON.

This paſſage, I think, ſhould be thus diſtributed:

——— *Raſhly*
(*And prais'd be raſhneſs, for it lets us know,*
Our indiſcretion ſometimes ſerves us well,
When our deep plots do fail; and that ſhould teach us,
There's a divinity that ſhapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will;—
Hor. *That is moſt certain.*)
Ham. *Up from my cabin,* &c.

So that *raſhly* may be joined in conſtruction with—*in the dark grop'd I to find out them.* TYRWHITT.

[7] *When our* deep *plots do* pall:] Thus the firſt quarto, 1604. The editor of the next quarto, for *pall*, ſubſtituted *fall*. The folio reads,—

When our dear *plots do* paule.

Mr. Pope and the ſubſequent editors read,—

When our deep plots do fail:——

but *pall* and *fail* are by no means likely to have been confounded. I have therefore adhered to the old copies. In *Antony and Cleopatra* our poet has uſed the participle:

"I'll never follow thy *pall'd* fortunes more." MALONE.

Again, in one of Barnaby Googe's *Sonnets*, 1563:

"Torment my *pauled* ſpryght." STEEVENS.

[8] *There's a divinity that* ſhapes our ends,
Rough-hew *them how we will.*] Dr. Farmer informs me,

Hor. That is moſt certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
My ſea-gown ſcarf'd about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them: had my deſire;
Finger'd their packet; and, in fine, withdrew
To mine own room again: making ſo bold,
My fears forgetting manners, to unſeal
Their grand commiſſion; where I found, Horatio,
A royal knavery; an exact command,—
Larded with many ſeveral ſorts of reaſons,[9]
Importing Denmark's health, and England's too,
With, ho! ſuch bugs and goblins in my life,[1]—

that theſe words are merely technical. A wool-man, butcher, and dealer in *ſkewers*, lately obſerved to him, that his nephew, (an idle lad) could only *aſſiſt* him in making them; "—— he could *rough-hew* them, but I was obliged to *ſhape their ends*." To ſhape the ends of *wool-ſkewers*, i. e. to *point* them, requires a degree of ſkill; any one can *rough-hew* them. Whoever recollects the profeſſion of Shakſpeare's father, will admit that his ſon might be no ſtranger to ſuch terms. I have frequently ſeen packages of wool pinn'd up with *ſkewers*. Steevens.

[9] Larded *with many ſeveral ſorts of* reaſons,] I am afraid here is a very poor conceit, founded on an equivoque between *reaſons* and *raiſins*, which in Shakſpeare's time were undoubtedly pronounced alike. *Sorts* of *raiſins*, ſugars, &c. is a common phraſeology of ſhops.—We have the ſame quibble in another play. Malone.

I ſuſpect no quibble or conceit in theſe words of Hamlet. In one of Ophelia's ſongs a ſimilar phraſe has already occurred: "*Larded* all with ſweet flowers." To *lard* any thing with *raiſins*, however, was a practice unknown to ancient cookery. Steevens.

[1] *With, ho! ſuch bugs and goblins in my life,*] With *ſuch cauſes of terror*, riſing from my character and deſigns. Johnson.

A *bug* was no leſs a terrifick being than a goblin. So, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, Book II. c. iii:

"As ghaſtly *bug* their haire an end does reare,"

We call it at preſent a *bugbear*. Steevens.

See Vol. XIV. p. 180, n. 3. Malone.

That, on the ſupervise, no leiſure bated,[2]
No, not to ſtay the grinding of the axe,
My head ſhould be ſtruck off.[3]

Hor. Is't poſſible?

Ham. Here's the commiſſion; read it at more leiſure.
But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hor. Ay, 'beſeech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villanies,
Or I could make[4] a prologue to my brains,

[2] —— *no leiſure* bated,] *Bated* for *allowed*. To *abate*, ſignifies to *deduct*; this deduction, when applied to the perſon in in whoſe favour it is made, is called an *allowance*. Hence he takes the liberty of uſing *bated* for *allowed*. WARBURTON.

No leiſure bated—means, without any *abatement* or intermiſſion of time. MALONE.

[3] *That, on the ſupervise, no leiſure bated,—*
My head ſhould be ſtruck off.] From what original our author derived this incident of detecting the letter, and exchanging it for another, I am unqualified to determine. A ſimilar ſtratagem, however, occurs in *Andrew of Wyntown's Cronykil*, B. VI. ch. xiii.

"The Preſt that purs opnyd ſwne,
"And fand in it that letter dwne.
"That he opnyd, and red the payne,
"The berere of it for to be ſlayne.
"That Letter away than pwte he qwyte,
"And ſone ane-othir than couth he wryte—
"He cloyſed thys Lettyr curywſly,
"And in the purs all prewely
"He pwt it quhare the tothir was." v. 188, & ſeq.

The words of the firſt letter are,—
Viſa litera, lator illius moriatur.
Thus alſo Hamlet:
"——That, on the ſupervise,—
"He ſhould the bearers put to ſudden death."
The ſtory, however varied, perhaps originated from the *Bellerophontis literæ*. STEEVENS.

[4] Or *I could make*—] *Or* in old Engliſh ſignified *before*. See Vol. X. p. 487, n. 7. MALONE.

They had begun the play;[5]—I ſat me down;
Devis'd a new commiſſion; wrote it fair:
I once did hold it, as our ſtatiſts do,[6]
A baſeneſs to write fair,[7] and labour'd much
How to forget that learning; but, ſir, now
It did me yeoman's ſervice:[8] Wilt thou know
The effect of what I wrote?

[5] *Being thus benetted round with villanies,*
Or I could make a prologue to my brains,
They had begun the play;] Hamlet is telling how luckily every thing fell out; he groped out their commiſſion in the dark, without waking them; he found himſelf doomed to immediate deſtruction. Something was to be done for his preſervation. An expedient occurred, not produced by the compariſon of one method with another, or by a regular deduction of conſequences, but before he *could make a prologue to his brains, they had begun the play.* Before he could ſummon his faculties, and propoſe to himſelf what ſhould be done, a complete ſcheme of action preſented itſelf to him. His mind operated before he had excited it. This appears to me to be the meaning. JOHNSON.

[6] —— *as our* ſtatiſts *do,*] A *ſtatiſt* is a *ſtateſman.* So, in Shirley's *Humorous Courtier*, 1640:

" —— that he is wife, a *ſtatiſt.*"

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Magnetick Lady:*

" Will ſcrew you out a ſecret from a *ſtatiſt.*"

STEEVENS.

Moſt of the great men of Shakſpeare's times, whoſe autographs have been preſerved, wrote very bad hands; their ſecretaries very neat ones. BLACKSTONE.

[7] *I once did hold it, as our ſtatiſts do,*
A baſeneſs to write fair,] " I have in my time, (ſays Montaigne) ſeene ſome, who by writing did earneſtly get both their titles and living, to diſavow their apprentiſſage, marre their pen, and affect the ignorance of *ſo vulgar a qualitie.*" Florio's tranſlation, 1603, p. 125. RITSON.

[8] —— *yeoman's ſervice:*] The meaning, I believe, is, *This yeomanly qualification was a moſt uſeful ſervant, or yeoman, to me*; i. e. did me eminent ſervice. The ancient *yeomen* were famous for their military valour. " Theſe were the good archers in times paſt, (ſays Sir Thomas Smith,) and the ſtable troop of footmen that affraide all France." STEEVENS.

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earneſt conjuration from the king,—
As England was his faithful tributary;
As love between them like the palm might flouriſh;[9]
As peace ſhould ſtill her wheatengarland wear,
And ſtand a comma 'tween their amities;[1]
And many ſuch like as's of great charge,[2]—

[9] ——*like the palm might flouriſh*;] This compariſon is ſcriptural: "The righteous ſhall flouriſh like a palm-tree." *Pſalm* xcii. 11. STEEVENS.

[1] *As peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten garland wear,*
And ſtand a comma *'tween their amities*;] The expreſſion of our author is, like many of his phraſes, ſufficiently conſtrained and affected, but it is not incapable of explanation. The *comma* is the note of *connection* and continuity of ſentences; the *period* is the note of *abruption* and disjunction. Shakſpeare had it perhaps in his mind to write,—That unleſs England complied with the mandate, *war ſhould put a* period *to their amity*; he altered his mode of diction, and thought that, in an oppoſite ſenſe, he might put, that *peace ſhould ſtand a* comma *between their amities*. This is not an eaſy ſtyle; but is it not the ſtyle of Shakſpeare? JOHNSON.

[2] ——as's *of great charge*,] *Aſſes* heavily *loaded*. A quibble is intended between *as* the conditional particle, and *aſs* the beaſt of burthen. That *charg'd* anciently ſignified *loaded*, may be proved from the following paſſage in *The Widow's Tears*, by Chapman, 1612:

"Thou muſt be the *aſs charg'd with crowns*, to make way." JOHNSON.

Shakſpeare has ſo many quibbles of his own to anſwer for, that there are thoſe who think it hard he ſhould be charged with others which perhaps he never thought of. STEEVENS.

Though the firſt and obvious meaning of theſe words certainly is, "*many ſimilar* adjurations, or monitory injunctions, *of great weight and importance*," yet Dr. Johnſon's notion of a quibble being alſo in the poet's thoughts, is ſupported by two other paſſages of Shakſpeare, in which *aſſes* are introduced as uſually employed in the carriage of gold, a *charge* of no ſmall weight:

That, on the view and knowing of theſe contents,
Without debatement further, more, or leſs,
He ſhould the bearers put to ſudden death,
Not ſhriving-time allow'd.[3]

Hor. How was this ſeal'd?

Ham. Why, even in that was heaven ordinant;
I had my father's ſignet in my purſe,
Which was the model of that Daniſh ſeal:[4]
Folded the writ up in form of the other;
Subſcrib'd it; gave't the impreſſion; plac'd it ſafely,
The changeling never known:[5] Now, the next day
Was our ſea-fight; and what to this was ſequent
Thou know'ſt already.

Hor. So Guildenſtern and Roſencrantz go to't.

" He ſhall but bear them, as the *aſs bears gold*,
" To groan and ſweat under the buſineſs."
Julius Cæſar.

Again, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:
" ——like an *aſs*, whoſe back with *ingots* bows,
" Thou bear'ſt thy heavy riches but a journey,
" And death unloads thee."

In further ſupport of his obſervation, it ſhould be remembered, that the letter *s* in the particle *as* in the midland counties uſually pronounced hard, as in the pronoun *us*. Dr. Johnſon himſelf always pronounced the particle *as* hard, and ſo I have no doubt did Shakſpeare. It is ſo pronounced in Warwickſhire at this day. The firſt folio accordingly has—*aſſis*. Malone.

[3] *Not* ſhriving-*time allow'd.*] i. e. without time for confeſſion of their ſins: another proof of Hamlet's chriſtian-like diſpoſition. See *Romeo and Juliet*, A& IV. ſc. ii. Steevens.

[4] —— *the* model *of that Daniſh ſeal:*] The *model* is in old language the *copy*. The ſignet was formed in imitation of the Daniſh ſeal. See Vol. XI. p. 97, n. 8. Malone.

[5] *The* changeling *never known:*] A *changeling* is a *child* which the fairies are ſuppoſed to leave in the room of that which they ſteal. Johnson.

Ham. Why, man,[6] they did make love to this employment;
They are not near my conſcience; their defeat
Does by their own inſinuation grow:[7]
'Tis dangerous, when the baſer nature comes
Between the paſs and fell incenſed points
Of mighty oppoſites.

Hor. Why, what a king is this!

Ham. Does it not, think thee,[8] ſtand me now upon?
He that hath kill'd my king, and whor'd my mother;
Popp'd in between the election and my hopes;
Thrown out his angle[9] for my proper life,
And with ſuch cozenage; is't not perfect conſcience,
To quit him[1] with this arm? and is't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

Hor. It muſt be ſhortly known to him from England,

[6] *Why, man,* &c.] This line is omitted in the quartos. Steevens.

[7] —— *ly their own* inſinuation —] *Inſinuation,* for corruptly obtruding themſelves into his ſervice. Warburton.

By their having inſinuated or thruſt themſelves into the employment. Malone.

[8] —— think *thee,*] i. e. bethink thee. Malone.

[9] *Thrown out his* angle —] An *angle* in Shakſpeare's time ſignified a fiſhing-rod. So, in Lyly's *Sapho and Phao,* 1591:

"*Phao.* But he may bleſs fiſhing, that caught ſuch a one in the ſea.

"*Venus.* It was not with an *angle,* my boy, but with a net." Malone.

[1] *To quit him* —] To requite him; to pay him his due. Johnson.

This paſſage, as well as the three following ſpeeches, is not in the quartos. Steevens.

What is the iſſue of the buſineſs there.

Ham. It will be ſhort: the interim is mine;
And a man's life no more than to ſay, one.
But I am very ſorry, good Horatio,
That to Laertes I forgot myſelf;
For by the image of my cauſe, I ſee
The portraiture of his: I'll count his favours:[2]
But, ſure, the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towering paſſion.

Hor. Peace; who comes here?

Enter Osric.

Osr. Your lordſhip is right welcome back to Denmark.

Ham. I humbly thank you, ſir.—Doſt know this water-fly?[3]

[2] ——*I'll* count *his favours:*] Thus the folio. Mr. Rowe firſt made the alteration, which is perhaps unneceſſary. I'll *count* his favours, may mean—*I will make account* of them, i. e. *reckon upon them, value them.* Steevens.

What favours has Hamlet received from Laertes, that he was to make account of?—I have no doubt but we ſhould read:

——*I'll* court *his* favour. M. Mason.

Mr. Rowe for *count* very plauſibly reads *court.* Malone.

Hamlet may refer to former civilities of Laertes, and weigh them againſt his late intemperance of behaviour; or may *count* on ſuch kindneſs as he expected to receive in conſequence of a meditated reconciliation.

It ſhould be obſerved, however, that in ancient language to *count* and *recount* were ſynonymous. So, in the *Troy Book,* (Caxton's edit.) "I am comen hether unto yow for refuge, and to telle & *count* my ſorowes." Steevens.

[3] ——*Doſt know this* water-fly?] A *water-fly* ſkips up and down upon the ſurface of the water, without any apparent purpoſe or reaſon, and is thence the proper emblem of a buſy trifler. Johnson.

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy ſtate is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him: He hath much land, and fertile: let a beaſt be lord of beaſts, and his crib ſhall ſtand at the king's meſs: 'Tis a chough;[4] but, as I ſay, ſpacious in the poſſeſſion of dirt.

Osr. Sweet lord, if your lordſhip were at leiſure, I ſhould impart a thing to you from his majeſty.

Ham. I will receive it, ſir, with all diligence of ſpirit: Your bonnet to his right uſe; 'tis for the head.

Osr. I thank your lordſhip, 'tis very hot.

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

Osr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks it is very ſultry and hot;[5] or my complexion[6]——

Osr. Exceedingly, my lord; it is very ſultry,[7]—

Water-fly is in *Troilus and Creſſida* uſed as a term of reproach, for *contemptible from ſmallneſs of ſize*: "How (ſays Therſites) the poor world is peſtered with ſuch *water-flies*; *diminutives of nature*." *Water-flies* are gnats. This inſect in Chaucer denotes a thing of no value. *Canterbury Tales*, v. 17,203. Mr. Tyrwhitt's edition:

"Not worth to thee as in compariſon
"*The mountance* [*value*] *of a gnat*." Holt White.

[4] ——*'Tis a chough*;] A kind of jackdaw. Johnson.

See Vol. XI. p. 257, n. 3. Steevens.

[5] *But yet, methinks, it is very ſultry* &c.] Hamlet is here playing over the ſame farce with Oſric, which he had formerly done with Polonius. Steevens.

[6] —— or *my complexion*—] The folios read—*for* my complexion. Steevens.

[7] *Exceedingly, my lord; it is very ſultry*,]

"——igniculum brumæ ſi tempore poſcas,
"Accipit endromidem; ſi dixeris æſtuo, ſudat." *Juv.*

Malone.

as 'twere,—I cannot tell how.—My lord, his majeſty bade me ſignify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter,—

Ham. I beſeech you, remember[8]——

[HAMLET *moves him to put on his Hat.*

Osr. Nay, good my lord; for my eaſe, in good faith.[9] Sir,[1] here is newly come to court, Laertes: believe me, an abſolute gentleman, full of moſt excellent differences,[2] of very ſoft ſociety, and great

[8] *I beſeech you,* remember—] "*Remember not your courteſy,*" I believe, Hamlet would have ſaid, if he had not been interrupted. "Remember thy courteſy," he could not poſſibly have ſaid, and therefore this abrupt ſentence may ſerve to confirm an emendation which I propoſed in *Love's Labour's Loſt,* Vol. VII. p. 139, n. 7, where Armado ſays,—"*I do beſeech thee, remember* thy courteſy;—I beſeech thee, apparel thy head." I have no doubt that Spakſpeare there wrote, "——remember *not* thy courteſy,"—and that the negative was omitted by the negligence of the compoſitor. MALONE.

[9] *Nay, good my lord;* for my eaſe, *in good faith.*] This ſeems to have been the affected phraſe of the time. Thus, in Marſton's *Malcontent,* 1604: "I beſeech you, ſir, be covered. —No, in good faith *for my eaſe.*" And in other places.

FARMER.

It appears to have been the common language of ceremony in our author's time. "Why do you ſtand *bareheaded?* (ſays one of the ſpeakers in Florio's SECOND FRUTES, 1591,) you do yourſelf wrong. Pardon me, good ſir, (replies his friend;) I do it *for my eaſe.*"

Again, in *A New Way to pay old Debts,* by Maſſinger, 1633:

"——Is't *for your eaſe*

"You keep your hat off?" MALONE.

[1] *Sir,* &c.] The folio omits this and the following fourteen ſpeeches; and in their place ſubſtitutes only, "Sir, you are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is at his weapon."

STEEVENS.

[2] ——*full of moſt excellent differences,*] Full of *diſtinguiſhing* excellencies. JOHNSON.

ſhowing: Indeed, to ſpeak feelingly[2] of him, he is the card or calendar of gentry,[3] for you ſhall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would ſee.[4]

Ham. Sir, his definement ſuffers no perdition in you;[5]—though, I know, to divide him inventorially, would dizzy the arithmetick of memory; and yet but raw neither,[6] in reſpect of his quick ſail. But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a ſoul

[2] ——*ſpeak* feelingly—] The firſt quarto reads—*fellingly*. So, in another of our author's plays:

" To things of ſale a *feller's* praiſe belongs."

STEEVENS.

[3] —— *the card or calendar of gentry,*] The general preceptor of elegance; the *card* by which a gentleman is to direct his courſe; the *calendar* by which he is to chooſe his time, that what he does may be both excellent and ſeaſonable. JOHNSON.

[4] —— *for you ſhall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would ſee.*] *You ſhall find him containing* and compriſing every *quality* which *a gentleman* would deſire to *contemplate* for imitation. I know not but it ſhould be read, *You ſhall find him the continent.* JOHNSON.

[5] *Sir, his definement* &c.] This is deſigned as a ſpecimen, and ridicule of the court-jargon amongſt the *precieux* of that time. The ſenſe in Engliſh is, " Sir, he ſuffers nothing in your account of him, though to enumerate his good qualities particularly would be endleſs; yet when we had done our beſt, it would ſtill come ſhort of him. However, in ſtrictneſs of truth, he is a great genius, and of a character ſo rarely to be met with, that to find any thing like him we muſt look into his mirrour, and his imitators will appear no more than his ſhadows."

WARBURTON.

[6] —— *and yet but* raw *neither.*] We ſhould read—*ſlow.*

WARBURTON.

I believe *raw* to be the right word; it is a word of great latitude; *raw* ſignifies *unripe, immature,* thence *unformed, imperfect, unſkilful.* The beſt account of him would be *imperfect,* in reſpect of his quick ſail. The phraſe *quick ſail* was, I ſuppoſe, a proverbial term for *activity of mind.* JOHNSON.

of great article;[7] and his infuſion of ſuch dearth[8] and rareneſs, as, to make true diction of him, his ſemblable is his mirrour; and, who elſe would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Osr. Your lordſhip ſpeaks moſt infallibly of him.

Ham. The concernancy, ſir? why do we wrap the gentleman in our more rawer breath?

Osr. Sir?

Hor. Is't not poſſible to underſtand in another tongue? You will do't, ſir, really.[9]

[7] —— *a ſoul of great* article;] This is obſcure. I once thought it might have been, *a ſoul of great altitude*; but, I ſuppoſe, *a ſoul of great article*, means *a ſoul of large* comprehenſion, of many contents; the particulars of an inventory are called *articles*. Johnson.

[8] —— *of ſuch* dearth —] *Dearth* is *dearneſs*, value, price. And his internal qualities of ſuch value and rarity. Johnson.

[9] *Is't not poſſible to underſtand in* another *tongue? You will do't, ſir, really.*] Of this interrogatory remark the ſenſe is very obſcure. The queſtion may mean, *Might not all this be underſtood in plainer language.* But then, *you will do it, ſir, really*, ſeems to have no uſe, for who could doubt but plain language would be intelligible? I would therefore read, *Is't* poſſible not to be underſtood in a *mother tongue? You will do it, ſir, really.* Johnson.

Suppoſe we were to point the paſſage thus: "Is't not poſſible to underſtand? In another tongue you will do it, ſir, really."

The ſpeech ſeems to be addreſſed to *Oſric*, who is puzzled by Hamlet's imitation of his own affected language. Steevens.

Theobald has ſilently ſubſtituted *rarely* for *really*. I think Horatio's ſpeech is addreſſed to Hamlet. *Another tongue* does not mean, as I conceive, *plainer language*, (as Dr. Johnſon ſuppoſed,) but "language ſo fantaſtical and affected as to have the appearance of a *foreign tongue*:" and in the following words Horatio, I think, means to praiſe Hamlet for imitating this kind of babble ſo happily. I ſuſpect, however, that the poet wrote —Is't *poſſible not* to underſtand in *a mother tongue?*

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Osr. Of Laertes?

Hor. His purſe is empty already; all his golden words are ſpent.

Ham. Of him, ſir.

Osr. I know, you are not ignorant——

Ham. I would, you did, ſir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me;[1]—Well, ſir.

Osr. You are not ignorant of what excellence Laertes is——

Ham. I dare not confeſs that, leſt I ſhould compare with him in excellence;[2] but, to know a man well, were to know himſelf.

Osr. I mean, ſir, for his weapon; but in the imputation laid on him by them, in his meed[3] he's unfellowed.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Since this note was written, I have found the very ſame error in Bacon's *Advancement of Learning*, 4to. 1605, B. II. p. 60: "—the art of grammar, whereof the uſe in *another* tongue is ſmall, in a foreine tongue more." The author in his table of Errata ſays, it ſhould have been printed—in *mother* tongue.

MALONE.

[1] ——*if you did, it would not much* approve *me*;] If you knew I was not ignorant, your eſteem would not much advance my reputation. To *approve*, is to *recommend to approbation*.

JOHNSON.

I dare not confeſs that, leſt I ſhould compare with him &c.] I dare not pretend to know him, leſt I ſhould pretend to an equality: no man can completely know another, but by knowing himſelf, which is the utmoſt extent of human wiſdom.

JOHNSON.

[3] ——*in his meed*—] In his excellence. JOHNSON.

See Vol. XIV. p. 169, n. 8. MALONE.

Osr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons: but, well.

Osr. The king, ſir, hath wagered with him ſix Barbary horſes: againſt the which he has impawned,[4] as I take it, ſix French rapiers and poniards, with their aſſigns, as girdle, hangers,[5] and ſo:[6] Three of

[4] ——*impawned,*] Thus the quarto, 1604. The folio reads —*impon'd. Pignare* in Italian ſignifies both to *pawn,* and to lay a wager. MALONE.

Perhaps it ſhould be, *deponed.* So, Hudibras:

" I would upon this cauſe *depone,*
" As much as any I have known."

But perhaps *imponed* is pledged, *impawned,* ſo ſpelt to ridicule the affectation of uttering Engliſh words with French pronunciation. JOHNSON.

To *impone* is certainly right, and means to put down, to ſtake, from the verb *impono.* RITSON.

[5] ——*hangers,*] Under this term were comprehended four graduated ſtraps, &c. that hung down in a belt on each ſide of its receptacle for the ſword. I write this, with a moſt gorgeous belt, at leaſt as ancient as the time of James I. before me. It is of crimſon velvet embroidered with gold, and had belonged to the Somerſet family.

In Maſſinger's *Fatal Dowry,* Liladam (who, when arreſted as a gentleman, avows himſelf to have been a tailor,) ſays:

" ——— This rich ſword
" Grew ſuddenly out of a tailor's bodkin;
" Theſe *hangers* from my vails and fees in hell:" &c.

i. e. the tailor's *hell;* the place into which ſhreds and remnants are thrown.

Again, in *The Birth of Merlin,* 1662:

" He has a fair ſword, but his *hangers* are fallen."

Again, in *Rhodon and Iris,* 1631:

" ——— a rapier
" Hatch'd with gold, with hilt and *hangers* of the new faſhion."

The ſame word occurs in the eleventh *Iliad,* as tranſlated by Chapman:

" The ſcaberd was of ſilver plate, with golden *hangers* graet."

the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very reſponſive to the hilts, moſt delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew, you muſt be edified by the margent,[6] ere you had done.

Osr. The carriages, ſir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phraſe would be more german[7] to the

Mr. Pope miſtook the meaning of this term, conceiving it to ſignify—*ſhort pendulous broad ſwords.* Steevens.

The word *hangers* has been miſunderſtood. That part of the girdle or belt by which the ſword was ſuſpended, was in our poet's time called *the hangers.* See Minſheu's *Dictionary*, 1617: "The *hangers* of a ſword. G. Pendants d'eſpée, L. Subcingulum," &c. So, in an Inventory found among the papers of Hamlet Clarke, an attorney of a court of record in London, in the year 1611, and printed in *The Gentleman's Magazine*, Vol. LVIII. p. 111:

"*Item*, One *payre* of girdle and *hangers*, of ſilver purle, and cullored ſilke.

"*Item*, One payre of girdler and *hangers* upon white ſattene."

The hangers ran into an oblique direction from the middle of the forepart of the girdle acroſs the left thigh, and were attached to the girdle behind. Malone.

[6] ——*you muſt be edified by the* margent,] Dr. Warburton very properly obſerves, that in the old books the gloſs or comment was uſually printed on the margent of the leaf. So, in Decker's *Honeſt Whore*, Part II. 1630:

"————I read
"Strange comments in thoſe *margins* of your looks."

Again, in *The Contention betwyxte Churchyeard and Camell*, &c. 1560:

"A ſolempne proceſſe at a bluſsſhe
"He quoted here and there,
"With matter in the *margent* ſet" &c.

This ſpeech is omitted in the folio. Steevens.

[7] ——*more* german —] More *a-kin.* Johnson.

So, in *The Winter's Tale*: "Thoſe that are *german* to him, though removed fifty times, ſhall come under the hangman."

Steevens.

matter, if we could carry a cannon by our ſides; I would, it might be hangers till then. But, on: Six Barbary horſes againſt ſix French ſwords, their aſſigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the French bet againſt the Daniſh: Why is this impawned, as you call it?

Osr. The king, ſir, hath laid,[8] that in a dozen paſſes between yourſelf and him, he ſhall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid, on twelve for nine; and it would come to immediate trial, if your lordſhip would vouchſafe the anſwer.

Ham. How, if I anſwer, no?

Osr. I mean, my lord the oppoſition of your perſon in trial.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the hall: If it pleaſe his majeſty, it is the breathing time of day with me: let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the king hold his purpoſe, I will win for him, if I can; if not, I will gain nothing but my ſhame, and the odd hits.

Osr. Shall I deliver you ſo?

[8] *The king, ſir, hath laid,*] This wager I do not underſtand. In a dozen paſſes one muſt exceed the other more or leſs than three hits. Nor can I comprehend, how, in a dozen, there can be twelve to nine. The paſſage is of no importance; it is ſufficient that there was a wager. The quarto has the paſſage as it ſtands. The folio—*He hath one twelve for mine.* Johnson.

As three or four complete pages would ſcarcely hold the remarks already printed, together with thoſe which have lately been communicated to me in MS. on this very unimportant paſſage, I ſhall avoid both partiality and tedioufneſs, by the omiſſion of them all. I therefore leave the conditions of this wager to be adjuſted by the members of Brookes's, or the Jockey-Club at Newmarket, who on ſuch ſubjects may prove the moſt enlightened commentators, and moſt ſucceſsfully beſtir themſelves in the cold unpoetick dabble of calculation. Steevens.

Ham. To this effect, ſir; after what flouriſh your nature will.

Osr. I commend my duty to your lordſhip.

[*Exit.*

Ham. Yours, yours.—He does well, to commend it himſelf; there are no tongues elſe for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the ſhell on his head.[9]

[9] *This lapwing runs away with the ſhell on his head.*] I ſee no particular propriety in the image of the lapwing. Oſric did not run till he had done his buſineſs. We may read—*This lapwing* ran *away*.—That is, *this fellow was full of unimportant buſtle from his birth.* JOHNSON.

The ſame image occurs in Ben Jonſon's *Staple of News*:

" ——— and coachmen
" To mount their boxes reverently, and drive
" Like *lapwings with a ſhell upon their heads*,
" Thorough the ſtreets."

And I have ſince met with it in ſeveral other plays. The meaning, I believe is—This is a *forward* fellow. So, in *The White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona*, 1612:

" *Forward* lapwing,
" He flies with the ſhell on's head."

Again, in Greene's *Never too Late*, 1616: " Are you no ſooner hatched, with the *lapwing*, but you will run away with *the ſhell on your head?*"

Again, in *Revenge for Honour*, by Chapman:

" Boldneſs enforces youth to hard atchievements
" Before their time; makes them run forth like *lapwings*
" From their warm neſt, part of the *ſhell yet ſticking*
" Unto their downy heads." STEEVENS.

I believe, Hamlet means to ſay that Oſric is buſtling and impetuous, and yet " but *raw* in reſpect of his quick ſail." So, in *The Character of an Oxford Incendiary*, 1643: " This *lapwing* incendiary ran away *half-hatched* from Oxford, to raiſe a combuſtion in Scotland."

In Meres's *Wit's Treaſury*, 1598, we have the ſame image expreſſed exactly in our poet's words: " As *the lapwing runneth away with the ſhell on her head*, as ſoon as ſhe is hatched," &c. MALONE.

Ham. He did comply with his dug, before he ſucked it.[1] Thus has he (and many more of the ſame breed,[2] that, I know, the droſſy age dotes on,) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter;[3] a kind of yeſty collection, which carries them through and through the moſt fond and winnowed opinions;[4] and do but blow them to their trial, the bubbles are out.[5]

[1] *He did* comply *with his dug*, &c.] Thus the folio. The quarto, 1604, reads—*A* [i. e. *he*] did, ſir, with his dug,' &c. For *comply* Dr. Warburton and the ſubſequent editors, read—*compliment*. The verb *to compliment* was not uſed, as I think, in the time of Shakſpeare. Malone.

I doubt whether any alteration be neceſſary. Shakſpeare ſeems to have uſed *comply* in the ſenſe in which we uſe the verb *compliment*. See before, Act II. ſc. ii: "—let me *comply* with you in this garb." Tyrwhitt.

Comply is right. So, in Fuller's *Hiſtorie of the Holy Warre*, p. 80: "Some weeks were ſpent in *complying*, entertainments, and viſiting holy places;—." To *compliment* was, however, by no means, an unuſual term in Shakſpeare's time. Reed.

Again, *ibid.* p. 219: "But ſure, ſo cunning a companion had long converſed with—and Princes, as appeareth by his *complying* carriage" &c. Steevens.

[2] ——*and* many *more of the ſame* breed,] The firſt folio has —*and* mine *more of the ſame* beavy. The ſecond folio—*and* nine *more* &c. Perhaps the laſt is the true reading. Steevens.

There may be a propriety in *levy*, as he has juſt called him a *lapwing*. Tollet.

"Many more of the ſame breed," is the reading of the quarto, 1604. Malone.

[3] ——outward *habit of encounter*;] Thus the folio. The quartos read—*out of an* habit of encounter. Steevens.

Outward habit of encounter, is exterior politeneſs of addreſs; in alluſion to Oſric's laſt ſpeech. Henley.

We ſhould, I think, read—*an* outward habit, &c. Malone.

[4] ——*a kind of* yeſty *collection, which carries them through and through the moſt* fond *and winnowed opinions*;] This paſſage in the quarto ſtands thus:—"They have got out of the habit of encounter, a kind of miſty collection, which carries

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord,[6] his majeſty commended him to you by young Oſric, who brings back to him, that

them through and through the moſt profane and trennowned opinions." If this printer preſerved any traces of the original, our author wrote "the moſt *fane* and *renowned* opinions;" which is better than *fanned* and *winnowed.*

The meaning is, "theſe men have got the cant of the day, a ſuperficial readineſs of ſlight and curſory converſation, a kind of frothy collection of faſhionable prattle, which yet carries them through the moſt ſelect and approving judgments. This airy facility of talk ſometimes impoſes upon wiſe men."

Who has not ſeen this obſervation verified? Johnson.

The quarto, 1604, reads, "—dotes on; *only* got the tune of the time, and out of *an* habit," &c. and—not *miſty*, but *hiſty*; the folio, rightly, *yeſty*: the ſame quarto has not *trennowned*, but *trennowed* (a corruption of *winnowed*,) for which (according to the uſual proceſs,) the next quarto gave *trennowned*. *Fond* and *winnowed* is the reading of the folio. Malone.

Fond is evidently oppoſed to *winnowed*. *Fond*, in the language of Shakſpeare's age, ſignified *fooliſh*. So, in *The Merchant of Venice*:

"Thou naughty jailer, why art thou ſo *fond*," &c.

Winnowed is *ſifted, examined*. The ſenſe is then, that their converſation was yet ſucceſsful enough to make them paſſable not only with the weak, but with thoſe of ſounder judgment. The ſame oppoſition in terms is viſible in the reading which the quartos offer. *Profane* and *vulgar* is oppoſed to *trenowned*, or *thrice renowned*. Steevens.

Fanned and *winnowed* ſeems right to me. Both words, *winnowed, fand** and dreſt, occur together in Markham's *Engliſh Husbandman*, p. 117. So do fan'*d* and winnow'*d*, fanned, and winnowed, in his *Husbandry*, p. 18, 76, and 77. So, Shakſpeare mentions together the *fan* and *wind*, in *Troilus and Creſſida*, Act V. ſc. iii. Tollet.

On conſidering this paſſage, it always appeared to me that we ought to read, "the moſt *found* and winnowed opinions:" and

* So written without the apoſtrophe, and eaſily might in MS. be miſtaken for *fond*.

you attend him in the hall: He ſends to know, if your pleaſure hold to play with Laertes, or that you will take longer time.

Ham. I am conſtant to my purpoſes, they follow the king's pleaſure: if his fitneſs ſpeaks, mine is ready; now, or whenſoever, provided I be ſo able as now.

Lord. The king, and queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The queen deſires you, to uſe ſome gentle entertainment[7] to Laertes, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well inſtructs me. [*Exit* Lord.

Hor. You will loſe this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think ſo; ſince he went into France, I have been in continual practice; I ſhall win at the odds.[8] But thou would'ſt not think, how ill all's here about my heart: but it is no matter.

I have been confirmed in that conjecture by a paſſage I lately met with in Howel's *Letters*, where ſpeaking of a man merely contemplative, he ſays: "Beſides he may want judgement in the choice of his authors, and knows not how to turn his hand either in weighing or *winnowing the ſoundeſt opinions*." Book III. Letter viii. M. Mason.

[5] —— *do but blow them* &c.] Theſe men of ſhow, without ſolidity, are like bubbles raiſed from ſoap and water, which dance, and glitter, and pleaſe the eye, but if you extend them, by blowing hard, ſeparate into a miſt; ſo if you oblige theſe ſpecious talkers to extend their compaſs of converſation, they at once diſcover the tenuity of their intellects. Johnson.

[6] *My lord*, &c.] All that paſſes between *Hamlet* and this *Lord* is omitted in the folio. Steevens.

[7] —— *gentle entertainment*—] Mild and temperate converſation. Johnson.

[8] —— *I ſhall win at* the odds.] I ſhall ſucceed with the advantage that I am allowed. Malone.

Hor. Nay, good my lord,——

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is ſuch a kind of gain-giving,[9] as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind diſlike any thing, obey it:[1] I will foreſtal their repair hither, and ſay, you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there is a ſpecial providence in the fall of a ſparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now; if it be not now, yet it will come: the readineſs is all: Since no man, of aught he leaves, knows, what is't to leave betimes?[2] Let be.

[9] —— *a kind of* gain-giving,] *Gain-giving* is the ſame as *miſgiving*. STEEVENS.

[1] *If your mind diſlike any thing, obey it:*]

——— *Urgent præſagia mille*
Funeris, et nigræ præcedunt nubila mortis.

With theſe preſages of future evils ariſing in the mind, the poet has fore-run many events which are to happen at the concluſions of his plays; and ſometimes ſo particularly, that even the circumſtances of calamity are minutely hinted at, as in the inſtance of Juliet, who tells her lover from the window, that he appears *like one dead in the bottom of a tomb*. The ſuppoſition that the genius of the mind gave an alarm before approaching diſſolution, is a very ancient one, and perhaps can never be totally driven out: yet it muſt be allowed the merit of adding beauty to poetry, however injurious it may ſometimes prove to the weak and ſuperſtitious. STEEVENS.

[2] *Since no man, of aught he leaves, knows, what is't to leave betimes?*] The old quarto reads—*Since no man, of aught he leaves,* knows, *what is't to leave betimes? Let be.* This is the true reading. Here the premiſes conclude right, and the argument drawn out at length is to this effect: "It is true, that, by death, we loſe all the goods of life; yet ſeeing this loſs is no otherwiſe an evil than as we are ſenſible of it, and ſince death removes all ſenſe of it, what matters it how ſoon we loſe them? Therefore come what will, I am prepared." WARBURTON.

The reading of the quarto was right, but in ſome other copy the harſhneſs of the tranſpoſition was ſoftened, and the paſſage

Enter King, Queen, LAERTES, Lords, OSRIC, *and Attendants with Foils, &c.*

KING. Come, Hamlet, come, and take this hand from me.

[*The* King *puts the Hand of* LAERTES *into that of* HAMLET.

HAM. Give me your pardon, ſir :[3] I have done you wrong ;
But pardon it, as you are a gentleman.
This preſence knows, and you muſt needs have heard,
How I am puniſh'd with a ſore diſtraction.
What I have done,
That might your nature, honour, and exception,

ſtood thus :—*Since no man knows aught of what he leaves.* For *knows* was printed in the later copies *has,* by a ſlight blunder in ſuch typographers.

I do not think Dr. Warburton's interpretation of the paſſage the beſt that it will admit. The meaning may be this,—Since *no man knows aught of* the ſtate of which *he leaves,* ſince he cannot judge what other years may produce, why ſhould he be afraid of *leaving* life betimes? Why ſhould he dread an early death, of which he cannot tell whether it is an excluſion of happineſs, or an interception of calamity. I deſpiſe the ſuperſtition of augury and omens, which has no ground in reaſon or piety; my comfort is, that I cannot fall but by the direction of Providence.

Sir T. Hanmer has—*Since no man* owes *aught,* a conjecture not very reprehenſible. Since *no man can call any poſſeſſion certain,* what is it to leave? JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton has truly ſtated the reading of the firſt quarto, 1604. The folio reads,—*Since no man* has *ought* of what *he leaves, what is't to leave betimes?*

In the late editions neither copy has been followed, MALONE.

[3] *Give me your pardon, ſir :*] I wiſh Hamlet had made ſome other defence; it is unſuitable to the character of a good or a brave man, to ſhelter himſelf in falſehood. JOHNSON.

Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madneſs.
Was't Hamlet wrong'd Laertes? Never, Hamlet:
If Hamlet from himſelf be ta'en away,
And, when he's not himſelf, does wrong Laertes,
Then Hamlet does it not, Hamlet denies it.
Who does it then? His madneſs: If't be ſo,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madneſs is poor Hamlet's enemy.
Sir,[4] in this audience,
Let my diſclaiming from a purpos'd evil
Free me ſo far in your moſt generous thoughts,
That I have ſhot my arrow o'er the houſe,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am ſatisfied in nature,[5]
Whoſe motive, in this caſe, ſhould ſtir me moſt
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour,
I ſtand aloof; and will no reconcilement,
Till by ſome elder maſters, of known honour,[6]

[4] *Sir,* &c.] This paſſage I have reſtored from the folio. Steevens.

[5] *I am ſatisfied in* nature, &c.] This was a piece of ſatire on fantaſtical honour. Though *nature* is ſatisfied, yet he will aſk advice of older men of the ſword, whether *artificial honour* ought to be contented with Hamlet's ſubmiſſion.

There is a paſſage ſomewhat ſimilar in *The Maid's Tragedy:*

"*Eved.* Will you forgive me then?

"*Mel.* Stay, I muſt *aſk mine honour* firſt." Steevens.

[6] *Till by ſome* elder maſters, *of known honour,*] This is ſaid in alluſion to an Engliſh cuſtom. I learn from an ancient MS. of which the reader will find a more particular account in a note to *The Merry Wives of Windſor,* Vol. V. p. 32, n. 8; that in Queen Elizabeth's time there were "four *ancient maſters* of defence," in the city of London. They appear to have been the referees in many affairs of honour, and exacted tribute from all inferior practitioners of the art of fencing, &c. Steevens.

Our poet frequently alludes to Engliſh cuſtoms, and may have done ſo here; but I do not believe that gentlemen ever ſubmitted

I have a voice and precedent of peace,
To keep my name ungor'd: But till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely;
And will this brother's wager frankly play.—
Give us the foils; come on.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance
Your ſkill ſhall, like a ſtar i'the darkeſt night,
Stick fiery off indeed.[7]

Laer. You mock me, ſir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young Oſric.—
Couſin Hamlet,
You know the wager?

Ham. Very well, my lord;
Your grace hath laid the odds o'the weaker ſide.[8]

points of honour to perſons who exhibited themſelves for money as prize-fighters on the publick ſtage; though they might appeal in certain caſes to Raleigh, Eſſex, or Southampton, who from their high rank, their courſe of life, and eſtabliſhed reputation, might with ſtrict propriety be ſtyled, "elder maſters, *of known honour*." Malone.

[7] ——*like* a ſtar i'the darkeſt night,
Stick fiery off indeed.] So, in Chapman's verſion of the twenty-ſecond *Iliad*:

"——a world of *ſtars* &c.—
"——the *midnight that renders them moſt ſhowne,*
"Then being their *foil*;—." Steevens.

[8] *Your grace hath laid* the odds *o'the weaker ſide.*] When the odds were on the ſide of Laertes, who was to hit Hamlet twelve times to nine, it was perhaps the author's ſlip. Sir T. Hanmer reads—

Your grace hath laid apon the weaker ſide. Johnson.

King. I do not fear it: I have ſeen you both:—
But ſince he's better'd, we have therefore odds.[9]

Laer. This is too heavy, let me ſee another.

Ham. This likes me well: Theſe foils have all a length? [*They prepare to play.*

Osr. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the ſtoups of wine [1] upon that table:—
If Hamlet give the firſt or ſecond hit,
Or quit in anſwer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;

I ſee no reaſon for altering this paſſage. Hamlet conſiders the things *imponed* by the King, as of more value than thoſe imponed by Laertes; and therefore ſays, "that he had laid the odds on the weaker ſide." M. Mason.

Hamlet either means, that what the King had laid was more valuable than what Laertes ſtaked; or that *the king hath made his bet, an advantage being given to the weaker party.* I believe the firſt is the true interpretation. In the next line but one the word *odds* certainly means *an advantage given to the party,* but here it may have a different ſenſe. This is not an uncommon practice with our poet. Malone.

The King had wagered, on Hamlet, *ſix Barbary horſes,* againſt a few *rapiers, poniards,* &c. that is, about *twenty* to one. Theſe are the *odds* here meant. Ritson.

[9] *But ſince he's better'd, we have therefore* odds.] Theſe *odds* were *twelve* to *nine* in favour of Hamlet, by Laertes giving him *three.* Ritson.

[1] ——*the* ſtoups *of wine*—] A *ſtoop* is a kind of *flagon.* See Vol. V. p. 287, n. 2. Stevens.

Containing ſomewhat more than two quarts. Malone.

Stoup is a common word in Scotland at this day, and denotes a pewter veſſel, reſembling our wine meaſure; but of no determinate quantity, *that* being aſcertained by an adjunct, as *gallon-ſtoup, pint-ſtoup, mutchkin-ſtoup,* &c. The veſſel in which they fetch or keep water is alſo called the *water-ſtoup.* A *ſtoup of wine* is therefore equivalent to a pitcher of wine. Ritson.

The king ſhall drink to Hamlet's better breath;
And in the cup an union ſhall he throw,[2]
Richer than that which four ſucceſſive kings
In Denmark's crown have worn; Give me the cups;

[2] *And in the cup an* union *ſhall he throw,*] In ſome editions:
And in the cup an onyx *ſhall he throw.*
This is a various reading in ſeveral of the old copies; but *union* ſeems to me to be the true word. If I am not miſtaken, neither the *onyx*, nor *ſardonyx*, are jewels which ever found place in an imperial crown. An *union* is the fineſt ſort of pearl, and has its place in all crowns, and coronets. Beſides, let us conſider what the King ſays on Hamlet's giving Laertes the firſt hit:
" Stay, give me drink. Hamlet, this *pearl* is thine;
" Here's to thy health."
Therefore, if an *union* be a *pearl*, and an *onyx* a gem, or ſtone, quite differing in its nature from *pearls*; the King ſaying, that Hamlet has earned the *pearl*, I think, amounts to a demonſtration that it was an *union* pearl, which he meant to throw into the cup. THEOBALD.

And in the cup an union *ſhall he throw,*] Thus the folio rightly. In the firſt quarto, by the careleſſneſs of the printer, for *union* we have *unice*, which in the ſubſequent quarto copies was made *onyx*. An *union* is a very precious pearl. See Bullokar's *Engliſh Expoſitor*, 1616, and Florio's *Italian Dictionary*, 1598, in v. MALONE.

So, in *Soliman and Perſeda*:
" Ay, were it Cleopatra's *union*."
The *union* is thus mentioned in P. Holland's tranſlation of Pliny's *Natural Hiſtory*: "And hereupon it is that our dainties and delicates here at Rome, &c. call them *unions*, as a man would ſay ſingular and by themſelves alone."

To ſwallow a *pearl* in a draught ſeems to have been equally common to royal and mercantile prodigality. So, in the Second Part of *If you know not Me, you know Nobody*, 1606, Sir Thomas Greſham ſays:
" Here 16,000 pound at one clap goes.
" Inſtead of ſugar, Greſham *drinks this pearle*
" Unto his queen and miſtreſs."
It may be obſerved, however, that *pearls* were ſuppoſed to poſſeſs an exhilarating quality. Thus, *Rondelet*, Lib. I. de Teſtac. c. xv: " *Uniones* quæ à conchis &c. valde *cordiales* ſunt."
STEEVENS.

And let the kettle to the trumpet ſpeak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannons to the heavens, the heaven to earth,
Now the king drinks to Hamlet.—Come, begin;—
And you, the judges, bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, ſir.

Laer. Come, my lord. [*They play.*

Ham. One.

Laer. No.

Ham. Judgment.

Osr. A hit, a very palpable hit.

Laer. Well,—again.

King. Stay, give me drink: Hamlet, this pearl is thine;[3]
Here's to thy health.—Give him the cup.
[*Trumpets ſound; and Cannon ſhot off within.*

Ham. I'll play this bout firſt, ſet it by awhile.
Come.—Another hit; What ſay you? [*They play.*

Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confeſs.

King. Our ſon ſhall win.

Queen. He's fat, and ſcant of breath.[4]—

[3] ——*this* pearl *is thine;*] Under pretence of throwing a *pearl* into the cup, the King may be ſuppoſed to drop ſome poiſonous drug into the wine. Hamlet ſeems to ſuſpect this, when he afterwards diſcovers the effects of the poiſon, and tauntingly aſks him,—"Is the union here?" Steevens.

[4] Queen. *He's* fat, *and ſcant of breath.*] It ſeems that *John Lowin*, who was the original *Falſtaff*, was no leſs celebrated for his performance of *Henry VIII.* and *Hamlet*. See the *Hiſtoria Hiſtrionica*, &c. If he was adapted, by the corpulence of his figure, to appear with propriety in the two former of theſe characters, Shakſpeare might have put this obſervation into the mouth of her majeſty, to apologize for the want of ſuch elegance of perſon as an audience might expect to meet with in the

Here, Hamlet, take my napkin, rub thy brows:
The queen carouſes to thy fortune, Hamlet.[5]

Ham. Good madam,——

King. Gertrude, do not drink.

Queen. I will, my lord;—I pray you, pardon me.

King. It is the poiſon'd cup; it is too late. [*Aſide.*

Ham. I dare not drink yet, madam; by and by.

Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.[6]

Laer. My lord, I'll hit him now.

repreſentative of the youthful prince of Denmark, whom Ophelia ſpeaks of as "the glaſs of faſhion and the mould of form." This, however, is mere conjecture, as *Joſeph Taylor* likewiſe acted *Hamlet* during the life of Shakſpeare.

In *Ratſie's Ghoſt*, (Gamaliel) no date, about 1605, bl. l. 4°. the ſecond part of his madde prankes &c.—He robs a company of players. "Sirra, ſaies he to the chiefeſt of them, thou haſt a good preſence on a ſtage—get thee to London, for if one man were dead, [Lowin, perhaps,] there would be none fitter than thyſelf to play his parts—I durſt venture all the money in my purſe on thy head to play *Hamlet* with him for a wager." He knights him afterwards, and bids him—"Riſe up, Sir Simon *two ſhares & a halfe.*" I owe this quotation to one of Dr. Farmer's *memoranda*. STEEVENS.

The author of *Hiſtoria Hiſtrionica*, and Downes the prompter, concur in ſaying, that Taylor was the performer of Hamlet. Roberts the player alone has aſſerted, (apparently without any authority,) that this part was performed by Lowin. MALONE.

[5] *The queen* carouſes to thy fortune, *Hamlet*,] i. e. (in humbler language) drinks good luck to you. A ſimilar phraſe occurs in *David and Bethſabe*, 1599:

"With full *carouſes to his fortune* paſt." STEEVENS.

[6] *Come, let me wipe thy face.*] Theſe very words (the preſent repetition of which might have been ſpared) are addreſſed by Doll Tearſheet to Falſtaff, when he was heated by his purſuit of Piſtol. See Vol. XII. p. 98. STEEVENS.

King. I do not think it.

Laer. And yet it is almoſt againſt my conſcience. [*Aſide.*

Ham. Come, for the third, Laertes: You do but dally;
I pray you, paſs with your beſt violence;
I am afeard, you make a wanton of me.[7]

Laer. Say you ſo? come on. [*They play.*

Osr. Nothing neither way.

Laer. Have at you now.

[Laertes *wounds* Hamlet; *then, in ſcuffling, they change Rapiers, and* Hamlet *wounds* Laertes.

King. Part them, they are incens'd.

Ham. Nay, come again. [*The* Queen *falls.*

[7] ——*you make a* wanton *of me.*] A *wanton* was a man feeble and effeminate. In *Cymbeline,* Imogen ſays, I am not—
" ——— ſo citizen a *wanton,* as
" To ſeem to die, ere ſick." Johnson.

Rather, you trifle with me as if you were playing with a child. So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
" ——— I would have thee gone,
" And yet no further than a *wanton's* bird,
" That lets it hop a little from her hand,
" And with a ſilk thread pulls it back again." Ritson.

A paſſage in *King John* ſhows that *wanton* here means *a man feeble and effeminate,* as Dr. Johnſon has explained it:
" ——— Shall a beardleſs *boy,*
" A cocker'd ſilken *wanton,* brave our fields,
" And fleſh his ſpirit in a warlike ſoil," &c. Malone.

The following paſſage in the firſt ſcene of Lee's *Alexander the Great,* may furniſh a ſufficient comment on the words of Hamlet:
" He *dallied* with my point, and when I thruſt,
" He frown'd and ſmil'd, and foil'd me like a fencer."
Steevens

Osr. Look to the queen there, ho!

Hor. They bleed on both ſides:—How is it, my lord?

Osr. How is't, Laertes?

Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own ſpringe, Oſric;
I am juſtly kill'd with mine own treachery.

Ham. How does the queen?

King. She ſwoons to ſee them bleed.

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink,—O my dear Hamlet!—
The drink, the drink;—I am poiſon'd! [*Dies.*

Ham. O villainy!—Ho! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! ſeek it out. [Laertes *falls.*

Laer. It is here, Hamlet: Hamlet, thou art ſlain;
No medicine in the world can do thee good,
In thee there is not half an hour's life;
The treacherous inſtrument is in thy hand,
Unbated, and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd itſelf on me; lo, here I lie,
Never to riſe again: Thy mother's poiſon'd;
I can no more; the king, the king's to blame.

Ham. The point
Envenom'd too!—Then, venom, to thy work.
[*Stabs the* King.

Osr. & Lords. Treaſon! treaſon!

King. O, yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou inceſtuous, murd'rous, damned Dane,

Drink off this potion :—Is the union here ?[8]
Follow my mother. [King *dies.*

Laer. He is juſtly ſerv'd;
It is a poiſon temper'd by himſelf.—
Exchange forgiveneſs with me, noble Hamlet:
Mine and my father's death come not upon thee;
Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*

Ham. Heaven make thee free of it! I follow thee.
I am dead, Horatio :—Wretched queen, adieu!—
You that look pale and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,[9]
Had I but time, (as this fell ſergeant, death,
Is ſtrict in his arreſt,)[1] O, I could tell you,—
But let it be :—Horatio, I am dead;
Thou liv'ſt; report me and my cauſe aright
To the unſatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it;
I am more an antique Roman than a Dane,
Here's yet ſome liquor left.

Ham. As thou'rt a man,—

[8] —— *Is the* union *here?*] In this place likewiſe the quarto reads, an *onyx*. Steevens.

—— *Is the* union *here?*] Thus the folio. In a former paſſage in the quarto, 1604, for *union* we had *unice*; here it has *onyx*.

It ſhould ſeem from this line, and Laertes's next ſpeech, that Hamlet here forces the expiring King to drink ſome of the poiſoned cup, and that he dies while it is at his lips. Malone.

[9] *That are but mutes and audience to this act,*] That are either *auditors* of this *cataſtrophe*, or at moſt only *mute performers*, that fill the ſtage without any part in the action.

Johnson.

[1] —— (*as this* fell ſergeant, *death,*
Is ſtrict in his arreſt,)] So, in our poet's 74th Sonnet:
" ——— when that *fell arreſt,*
" *Without all bail,* ſhall carry me away,—. Malone.

[A *ſerjeant* is a bailiff, or ſheriff's officer. Ritson.

Give me the cup; let go; by heaven I'll have it.—
O God!—Horatio,[2] what a wounded name,
Things ſtanding thus unknown, ſhall live behind me?[3]
If thou didſt ever hold me in thy heart,
Abſent thee from felicity awhile,
And in this harſh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my ſtory.—

[*March afar off, and Shot within.*

What warlike noiſe is this?

Osr. Young Fortinbras, with conqueſt come from Poland,
To the ambaſſadors of England gives
This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, Horatio;
The potent poiſon quite o'er-crows my ſpirit;[4]

[2] *O* God!—*Horatio,* &c.] Thus the quarto, 1604. Folio: O *good* Horatio. Malone.

[3] ——*ſhall* live *behind me?*] Thus the folio. The quartos read—ſhall *I leave* behind me. Steevens.

[4] *The potent poiſon quite* o'er-crows *my ſpirit;*] Thus the firſt quarto, and the firſt folio. Alluding, I ſuppoſe, to a victorious cock exulting over his conquered antagoniſt. The ſame word occurs in *Lingua,* &c. 1607:

" Shall I? th' embaſſadreſs of gods and men,
" That pull'd proud Phœbe from her brightſome ſphere,
" And dark'd Apollo's countenance with a word,
" Be *over-crow'd,* and breathe without revenge?"

Again, in Hall's *Satires,* Lib. V. Sat. ii:

" Like the vain bubble of Iberian pride,
" That *over-croweth* all the world beſide."

This phraſe often occurs in the controverſial pieces of Gabriel Harvey, 1593, &c. It is alſo found in Chapman's tranſlation of the twenty-firſt Book of Homer's *Odyſſey:*

" ——— and told his foe
" It was not fair, nor equal, t' *overcrow*
" The pooreſt gueſt—." Steevens.

This word, [*o'er-crows*] for which Mr. Pope and ſucceeding

I cannot live to hear the news from England:
But I do prophecy the election lights
On Fortinbras; he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrents,[5] more or leſs,
Which have ſolicited,[6]—The reſt is ſilence. [*Dies.*

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart;—Good night, ſweet prince;

editors have ſubſtituted *over-grows*, is uſed by Holinſhed in his *Hiſtory of Ireland*: "Theſe noblemen laboured with tooth and nayle to *over-crow*, and conſequently to overthrow, one another."

Again, in the epiſtle prefixed to Naſhe's *Apologie of Pierce Pennileſſe*, 1593: "About two yeeres ſince a certayne demi-divine took upon him to ſet his foote to mine, and *over-crowe* me with comparative terms."

I find the reading which Mr. Pope and the ſubſequent editors adopted, (*o'ergrows*,) was taken from a late quarto of no authority, printed in 1637. Malone.

The accepted reading is the more quaint, the rejected one the more elegant of the two; at leaſt Mr. Rowe has given the latter to his dying Ameſtris in *The Ambitious Stepmother*:

"The gloom *grows o'er* me." Steevens.

[5] ——*the* occurrents,] i. e. incidents. The word is now diſuſed. So, in *The Hog hath loſt his Pearl*, 1614:

"Such ſtrange *occurrents* of my fore-paſt life."

Again, in *The Barons' Wars*, by Drayton, Canto I:

"With each *occurrent*, right in his degree."

Again, in Chapman's verſion of the twenty-fourth *Iliad*:

"Of good *occurrents* and none ill am I ambaſſadreſſe."

Steevens.

[6] *Which have* ſolicited.] *Solicited* for brought on the event. Warburton.

Warburton ſays, that *ſolicited* means *brought on the event*; but that is a meaning the word cannot import. That have *ſolicited*, means that have *excited*; but the ſentence is left imperfect. M. Mason.

What Hamlet would have ſaid, the poet has not given us any ground for conjecturing. The words ſeem to mean no more than —*which have incited me to*—. Malone.

And flights of angels ſing thee to thy reſt![7]

[7] *Now cracks a noble heart:—Good night, ſweet prince;*
And flights of angels ſing thee to thy reſt!] So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, 1609:

" If thou liv'ſt, Pericles, thou haſt a *heart*,
" That even *cracks* for woe."

The concluding words of the unfortunate Lord Eſſex's prayer on the ſcaffold were theſe: " —and when my life and body ſhall part, ſend *thy bleſſed angels, which may receive my ſoule, and convey it to the joys of heaven.*"

Hamlet had certainly been exhibited before the execution of that amiable nobleman; but the words here given to Horatio might have been one of the many additions made to this play. As no copy of an earlier date than 1604 has yet been diſcovered, whether Lord Eſſex's laſt words were in our author's thoughts, cannot be now aſcertained. MALONE.

And flights of angels ſing thee to thy reſt!] Rather from Marſton's *Inſatiate Counteſs*, 1603:

" An hoſt of angels be thy convey hence!" STEEVENS.

Let us review for a moment the behaviour of Hamlet, on the ſtrength of which Horatio founds this eulogy, and recommends him to the patronage of angels.

Hamlet, at the command of his father's ghoſt, undertakes with ſeeming alacrity to revenge the murder; and declares he will baniſh all other thoughts from his mind. He makes, however, but one effort to keep his word, and that is, when he miſtakes Polonius for the King. On another occaſion, he defers his purpoſe till he can find an opportunity of taking his uncle when he is leaſt prepared for death, that he may inſure damnation to his ſoul. Though he aſſaſſinated Polonius by accident, yet he deliberately procures the execution of his ſchool-fellows, Roſencrantz and Guildenſtern, who appear not, from any circumſtances in this play, to have been acquainted with the treacherous purpoſes of the mandate they were employed to carry. To embitter their fate, and hazard their puniſhment beyond the grave, he denies them even the few moments neceſſary for a brief confeſſion of their ſins. Their end (as he declares in a ſubſequent converſation with Horatio) gives him no concern, for they obtruded themſelves into the ſervice, and he thought he had a right to deſtroy them. From his brutal conduct toward Ophelia, he is not leſs accountable for her diſtraction and death. He interrupts the funeral deſigned in honour of this lady, at which both the King and Queen were preſent; and, by ſuch an outrage to decency,

Why does the drum come hither? [*March within.*

renders it ſtill more neceſſary for the uſurper to lay a ſecond ſtratagem for his life, though the firſt had proved abortive. He inſults the brother of the dead, and boaſts of an affection for his ſiſter, which, before, he had denied to her face; and yet at this very time muſt be conſidered as deſirous of ſupporting the character of a madman, ſo that the openneſs of his confeſſion is not to be imputed to him as a virtue. He apologizes to Horatio afterwards for the abſurdity of this behaviour, to which, he ſays, he was provoked by that nobleneſs of fraternal grief, which, indeed, he ought rather to have applauded than condemned. Dr. Johnſon has obſerved, that to bring about a reconciliation with Laertes, he has availed himſelf of a diſhoneſt fallacy; and to conclude, it is obvious to the moſt careleſs ſpectator or reader, that he kills the King at laſt to revenge himſelf, and not his father.

Hamlet cannot be ſaid to have purſued his ends by very warrantable means; and if the poet, when he ſacrificed him at laſt, meant to have enforced ſuch a moral, it is not the worſt that can be deduced from the play; for, as *Maximus*, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Valentinian*, ſays—

"Although his juſtice were as white as truth,
"His way was crooked to it; that condemns him."

The late Dr. Akenſide once obſerved to me, that the conduct of Hamlet was every way unnatural and indefenſible, unleſs he were to be regarded as a young man whoſe intellects were in ſome degree impaired by his own misfortunes; by the death of his father, the loſs of expected ſovereignty, and a load of ſhame reſulting from the haſty and inceſtuous marriage of his mother.

I have dwelt the longer on this ſubject, becauſe Hamlet ſeems to have been hitherto regarded as a hero not undeſerving the pity of the audience; and becauſe no writer on Shakſpeare has taken the pains to point out the immoral tendency of his character.

STEEVENS.

Mr. Ritſon controverts the juſtice of Mr. Steevens's ſtrictures on the character of Hamlet, which he undertakes to defend. The arguments he makes uſe of for this purpoſe are too long to be here inſerted, and therefore I ſhall content myſelf with referring to them. See REMARKS, p. 217 to 224. REED.

Some of the charges here brought againſt Hamlet appear to me queſtionable at leaſt, if not unfounded. I have already obſerved that in the novel on which this play is conſtructed, the miniſters who by the king's order accompanied the young prince to England, and carried with them a packet in which his death

Enter FORTINBRAS, *the* Engliſh Ambaſſadors, *and Others.*

FORT. Where is this ſight?
HOR. What is it, you would ſee?

was concerted, were apprized of its contents; and therefore we may *preſume* that Shakſpeare meant to deſcribe their repreſentatives, Roſencrantz and Guildenſtern, as equally criminal; as combining with the King to deprive Hamlet of his life. His procuring their execution therefore does not with certainty appear to have been unprovoked cruelty, and *might* have been conſidered by him as neceſſary to his *future ſafety*; knowing, as he muſt have known, that they had devoted themſelves to the ſervice of the King in whatever he ſhould command. The principle on which he acted, is aſcertained by the following lines, from which alſo it may be inferred that the poet meant to repreſent Hamlet's ſchool-fellows as privy to the plot againſt his life:

" There's letters ſeal'd: and my two ſchool-fellows—
" Whom I will truſt as I will adders fang'd,
" They bear the mandate; they muſt ſweep my way,
" And marſhall me to knavery: Let it work,
" For 'tis the ſport, to have the engineer
" Hoiſt with his own petar; and it ſhall go hard,
" But I will delve one yard below *their* mines,
" *And blow them to the moon.*"

Another charge is, that " *he comes* * *to diſturb the funeral of Ophelia:*" but the fact is otherwiſe repreſented in the firſt ſcene of the fifth Act: for when the funeral proceſſion appears, (which he does not ſeek, but finds,) he exclaims—

" The queen, the courtiers: *who is this they follow,*
" And with ſuch maimed rites?"

nor does he know it to be the funeral of Ophelia, till Laertes mentions that the dead body was that of his ſiſter.

I do not perceive that he is accountable for the madneſs of Ophelia. He did not mean to kill her father when concealed behind the arras, but the King; and ſtill leſs did he intend to deprive her of her reaſon and her life: her ſubſequent diſtraction therefore can no otherwiſe be laid to his charge, than as an un-

* ——*he comes*—] The words ſtood thus in edit. 1778, &c. STEEVENS.

If aught of woe, or wonder, ceaſe your ſearch.

Fort. This quarry cries on havock![8]—O proud death!
What feaſt is toward in thine eternal cell,[9]

foreſeen conſequence from his too ardently purſuing the object recommended to him by his father.

He appears to have been induced to leap into Ophelia's grave, not with a deſign to inſult Laertes, but from his love to her, (which then he had no reaſon to conceal,) and from the *bravery of her brother's grief*, which excited him (not to condemn that brother, as has been ſtated, but) to *vie* with him in the expreſſion of affection and ſorrow:

" Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
" Until my eyelids will no longer wag.—
" I lov'd Ophelia; forty thouſand brothers
" Could not with all their quantity of love
" Make up my ſum."

When Hamlet ſays, " the bravery of his grief did put me into a *towering paſſion*," I think, he means, into a lofty expreſſion (not of *reſentment*, but) of *ſorrow*. So, in *King John*, Vol. X. p. 406, n. 4.

" She is *ſad* and *paſſionate* at your highneſs' tent."

Again, more appoſitely in the play before us:

" The inſtant burſt of clamour that ſhe made,
" (Unleſs things mortal move them not at all,)
" Would have made milch the burning eyes of heaven,
" And *paſſion* in the gods."

I may alſo add, that he neither aſſaulted, nor inſulted Laertes, till that nobleman had curſed him, and ſeized him by the throat.

MALONE.

[8] *This quarry* cries on *havock!*] Sir T. Hanmer reads:

——— *cries* out, *havock!*

To *cry on*, was to *exclaim againſt*. I ſuppoſe, when unfair ſportſmen deſtroyed more *quarry* or *game* than was reaſonable, the cenſure was to cry, *Havock*. JOHNSON.

We have the ſame phraſeology in *Othello*, Act V. ſc. i:

" ——— Whoſe noiſe is this, that *cries on* murder?"

See the note there. MALONE.

[9] *What* feaſt *is toward in thine eternal cell,*] Shakſpeare has already employed this alluſion to the *Choæ*, or *feaſts of the dead*, which were anciently celebrated at Athens, and are mentioned by Plutarch in *The Life of Antonius*. Our author like-

That thou ſo many princes, at a ſhot,
So bloodily haſt ſtruck?

1 *Amb.* The ſight is diſmal;
And our affairs from England come too late:
The ears are ſenſeleſs, that ſhould give us hearing,
To tell him, his commandment is fulfill'd,
That Roſencrantz and Guildenſtern are dead:
Where ſhould we have our thanks?

Hor. Not from his mouth,[1]
Had it the ability of life to thank you;
He never gave commandment for their death.
But ſince, ſo jump upon this bloody queſtion,
You from the Polack wars, and you from England,
Are here arriv'd; give order, that theſe bodies
High on a ſtage be placed to the view;[2]
And let me ſpeak, to the yet unknowing world,
How theſe things come about: So ſhall you hear
Of carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts;[3]

wiſe makes *Talbot* ſay to his ſon in *The Firſt Part of King Henry VI:*

"Now art thou come unto a *feaſt of death.*"

STEEVENS.

[1] ——*his mouth,*] i. e. the king's. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*give order, that theſe* bodies
High on a ſtage *be placed to the view;*] This idea was apparently taken from Arthur Brooke's *Tragicall Hystory of Romeus and Juliet,* 1562:

"The prince did ſtraight ordaine, the *corſes* that wer founde,
"Should be ſet forth *upon a ſtage hye raysed* from the grounde," &c. STEEVENS.

[3] *Of* carnal, *bloody, and unnatural acts;*] *Carnal* is a word uſed by Shakſpeare as an adjective to *carnage.* RITSON.

Of ſanguinary and unnatural acts, to which the perpetrator was inſtigated by concupiſcence, or, to uſe our poet's own words, by "*carnal* ſtings." The ſpeaker alludes to the murder of old Hamlet by his brother, previous to his inceſtuous union with Gertrude. A *Remarker* aſks, "was the relationſhip between

Of accidental judgments, caſual ſlaughters;
Of deaths put on[4] by cunning, and forc'd cauſe;[5]
And, in this upſhot, purpoſes mistook
Fall'n on the inventors' heads: all this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haſte to hear it,
And call the nobleſt to the audience.
For me, with ſorrow I embrace my fortune;
I have ſome rights of memory in this kingdom,[6]
Which now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I ſhall have alſo cauſe to ſpeak,
And from his mouth whoſe voice will draw on more:[7]

the uſurper and the deceaſed king a ſecret confined to Horatio?" —No, but the *murder* of Hamlet by Claudius was a ſecret which the young prince had imparted to Horatio, and had imparted to him alone; and to this it is he principally, though covertly, alludes.—*Carnal* is the reading of the only authentick copies, the quarto 1604, and the folio 1623. The modern editors, following a quarto of no authority, *for carnal,* read *cruel.* MALONE.

The edition immediately preceding that of Mr. Malone, reads —*carnal,* and not *cruel,* as here aſſerted. REED.

[4] *Of deaths* put on —] i. e. inſtigated, produced. See Vol. XVI. p. 115, n. 1. MALONE.

[5] —— *and* forc'd *cauſe*;] Thus the folio. The quartos read —and *for no* cauſe. STEEVENS.

[6] ——*ſome rights* of memory *in this kingdom*:] Some rights which are remembered in this kingdom. MALONE.

[7] *And from his mouth whoſe voice will draw* on *more*:] *No* is the reading of the old quartos, but certainly a miſtaken one. We ſay, *a man will no more draw breath*; but that a man's *voice will draw no more,* is, I believe, an expreſſion without any authority. I chooſe to eſpouſe the reading of the elder folio:

And from his mouth whoſe voice will draw on *more.*

And this is the poet's reading. Hamlet, juſt before his death had ſaid:

"But I do prophecy, the election lights
"On Fortinbras: he has my dying *voice*;
"So tell *him*," &c.

But let this ſame be preſently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild; leſt more miſchance,
On plots, and errors, happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear Hamlet, like a ſoldier, to the ſtage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd moſt royally: and, for his paſſage,
The ſoldiers' muſick, and the rites of war,
Speak loudly for him.—
Take up the bodies:—Such a ſight as this
Becomes the field, but here ſhows much amiſs.
Go, bid the ſoldiers ſhoot. [*A dead March.*

[*Exeunt, bearing off the dead Bodies; after which, a Peal of Ordnance is ſhot off.*[9]

Accordingly, Horatio here delivers that meſſage; and very juſtly infers, that Hamlet's *voice* will be ſeconded by others, and procure them in favour of Fortinbras's ſucceſſion. THEOBALD.

[9] If the dramas of Shakſpeare were to be characteriſed, each by the particular excellence which diſtinguiſhes it from the reſt, we muſt allow to the tragedy of Hamlet the praiſe of variety. The incidents are ſo numerous, that the argument of the play would make a long tale. The ſcenes are interchangeably diverſified with merriment and ſolemnity: with merriment that includes judicious and inſtructive obſervations; and ſolemnity not ſtrained by poetical violence above the natural ſentiments of man. New characters appear from time to time in continual ſucceſſion, exhibiting various forms of life and particular modes of converſation. The pretended madneſs of Hamlet cauſes much mirth, the mournful diſtraction of Ophelia fills the heart with tenderneſs, and every perſonage produces the effect intended, from the apparition that in the firſt Act chills the blood with horror, to the fop in the laſt, that expoſes affectation to juſt contempt.

The conduct is perhaps not wholly ſecure againſt objections. The action is indeed for the moſt part in continual progreſſion, but there are ſome ſcenes which neither forward nor retard it. Of the feigned madneſs of Hamlet there appears no adequate cauſe, for he does nothing which he might not have done with

the reputation of ſanity. He plays the madman moſt, when he treats Ophelia with ſo much rudeneſs, which ſeems to be uſeleſs and wanton cruelty.

Hamlet is, through the whole piece, rather an inſtrument than an agent. After he has, by the ſtratagem of the play, convicted the King, he makes no attempt to puniſh him; and his death is at laſt effected by an incident which Hamlet had no part in producing.

The cataſtrophe is not very happily produced; the exchange of weapons is rather an expedient of neceſſity, than a ſtroke of art. A ſcheme might eaſily be formed to kill Hamlet with the dagger, and Laertes with the bowl.

The poet is accuſed of having ſhown little regard to poetical juſtice, and may be charged with equal neglect of poetical probability. The apparition left the regions of the dead to little purpoſe; the revenge which he demands is not obtained, but by the death of him that was required to take it; and the gratification, which would ariſe from the deſtruction of an uſurper and a murderer, is abated by the untimely death of Ophelia, the young, the beautiful, the harmleſs, and the pious.

JOHNSON.

The levity of behaviour which Hamlet aſſumes immediately after the diſappearance of the Ghoſt in the firſt Act, [ſc. v.] has been objected to; but the writer of ſome ſenſible Remarks on this tragedy, publiſhed in 1736, juſtly obſerves, that the poet's object there was, that Marcellus "might not imagine that the Ghoſt had revealed to Hamlet ſome matter of great conſequence to him, and that he might not therefore be ſuſpected of any deep deſign."

"I have heard (adds the ſame writer) many perſons wonder, why the poet ſhould bring in this Ghoſt in complete armour.—I think theſe reaſons may be given for it. We are to conſider, that he could introduce him in theſe dreſſes only; in his regal dreſs, in a habit of interment, in a common habit, or in ſome fantaſtick one of his own invention. Now let us examine, which was moſt likely to affect the ſpectators with paſſions proper on the occaſion.

"The regal habit has nothing uncommon in it, nor ſurpriſing, nor could it give riſe to any fine images. The habit of interment was ſomething too horrible; for terror, not horror, is to be raiſed in the ſpectators. The common habit (or *habit de ville*, as the French call it,) was by no means proper for the occaſion. It remains then that the poet ſhould chooſe ſome habit from his own brain: but this certainly could not be proper, becauſe invention in ſuch a caſe would be ſo much in danger of falling into the groteſque, that it was not to be hazarded.

" Now as to the armour, it was very ſuitable to a king who is deſcribed as a great warrior, and is very particular; and conſequently affects the ſpectators without being fantaſtick.—

" The King ſpurs on his ſon to revenge his foul and unnatural murder, from theſe two conſiderations chiefly; that he was ſent into the other world without having had time to repent of his ſins, and without the neceſſary ſacraments, according to the church of Rome, and that conſequently his ſoul was to ſuffer, if not eternal damnation, at leaſt a long courſe of penance in purgatory; which aggravates the circumſtances of his brother's barbarity; and ſecondly, that Denmark might not be the ſcene of uſurpation and inceſt, and the throne thus polluted and profaned. For theſe reaſons he prompts the young prince to revenge; elſe it would have been more becoming the character of ſuch a prince as Hamlet's father is repreſented to have been, and more ſuitable to his preſent condition, to have left his brother to the divine puniſhment, and to a poſſibility of repentance for his baſe crime, which, by cutting him off, he muſt be deprived of.

" To conform to the ground-work of his plot, Shakſpeare makes the young prince feign himſelf mad. I cannot but think this to be injudicious; for ſo far from ſecuring himſelf from any violence which he feared from the uſurper, it ſeems to have been the moſt likely way of getting himſelf confined, and conſequently debarred from an opportunity of revenging his father's death, which now ſeemed to be his only aim; and accordingly it was the occaſion of his being ſent away to England; which deſign, had it taken effect upon his life, he never could have revenged his father's murder. To ſpeak truth, our poet by keeping too cloſe to the ground-work of his plot, has fallen into an abſurdity; for there appears no reaſon at all in nature, why the young prince did not put the uſurper to death as ſoon as poſſible, eſpecially as Hamlet is repreſented as a youth ſo brave, and ſo careleſs of his own life.

" The caſe indeed is this. Had Hamlet gone naturally to work, as we could ſuppoſe ſuch a prince to do in parallel circumſtances, there would have been an end of our play. The poet, therefore, was obliged to delay his hero's revenge: but then he ſhould have contrived ſome good reaſon for it.

" His beginning his ſcenes of Hamlet's madneſs by his behaviour to Ophelia, was judicious, becauſe by this means he might be thought to be mad for her, not that his brain was diſturbed about ſtate affairs, which would have been dangerous.

" It does not appear whether Ophelia's madneſs was chiefly for her father's death, or for the loſs of Hamlet. It is not often that young women run mad for the loſs of their fathers. It is more natural to ſuppoſe that, like *Chimene*, in the *Cid*, her

great ſorrow proceeded from her father's being killed by the man ſhe loved, and thereby making it indecent for her ever to marry him.

" Laertes's character is a very odd one; it is not eaſy to ſay whether it is good or bad: but his conſenting to the villainous contrivance of the uſurper's to murder Hamlet, makes him much more a bad man than a good one.—It is a very nice conduct in the poet to make the uſurper build his ſcheme upon the generous unſuſpicious temper of the perſon he intends to murder, and thus to raiſe the prince's character by the confeſſion of his enemy; to make the villain ten times more odious from his own mouth. The contrivance of the foil unbated, (i. e. without a button,) is methinks too groſs a deceit to go down even with a man of the moſt unſuſpicious nature.

" Laertes's death and the Queen's are truly poetical juſtice, and very naturally brought about, although I do not conceive it ſo eaſy to change rapiers in a ſcuffle without knowing it at the time. The death of the Queen is particularly according to the ſtricteſt rules of poetical juſtice; for ſhe loſes her life by the villainy of the very perſon, who had been the cauſe of all her crimes.

" Since the poet deferred ſo long the uſurper's death, we muſt own that he has very naturally effected it, and ſtill added freſh crimes to thoſe the murderer had already committed.

" Upon Laertes's repentance for contriving the death of Hamlet, one cannot but feel ſome ſentiments of pity for him; but who can ſee or read the death of the young prince without melting into tears and compaſſion? Horatio's earneſt deſire to die with the prince, thus not to ſurvive his friend, gives a ſtronger idea of his friendſhip for Hamlet in the few lines on that occaſion, than many actions or expreſſions could poſſibly have done. And Hamlet's begging him *to draw his breath in this harſh world* a little longer, to clear his reputation, and manifeſt his innocence, is very ſuitable to his virtuous character, and the honeſt regard that all men ſhould have not to be miſrepreſented to poſterity; that they may not ſet a bad example, when in reality they have ſet a good one: which is the only motive that can, in reaſon, recommend the love of fame and glory.

" Horatio's deſire of having the bodies carried to a ſtage, &c. is very well imagined, and was the beſt way of ſatisfying the requeſt of his deceaſed friend: and he acts in this, and in all points, ſuitably to the manly honeſt character, under which he is drawn throughout the piece. Beſides, it gives a ſort of content to the audience, that though their favourite (which muſt be Hamlet) did not eſcape with life, yet the greateſt amends will

be made him, which can be in this world, viz. juſtice done to his memory.

" Fortinbras comes in very naturally at the cloſe of the play, and lays a very juſt claim to the throne of Denmark, as he had the dying voice of the prince. He in a few words gives a noble character of Hamlet, and ſerves to carry off the deceaſed hero from the ſtage with the honours due to his birth and merit."

MALONE.

ACT II. SCENE II. P. 150.

The rugged Pyrrhus, he, &c.] The two greateſt poets of this and the laſt age, Mr. Dryden, in the preface to *Troilus and Creſſida*, and Mr. Pope, in his note on this place, have concurred in thinking, that Shakſpeare produced this long paſſage with deſign to ridicule and expoſe the bombaſt of the play from whence it was taken; and that Hamlet's commendation of it is purely ironical. This is become the general opinion. I think juſt otherwiſe; and that it was given with commendation to upbraid the falſe taſte of the audience of that time, which would not ſuffer them to do juſtice to the ſimplicity and ſublime of this production. And I reaſon, firſt, from the character Hamlet gives of the play, from whence the paſſage is taken. Secondly, from the paſſage itſelf. And thirdly, from the effect it had on the audience.

Let us conſider the character Hamlet gives of it. *The play I remember, pleaſed not the million; 'twas caviare to the general: but it was (as I received it, and others, whoſe judgment in ſuch matters cried in the top of mine) an excellent play, well digeſted in the ſcenes, ſet down with as much modeſty as cunning. I remember one ſaid, there was no ſalt in the lines to make the matter ſavoury; nor no matter in the phraſe that might indite the author of affection; but called it an honeſt method.* They who ſuppoſe the paſſage given to be ridiculed, muſt needs ſuppoſe this character to be purely ironical. But if ſo, it is the ſtrangeſt irony that ever was written. *It pleaſed not the multitude.* This we muſt conclude to be true, however ironical the reſt be. Now the reaſon given of the deſigned ridicule is the ſuppoſed bombaſt. But thoſe were the very plays, which at that

time we know took with the multitude. And Fletcher wrote a kind of *Rehearſal* purpoſely to expoſe them. But ſay it is bombaſt, and that therefore it took not with the multitude. Hamlet preſently tells us what it was that diſpleaſed them. *There was no ſalt in the lines to make the matter ſavoury; nor no matter in the phraſe that might indite the author of affection; but called it an honeſt method.* Now whether a perſon ſpeaks ironically or no, when he quotes others, yet common ſenſe requires he ſhould quote what they ſay. Now it could not be, if this play diſpleaſed becauſe of the bombaſt, that thoſe whom it diſpleaſed ſhould give this reaſon for their diſlike. The ſame inconſiſtencies and abſurdities abound in every other part of Hamlet's ſpeech, ſuppoſing it to be ironical; but take him as ſpeaking his ſentiments, the whole is of a piece; and to this purpoſe. The play, I remember, pleaſed not the multitude, and the reaſon was, its being wrote on the rules of the ancient drama; to which they were entire ſtrangers. But, in my opinion, and in the opinion of thoſe for whoſe judgment I have the higheſt eſteem, it was an excellent play, *well digeſted in the ſcenes*, i. e. where the three unities were well preſerved. *Set down with as much modeſty as cunning*, i. e. where not only the art of compoſition, but the ſimplicity of nature, was carefully attended to. The characters were a faithful picture of life and manners, in which nothing was overcharged into farce. But theſe qualities, which gained my eſteem, loſt the publick's. For *I remember, one ſaid, There was no ſalt in the lines to make the matter ſavoury*, i. e. there was not, according to the mode of that time, a fool or clown, to joke, quibble, and talk freely. *Nor no matter in the phraſe that might indite the author of affection*, i. e. nor none of thoſe paſſionate, pathetick love ſcenes, ſo eſſential to modern tragedy. *But he called it an honeſt method*, i. e. he owned, however *taſteleſs* this method of writing, on the ancient plan, was to our times, yet it was chaſte and pure; the diſtinguiſhing character of the Greek drama. I need only make one obſervation on all this; that, thus interpreted, it is the juſteſt picture of a good tragedy, wrote on the ancient rules. And that I have rightly interpreted it, appears farther from what we find in the old quarto,—*An honeſt method, as wholeſome as ſweet, and by very much more* HANDSOME *than* FINE, i. e. it had a natural beauty, but none of the ſucus of falſe art.

2. A ſecond proof that this ſpeech was given to be admired, is from the intrinſick merit of the ſpeech itſelf; which contains the deſcription of a circumſtance very happily imagined, namely, Ilium and Priam's falling together, with the effect it had on the deſtroyer.

" ——The helliſh Pyrrhus, &c.

To,—

" Repugnant to command.
" The unnerved father falls, &c.

To,—

" ——So after Pyrrhus' pauſe."

Now this circumſtance, illuſtrated with the fine ſimilitude of the ſtorm, is ſo highly worked up, as to have well deſerved a place in Virgil's ſecond book of the *Æneid*, even though the work had been carried on to that perfection which the Roman poet had conceived.

3. The third proof is, from the effects which followed on the recital. Hamlet, his beſt character, approves it; the player is deeply affected in repeating it; and only the fooliſh Polonius tired with it. We have ſaid enough before of Hamlet's ſentiments. As for the player, he changes colour, and the tears ſtart from his eyes. But our author was too good a judge of nature to make bombaſt and unnatural ſentiment produce ſuch an effect. Nature and Horace both inſtructed him:

" Si vis me flere, dolendum eſt
" Primùm ipſi tibi, tunc tua me infortunia lædent,
" Telephe, vel Peleu. MALE SI MANDATA LOQUERIS,
" Aut dormitabo aut ridebo."

And it may be worth obſerving, that Horace gives this precept particularly to ſhow, that bombaſt and unnatural ſentiments are incapable of moving the tender paſſions, which he is directing the poet how to raiſe. For, in the lines juſt before, he gives this rule:

" Telephus & Peleus, cùm pauper & exul uterque,
" Projicit ampullas, & ſeſquipedalia verba."

Not that I would deny, that very bad lines in bad tragedies have had this effect. But then it always proceeds from one or other of theſe cauſes:

1. Either when the ſubject is domeſtick, and the ſcene lies at home; the ſpectators, in this caſe, become intereſted in the fortunes of the diſtreſſed; and their thoughts are ſo much taken up with the ſubject, that they are not at liberty to attend to the poet; who otherwiſe, by his faulty ſentiments and diction, would have ſtifled the emotions ſpringing up from a ſenſe of the diſtreſs. But this is nothing to the caſe in hand. For, as Hamlet ſays:

" What's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba?"

2. When bad lines raiſe this affection, they are bad in the other extreme; low, abject, and groveling, inſtead of being highly figurative and ſwelling; yet, when attended with a natural ſimplicity, they have force enough to ſtrike illiterate and ſimple

minds. The tragedies of Banks will juſtify both theſe obſervations.

But if any one will ſtill ſay, that Shakſpeare intended to repreſent a player unnaturally and fantaſtically affected, we muſt appeal to Hamlet, that is, to Shakſpeare himſelf in this matter; who, on the reflection he makes upon the player's emotion, in order to excite his own revenge, gives not the leaſt hint that the player was unnaturally or injudiciouſly moved. On the contrary, his fine deſcription of the actor's emotion ſhows, he thought juſt otherwiſe:

" ——— this player here,
" But in a fiction, in a dream of paſſion,
" Could force his ſoul ſo to his own conceit,
" That from her working all his viſage wan'd:
" Tears in his eyes, diſtraction in his aſpect,
" A broken voice," &c.

And indeed had Hamlet eſteemed this emotion any thing unnatural, it had been a very improper circumſtance to ſpur him to his purpoſe.

As Shakſpeare has here ſhown the effects which a fine deſcription of nature, heightened with all the ornaments of art, had upon an intelligent player, whoſe buſineſs habituates him to enter intimately and deeply into the characters of men and manners, and to give nature its free workings on all occaſions; ſo he has artfully ſhown what effects the very ſame ſcene would have upon a quite different man, Polonius; *by nature*, very weak and very artificial [two qualities, though commonly enough joined in life, yet generally ſo much diſguiſed as not to be ſeen by common eyes to be together; and which an ordinary poet durſt not have brought ſo near one another]; *by diſcipline*, practiſed in a ſpecies of wit and eloquence, which was ſtiff, forced, and pedantick; and *by trade* a politician, and, therefore, of conſequence, without any of the affecting notices of humanity. Such is the man whom Shakſpeare has judiciouſly choſen to repreſent the falſe taſte of that audience which has condemned the play here reciting. When the actor comes to the fineſt and moſt pathetick part of the ſpeech, Polonius cries out *This is too long*; on which Hamlet, in contempt of his ill judgment, replies, *It ſhall to the barber's with thy beard*; [intimating that, by this judgment, it appeared that all his wiſdom lay in his length of beard]. *Pr'ythee, ſay on. He's for a jig or a tale of bawdry*, [the common entertainment of that time, as well as this, of the people] *or he ſleeps; ſay on.* And yet this man of modern taſte, who ſtood all this time perfectly unmoved with the forcible imagery of the relator, no ſooner hears, amongſt many good things, one quaint and fantaſtical word, put in, I ſuppoſe, purpoſely for this

end, than he profeſſes his approbation of the propriety and dignity of it. *That's good. Mobled queen is good.* On the whole then, I think, it plainly appears, that the long quotation is not given to be ridiculed and laughed at, but to be admired. The character given of the play, by Hamlet, cannot be ironical. The paſſage itſelf is extremely beautiful. It has the effect that all pathetick relations, naturally written, ſhould have; and it is condemned, or regarded with indifference, by one of a wrong, unnatural taſte. From hence (to obſerve it by the way) the actors, in their repreſentation of this play, may learn how this ſpeech ought to be ſpoken, and what appearance Hamlet ought to aſſume during the recital.

That which ſupports the common opinion, concerning this paſſage, is the turgid expreſſion in ſome parts of it; which, they think, could never be given by the poet to be commended. We ſhall, therefore, in the next place, examine the lines moſt obnoxious to cenſure, and ſee how much, allowing the charge, this will make for the induction of their concluſion:

" Pyrrhus at Priam drives, in rage ſtrikes wide,
" But with the whiff and wind of his fell ſword
" The unnerved father falls."

And again,—

" Out, out, thou ſtrumpet fortune! All you gods,
" In general ſynod, take away her power:
" Break all the ſpokes and fellies from her wheel,
" And bowl the round nave down the hill of heaven,
" As low as to the fiends."

Now whether theſe be bombaſt or not, is not the queſtion; but whether Shakſpeare eſteemed them ſo. That he did not ſo eſteem them appears from his having uſed the very ſame thoughts in the ſame expreſſions, in his beſt plays, and given them to his principal characters, where he aims at the ſublime. As in the following paſſages:

Troilus, in *Troilus and Creſſida*, far outſtrains the execution of Pyrrhus's ſword in the character he gives of Hector's:

" When many times the *caitive* Grecians *fall*
" *Even in the fan and wind of your fair ſword,*
" You bid them riſe and live."

Cleopatra, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, rails at fortune in the ſame manner:

" No, let me ſpeak, and let me rail ſo high,
" *That the falſe huſwife Fortune break her wheel,*
" Provok'd at my offence."

But another uſe may be made of theſe quotations; a diſcovery of this recited play: which, letting us into a circumſtance of our author's life (as a writer) hitherto unknown, was the reaſon

I have been ſo large upon this queſtion. I think then it appears, from what has been ſaid, that the play in diſpute was Shakſpeare's own; and that this was the occaſion of writing it. He was deſirous, as ſoon as he had found his ſtrength, of reſtoring the chaſteneſs and regularity of the ancient ſtage: and therefore compoſed this tragedy on the model of the Greek drama, as may be ſeen by throwing ſo much *action* into *relation*. But his attempt proved fruitleſs; and the raw, unnatural taſte, then prevalent, forced him back again into his old Gothick manner. For which he took this revenge upon his audience. WARBURTON.

I formerly thought that the lines which have given riſe to the foregoing obſervations, were extracted from ſome old play, of which it appeared to me probable that Chriſtopher Marlowe was the author; but whatever Shakſpeare's view in producing them may have been, I am now decidedly of opinion they were written by himſelf, not in any former unſucceſsful piece, but expreſsly for the play of *Hamlet*. It is obſervable, that what Dr. Warburton calls "the fine ſimilitude of the ſtorm," is likewiſe found in our poet's *Venus and Adonis*. MALONE.

The praiſe which Hamlet beſtows on this piece is certainly diſſembled, and agrees very well with the character of madneſs, which, before witneſſes, he thought it neceſſary to ſupport. The ſpeeches before us have ſo little merit, that nothing but an affectation of ſingularity, could have influenced Dr. Warburton to undertake their defence. The poet, perhaps, meant to exhibit a juſt reſemblance of ſome of the plays of his own age, in which the faults were too general and too glaring to permit a few ſplendid paſſages to atone for them. The player knew his trade, and ſpoke the lines in an affecting manner, becauſe Hamlet had declared them to be pathetick, or might be in reality a little moved by them; for, "There are leſs degrees of nature (ſays Dryden) by which ſome faint emotions of pity and terror are raiſed in us, as a leſs engine will raiſe a leſs proportion of weight, though not ſo much as one of Archimedes' making." The mind of the prince, it muſt be confeſſed, was fitted for the reception of gloomy ideas, and his tears were ready at a ſlight ſolicitation. It is by no means proved, that Shakſpeare has *employed the ſame thoughts clothed in the ſame expreſſions, in his beſt plays*. If he bids *the falſe huſwife Fortune break her wheel*, he does not deſire her to *break all its ſpokes*; nay, *even its periphery, and make uſe of the nave afterwards for ſuch an immeaſurable caſt*. Though if what Dr. Warburton has ſaid ſhould be found in any inſtance to be exactly true, what can we infer from thence, but that Shakſpeare was ſometimes wrong in ſpite of conviction, and in the hurry of writing committed thoſe

very faults which his judgment could detect in others? Dr. Warburton is inconſiſtent in his aſſertions concerning the literature of Shakſpeare. In a note on *Troilus and Creſſida*, he affirms, that his want of learning kept him from being acquainted with the writings of Homer; and, in this inſtance, would ſuppoſe him capable of producing a complete tragedy *written on the ancient rules*; and that the ſpeech before us had ſufficient merit to entitle it to a place *in the ſecond book of Virgil's Æneid, even though the work had been carried to that perfection which the Roman poet had conceived.**

Had Shakſpeare made one unſucceſsful attempt in the manner of the ancients (that he had any knowledge of their rules, remains to be proved,) it would certainly have been recorded by contemporary writers, among whom Ben Jonſon would have been the firſt. Had his darling ancients been unſkilfully imitated by a rival poet, he would at leaſt have preſerved the memory of the fact, to ſhow how unſafe it was for any one, who was not as thorough a ſcholar as himſelf, to have meddled with their ſacred remains.

"Within that circle none durſt walk but he." He has repreſented Inigo Jones as being ignorant of the very names of thoſe claſſick authors, whoſe architecture he undertook to correct; in his *Poetaſter* he has in ſeveral places hinted at our poet's injudicious uſe of words, and ſeems to have pointed his ridicule more than once at ſome of his deſcriptions and characters. It is true, that he has praiſed him, but it was not while that praiſe could have been of any ſervice to him; and poſthumous applauſe is always to be had on eaſy conditions. Happy it was for Shakſpeare, that he took nature for his guide, and, engaged in the warm purſuit of her beauties, left to Jonſon the repoſitories of learning: ſo has he eſcaped a conteſt which might have rendered his life uneaſy, and bequeathed to our poſſeſſion the more valuable copies from nature herſelf: for Shakſpeare was (ſays Dr. Hurd, in his notes on Horace's *Art of Poetry*,) "the firſt that broke through the bondage of claſſical ſuperſtition. And he owed this felicity, as he did ſome others, to his want of what

* It appears to me not only that Shakſpeare had the favourable opinion of theſe lines which he makes Hamlet expreſs, but that they were extracted from ſome play which he, at a more early period, had either produced or projected upon the ſtory of *Dido and Æneas*. The verſes recited are far ſuperior to thoſe of any coeval writer: the parallel paſſage in Marlowe and Naſhe's *Dido* will not bear the compariſon. Poſſibly, indeed, it might have been his firſt attempt, before *the divinity that lodged within him* had inſtructed him to deſpiſe the tumid and unnatural ſtyle ſo much and ſo unjuſtly admired in his predeceſſors or contemporaries, and which he afterward ſo happily ridiculed in "the ſwaggering vaine of Ancient Piſtol." RITSON.

is called the advantage of a learned education. Thus uninfluenced by the weight of early prepoſſeſſion, he ſtruck at once into the road of nature and common ſenſe: and without deſigning, without knowing it, hath left us in his hiſtorical plays, with all their anomalies, an exacter reſemblance of the Athenian ſtage than is any where to be found in its moſt profeſſed admirers and copyiſts." Again, *ibid:* "It is poſſible, there are, who think *a want of reading*, as well as vaſt ſuperiority of genius, hath contributed to lift this aſtoniſhing man, to the glory of being eſteemed the moſt original THINKER and SPEAKER, ſince the times of Homer."

To this extract I may add the ſentiments of Dr. Edward Young on the ſame occaſion. "Who knows whether Shakſpeare might not have thought leſs, if he had read more? Who knows if he might not have laboured under the load of Jonſon's learning, as Enceladus under Ætna! His mighty genius, indeed, through the moſt mountainous oppreſſion, would have breathed out ſome of his inextinguiſhable fire; yet poſſibly, he might not have riſen up into that giant, that much more than common man, at which we now gaze with amazement and delight. Perhaps he was as learned as his dramatick province required; for whatever other learning he wanted, he was maſter of two books, which the laſt conflagration alone can deſtroy; the book of nature, and that of man. Theſe he had by heart, and has tranſcribed many admirable pages of them into his immortal works. Theſe are the fountain-head, whence the Caſtalian ſtreams of *original* compoſition flow; and theſe are often muddied by other waters, though waters in their diſtinct channel, moſt wholeſome and pure; as two chemical liquors, ſeparately clear as cryſtal, grow foul by mixture, and offend the ſight. So that he had not only as much learning as his dramatick province required, but, perhaps as it could ſafely bear. If Milton had ſpared ſome of his learning, his muſe would have gained more glory than he would have loſt by it."

Conjectures on Original Compoſition.

The firſt remark of Voltaire on this tragedy, is that the former king had been poiſoned by his brother and *his queen*. The guilt of the latter, however, is far from being aſcertained. The Ghoſt forbears to accuſe her as an acceſſary, and very forcibly recommends her to the mercy of her ſon. I may add, that her conſcience appears undiſturbed during the exhibition of the mock tragedy, which produces ſo viſible a diſorder in her huſband who was really criminal. The laſt obſervation of the ſame author has no greater degree of veracity to boaſt of; for now, ſays he, all the actors in the piece are ſwept away, and one Monſieur Fortenbras is introduced to conclude it. Can this be true, when

Horatio, Oſric, Voltimand, and Cornelius ſurvive? Theſe, together with the whole court of Denmark, are ſuppoſed to be preſent at the cataſtrophe, ſo that we are not indebted to the Norwegian chief for having kept the ſtage from vacancy.

Monſieur de Voltaire has ſince tranſmitted, in an epiſtle to the Academy of Belles Lettres, ſome remarks on the late French tranſlation of Shakſpeare; but, alas! no traces of genius or vigour are diſcoverable in this *crambe repetita*, which is notorious only for its inſipidity, fallacy, and malice. It ſerves indeed to ſhow an apparent decline of talents and ſpirit in its writer, who no longer relies on his own ability to depreciate a rival, but appeals in a plaintive ſtrain to the queen and princeſſes of France for their aſſiſtance to ſtop the further circulation of Shakſpeare's renown.

Impartiality, nevertheleſs, muſt acknowledge that his private correſpondence diſplays a ſuperior degree of animation. Perhaps an ague ſhook him when he appealed to the publick on this ſubject; but the effects of a fever ſeem to predominate in his ſubſequent letter to Monſieur D'Argenteuil on the ſame occaſion; for ſuch a letter it is as our John Dennis (while his phrenzy laſted) might be ſuppoſed to have written. "C'eſt moi qui autrefois parlai le premier de ce Shakſpeare: c'eſt moi qui le premier montrai aux François quelques perles quels j'avois trouvé dans ſon enorme *fumier*." Mrs. Montague, the juſtly celebrated authoreſs of the *Eſſay on the Genius and Writings* of our author, was in Paris, and in the circle where theſe ravings of the Frenchman were firſt publickly recited. On hearing the illiberal expreſſion already quoted, with no leſs elegance than readineſs ſhe replied —"C'eſt un *fumier* qui a fertilizé une terre bien ingrate."—In ſhort, the author of *Zayre*, *Mahomet*, and *Semiramis*, poſſeſſes all the miſchievous qualities of a midnight felon, who, in the hope to conceal his guilt, ſets the houſe he has robbed on fire.

As for Meſſieurs D'Alembert and Marmontel, they might ſafely be paſſed over with that neglect which their impotence of criticiſm deſerves. Voltaire, in ſpite of his natural diſpoſition to vilify an Engliſh poet, by adopting ſentiments, characters, and ſituations from Shakſpeare, has beſtowed on him involuntary praiſe. Happily, he has not been diſgraced by the worthleſs encomiums or diſfigured by the aukward imitations of the other pair, who "follow in the chace not like hounds that hunt, but like thoſe who fill up the cry." When D'Alembert declares that more ſterling ſenſe is to be met with in ten French verſes than in thirty Engliſh ones, contempt is all that he provokes—ſuch contempt as can only be exceeded by that which every ſcholar

will expreſs, who may chance to look into the proſe tranſlation of Lucan by Marmontel, with the vain expectation of diſcovering either the ſenſe, the ſpirit, or the whole of the original.

STEEVENS.

CYMBELINE.*

* CYMBELINE.] Mr. Pope ſuppoſed the ſtory of this play to have been borrowed from a novel of Boccace; but he was miſtaken, as an imitation of it is found in an old ſtory-book entitled *Weſtward for Smelts*. This imitation differs in as many particulars from the Italian noveliſt, as from Shakſpeare, though they concur in ſome material parts of the fable. It was publiſhed in a quarto pamphlet 1603. This is the only copy of it which I have hitherto ſeen.

There is a late entry of it in the books of the Stationers' Company, Jan. 1619, where it is ſaid to have been written by *Kitt of Kingſton*. STEEVENS.

The tale in *Weſtward for Smelts*, which I publiſhed ſome years ago, I ſhall ſubjoin to this play. The only part of the fable, however, which can be pronounced with certainty to be drawn from thence, is, Imogen's wandering about after Piſanio has left her in the foreſt; her being almoſt famiſhed; and being taken at a ſubſequent period, into the ſervice of the Roman General as a *page*. The general ſcheme of *Cymbeline* is, in my opinion, formed on Boccace's novel (Day 2, Nov. 9.) and Shakſpeare has taken a circumſtance from it, that is not mentioned in the other tale. See Act II. ſc. ii. It appears from the preface to the old tranſlation of the *Decamerone*, printed in 1620, that many of the novels had before received an Engliſh dreſs, and had been printed ſeparately: "I know, moſt worthy lord, (ſays the printer in his Epiſtle Dedicatory,) that many of them [the novels of Boccace] *have long ſince been publiſhed before*, as ſtolen from the original author, and yet not beautified with his ſweet ſtyle and elocution of phraſe, neither ſavouring of his ſingular morall applications."

Cymbeline, I imagine, was written in the year 1605. See *An Attempt to aſcertain the Order of Shakſpeare's Plays*, Vol. II. The king from whom the play takes its title began his reign, according to Holinſhed, in the 19th year of the reign of Auguſtus Cæſar; and the play commences in or about the twenty-fourth year of Cymbeline's reign, which was the forty-ſecond year of the reign of Auguſtus, and the 16th of the Chriſtian æra: notwithſtanding which, Shakſpeare has peopled Rome with modern Italians; *Philario, Iachimo*, &c. Cymbeline is ſaid to have reigned thirty-five years, leaving at his death two ſons, Guiderius and Arviragus. MALONE.

An ancient tranſlation, or rather a deformed and interpolated imitation, of the ninth novel of the ſecond day of the *Decameron* of Boccacio, has recently occurred. The title and colophon of this rare piece, are as follows:

" This mater treateth of a merchaũtes wyfe that afterwarde went lyke a mã and becam a great lorde and was called Frederyke of Jennen afterwarde."

" Thus endeth this lytell ſtory of lorde Frederyke. Impryted i Anwarpe by me John Duſborowhge, dwellynge beſyde ye Camer porte in the yere of our lorde god a. M.CCCCC. and xviij."

This novel exhibits the material features of its original; though the names of the characters are changed, their ſentiments debaſed, and their conduct rendered ſtill more improbable than in the ſcenes before us. John of Florence is the Ambrogiulo, Ambroſius of Jennens the Bernabo of the ſtory. Of the tranſlator's elegance of imagination, and felicity of expreſſion, the two following inſtances may be ſufficient. He has converted the picturesque mole under the left breaſt of the lady, into a black wart on her left arm; and when at laſt, in a male habit, ſhe diſcovers her ſex, inſtead of diſplaying her boſom only, he obliges her to appear before the King and his whole court completely " naked, ſave that ſhe had a karcher of ſylke before hyr members."—The whole work is illuſtrated with wooden cuts repreſenting every ſcene throughout the narrative.

I know not that any advantage is gained by the diſcovery of this antiquated piece, unleſs it ſerves to ſtrengthen our belief that ſome more faithful tranſlation had furniſhed Shakſpeare with incidents which, in their original Italian, to him at leaſt were inacceſſible. STEEVENS.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

Cymbeline, *King of* Britain.
Cloten, *Son to the Queen by a former Huſband.*
Leonatus Poſthumus, *a Gentleman, Huſband to* Imogen.
Belarius, *a baniſhed Lord, diſguiſed under the Name of* Morgan.
Guiderius, Arviragus, } *Sons to* Cymbeline, *diſguiſed under the Names of* Polydore *and* Cadwal, *ſuppoſed Sons to* Belarius.
Philario, *Friend to* Poſthumus, Iachimo, *Friend to* Philario, } Italians.
A Frenᴄh *Gentleman, Friend to* Philario.
Caius Lucius, *General of the* Roman *Forces.*
A Roman *Captain. Two* Britiſh *Captains.*
Piſanio, *Servant to* Poſthumus.
Cornelius, *a Phyſician.*
Two Gentlemen.
Two Gaolers.

Queen, *Wife to* Cymbeline.
Imogen, *Daughter to* Cymbeline *by a former Queen.*
Helen, *Woman to* Imogen.

Lords, Ladies, Roman *Senators, Tribunes, Apparitions, a Soothſayer, a* Dutch *Gentleman, a* Spaniſh *Gentleman, Muſicians, Officers, Captains, Soldiers, Meſſengers, and other Attendants.*

SCENE, ſometimes in Britain; *ſometimes in* Italy.

CYMBELINE.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Britain. *The Garden behind* Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter Two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* You do not meet a man, but frowns: our bloods
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers;
Still ſeem, as does the king's.[1]

[1] *You do not meet a man, but* frowns: *our* bloods
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers;
Still ſeem, *as does the king's.*] The thought is this; we are not now (as we were wont) influenced by the weather, but by the king's looks. *We no more obey the heavens* [the ſky] *than our courtiers* obey the heavens [God]. By which it appears that the reading—*our bloods,* is wrong. For though the *blood* may be affected with the weather, yet that affection is diſcovered not by change of *colour,* but by change of *countenance.* And it is the *outward* not the *inward* change that is here talked of, as appears from the word *ſeem.* We ſhould read therefore:

——— *our* brows
No more obey the heavens, &c.

which is evident from the precedent words:

You do not meet a man but frowns.

And from the following:

" ——— But not a courtier,
" Although they wear their *faces* to the *bent*
" Of the king's *look,* but hath a heart that is
" Glad at the thing they *ſcowl* at."

The Oxford editor improves upon this emendation, and reads;

2 *Gent.* But what's the matter?

——— *our* looks
No more obey the heart, ev'n *than our courtiers.*

But by venturing too far, at a ſecond emendation, he has ſtript it of all thought and ſentiment. Warburton.

This paſſage is ſo difficult, that commentators may differ concerning it without animoſity or ſhame. Of the two emendations propoſed, Sir Thomas Hanmer's is the more licentious; but he makes the ſenſe clear, and leaves the reader an eaſy paſſage. Dr. Warburton has corrected with more caution, but leſs improvement: his reaſoning upon his own reading is ſo obſcure and perplexed, that I ſuſpect ſome injury of the preſs.—I am now to tell my opinion, which is, that the lines ſtand as they were originally written, and that a paraphraſe, ſuch as the licentious and abrupt expreſſions of our author too frequently require, will make emendation unneceſſary. *We do not meet a man but frowns; our bloods*—our countenances, which, in popular ſpeech, are ſaid to be regulated by the temper of the blood,—*no more obey* the laws of *heaven*,—which direct us to appear what we really are,—*than our courtiers*:—that is, than the *bloods of our courtiers*; but our bloods, like theirs,—*ſtill ſeem, as doth the king's.*
Johnson.

In *The Yorkſhire Tragedy*, 1608, which has been attributed to Shakſpeare, *blood* appears to be uſed for *inclination*:

" For 'tis our *blood* to love what we are forbidden."

Again, in *King Lear*, Act IV. ſc. ii:

" ——— Were it my fitneſs
" To let theſe hands obey my *blood*."

In *King Henry VIII.* Act III. ſc. iv. is the ſame thought:

" —— ſubject to your countenance, glad, or ſorry,
" As I ſaw it inclin'd."

Again, in Greene's *Never too late*, 4to. 1590: " if the King ſmiled, every one in the court was in his jollitie; if he frowned, their plumes fell like peacock's feathers, ſo that their outward preſence depended on his inward paſſions." Steevens.

I would propoſe to make this paſſage clear by a very ſlight alteration, only leaving out the laſt letter:

You do not meet a man but frowns: our bloods
No more obey the heavens, than our courtiers
Still ſeem, as does the king.

That is, *Still look as the king does*; or, as he expreſſes it a little differently afterwards:

" —— wear their faces to the bent
" Of the king's look." Tyrwhitt.

1 *Gent.* His daughter, and the heir of his kingdom, whom
He purpos'd to his wife's ſole ſon, (a widow,
That late he married,) hath referr'd herſelf
Unto a poor but worthy gentleman: She's wedded;
Her huſband baniſh'd; ſhe impriſon'd: all
Is outward ſorrow;[2] though, I think, the king

The only error that I can find in this paſſage is, the mark of the genitive caſe annexed to the word *courtiers*, which appears to be a modern innovation, and ought to be corrected. The meaning of it is this:—"Our diſpoſitions no more obey the heavens than our courtiers do; they ſtill ſeem as the king's does." The obſcurity ariſes from the omiſſion of the pronoun *they*, by a common poetical licence. M. Mason.

Blood is ſo frequently uſed by Shakſpeare for *natural diſpoſition*, that there can be no doubt concerning the meaning here. So, in *All's well that ends well*:

"Now his important *blood* will nought deny
"That ſhe'll demand."

See alſo *Timon of Athens*, Act IV. ſc. ii. Vol. XIX.

I have followed the regulation of the old copy, in ſeparating the word *courtiers* from what follows, by placing a ſemicolon after it. "Still ſeem"—for "*they* ſtill ſeem," or "our bloods ſtill ſeem," is common in Shakſpeare. The mark of the genitive caſe, which has been affixed in the late editions to the word *courtiers*, does not appear to me neceſſary, as the poet might intend to ſay—"than our courtiers obey the heavens:" though, it muſt be owned, the modern regulation derives ſome ſupport from what follows:

"———but not a *courtier*,
"Although they wear *their faces to the bent*
"*Of the king's looks*,—."

We have again, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, a ſentiment ſimilar to that before us:

"——for he would ſhine on thoſe
"*That made their looks by his*." Malone.

[2] ——————*She's* wedded;
Her husband baniſh'd; ſhe impriſon'd: all
Is outward ſorrow; &c.] I would reform the metre as follows;

Be touch'd at very heart.

2 *Gent.* None but the king?

1 *Gent.* He, that hath loſt her, too: ſo is the queen,
That moſt deſir'd the match: But not a courtier,
Although they wear their faces to the bent
Of the king's looks, hath a heart that is not
Glad at the thing they ſcowl at.

2 *Gent.* And why ſo?

1 *Gent.* He that hath miſs'd the princeſs, is a thing
Too bad for bad report: and he that hath her,
(I mean, that married her,—alack, good man!—
And therefore baniſh'd) is a creature ſuch
As, to ſeek through the regions of the earth
For one his like, there would be ſomething failing
In him that ſhould compare. I do not think,
So fair an outward, and ſuch ſtuff within,
Endows a man but he.

2 *Gent.* You ſpeak him far.[3]

1 *Gent.* I do extend him, ſir, within himſelf;[4]

She's wed; *her husband baniſh'd, ſhe impriſon'd: All's outward ſorrow*; &c.
Wed is uſed for wedded, in *The Comedy of Errors*:
" In Syracuſa was I born, and *wed*,——." STEEVENS.

[3] *You ſpeak him* far.] i. e. you *praiſe him extenſively*. STEEVENS.
You are laviſh in your encomiums on him: your eulogium has a wide compaſs. MALONE.

[4] *I do* extend *him, ſir,* within *himſelf;*] I extend him within himſelf: my praiſe, however, *extenſive,* is *within* his merit. JOHNSON.
My eulogium, however extended it may ſeem, is ſhort of his real excellence: it is rather abbreviated than expanded.—We have again the ſame expreſſion in a ſubſequent ſcene: " The appobati on of thoſe that weep this lamentable divorce, are won-

Cruſh him[5] together, rather than unfold
His meaſure duly.

2 *Gent.* What's his name, and birth?

1 *Gent.* I cannot delve him to the root: His father
Was call'd Sicilius, who did join his honour,
Againſt the Romans, with Caſſibelan;[6]
But had his titles by Tenantius,[7] whom

derfully to *extend* him." Again, in *The Winter's Tale*: "The *report* of her is *extended* more than can be thought."

MALONE.

Perhaps this paſſage may be ſomewhat illuſtrated by the following lines in *Troilus and Creſſida*, Act III. ſc. iii:

"——— no man is the lord of any thing,
"Till he communicate his parts to others:
"Nor doth he of himſelf know them for aught,
"Till he behold them form'd in the applauſe
"Where they are *extended*," &c. STEEVENS.

[5] Cruſh *him*—] So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II:

"Croud us and *cruſh* us in this monſtrous form."

STEEVENS.

[6] ——— *who did join his* honour
Againſt the Romans, with Caſſibelan;] I do not underſtand what can be meant by "joining his *honour* againſt &c. with &c." Perhaps our author wrote:

——— *did join his* banner
Againſt the Romans &c.

In *King John*, ſays the Baſtard, let us—

"Part our *mingled colours* once again."

and in the laſt ſpeech of the play before us, Cymbeline propoſes that "a Roman and a Britiſh enſign ſhould wave together."

STEEVENS.

[7] ——— *Tenantius*,] was the father of Cymbeline, and nephew of Caſſibelan, being the younger ſon of his elder brother Lud, king of the ſouthern part of Britain; on whoſe death Caſſibelan was admitted king. Caſſibelan repulſed the Romans on their firſt attack, but being vanquiſhed by Julius Cæſar on his ſecond invaſion of Britain, he agreed to pay an annual tribute to Rome. After his death, Tenantius, Lud's younger ſon (his elder brother Androgeus having fled to Rome) was eſtabliſhed on the throne, of which they had been unjuſtly deprived by their uncle.

He ſerv'd with glory and admir'd ſucceſs:
So gain'd the ſur-addition, Leonatus:
And had, beſides this gentleman in queſtion,
Two other ſons, who, in the wars o'the time,
Died with their ſwords in hand; for which their father
(Then old and fond of iſſue,) took ſuch ſorrow,
That he quit being; and his gentle lady,
Big of this gentleman, our theme, deceas'd
As he was born. The king, he takes the babe
To his protection; calls him Poſthumus;[8]
Breeds him, and makes him of his bed-chamber:
Puts him to all the learnings that his time
Could make him the receiver of; which he took,
As we do air, faſt as 'twas miniſter'd; and,
In his ſpring became a harveſt: Liv'd in court,
(Which rare it is to do,) moſt prais'd, moſt lov'd:[9]
A ſample to the youngeſt; to the more mature,
A glaſs that feated them;[1] and to the graver,

According to ſome authorities, Tenantius quietly paid the tribute ſtipulated by Caſſibelan; according to others, he refuſed to pay it, and warred with the Romans. Shakſpeare ſuppoſes the latter to be the truth. Holinſhed, who furniſhed our poet with theſe facts, furniſhed him alſo with the name of *Sicilius*, who was admitted King of Britain, A. M. 3659. The name of *Leonatus* he found in Sidney's *Arcadia*. Leonatus is there the legitimate ſon of the blind King of Paphlagonia, on whoſe ſtory the epiſode of Gloſter, Edgar, and Edmund, is formed in *King Lear*. See *Arcadia*, p. 69, edit. 1593. MALONE.

Shakſpeare, having already introduced Leona*to* among the characters in *Much Ado about Nothing*, had not far to go for Leona*tus*. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*Poſthumus*;] Old copy—Poſihumus *Leonatus*. REED.

[9] ——————*Liv'd in court,*
(*Which rare it is to do,*) *moſt prais'd, moſt lov'd*:] This encomium is high and artful. To be at once in any great degree *loved* and *praiſed*, is truly *rare*. JOHNSON.

[1] *A glaſs that* feated *them*;] *A glaſs that* formed *them*; a

A child that guided dotards: to his miſtreſs,[2]
For whom he now is baniſh'd,—her own price
Proclaims how ſhe eſteem'd him and his virtue;
By her election may be truly read,
What kind of man he is.

2 *Gent.* I honour him

model, by the contemplation and inſpection of which they formed their manners. Johnson.

This paſſage may be well explained by another in *The Firſt Part of King Henry IV:*

" —— He was indeed the glaſs
" Wherein the noble youths did *dreſs* themſelves."

Again, Ophelia deſcribes Hamlet, as—

" The *glaſs of faſhion*, and the mould of form."

To dreſs themſelves, therefore, may be to form themſelves.

Dreſſer, in French, is to form. To *dreſs* a ſpaniel is to break him in.

Feat is *nice, exact.* So, in *The Tempeſt:*

" —— look, how well my garments ſit upon me,
" Much *feater* than before."

To feat, therefore, may be a verb meaning—to *render nice, exact.* By the dreſs of Poſthumus, even the more mature courtiers condeſcended to regulate their external appearance.

Steevens.

Feat Minſheu interprets, fine, neat, brave. See alſo Barrett's *Alvearie*, 1580: " *Feat* and pleaſant, *concinnæ et venuſtæ ſententiæ.*"

The poet does not, I think, mean to ſay merely, that the more mature regulated their *dreſs* by that of Poſthumus. A glaſs that feated them, is a model, by viewing which their form became more elegant, and their manners more poliſhed.

We have nearly the ſame image in *The Winter's Tale:*

" ———— I ſhould bluſh
" To ſee you ſo attir'd; ſworn, I think,
" To ſhow my ſelf a *glaſs.*"

Again, more appoſitely, in *Hamlet:*

" He was the mark and *glaſs*, copy and book,
" That *faſhion'd* others." Malone.

[2] —— to *his miſtreſs,*] means—*as* to his miſtreſs.

M. Mason.

Even out of your report. But, 'pray you, tell me,
Is ſhe ſole child to the king?

1 *Gent.* His only child.
He had two ſons, (if this be worth your hearing,
Mark it,) the eldeſt of them at three years old,
I' the ſwathing clothes the other, from their nurſery
Were ſtolen; and to this hour, no gueſs in knowledge
Which way they went.

2 *Gent.* How long is this ago?

1 *Gent.* Some twenty years.

2 *Gent.* That a king's children ſhould be ſo convey'd!
So ſlackly guarded! And the ſearch ſo ſlow,
That could not trace them!

1 *Gent.* Howſoe'er 'tis ſtrange,
Or that the negligence may well be laugh'd at,
Yet is it true, ſir.

2 *Gent.* I do well believe you.

1 *Gent.* We muſt forbear: Here comes the queen, and princeſs. [*Exeunt,*

SCENE II.

The ſame.

Enter the Queen, POSTHUMUS, *and* IMOGEN.[3]

QUEEN. No, be aſſur'd, you ſhall not find me, daughter,
After the ſlander of moſt ſtep-mothers,
Evil-ey'd unto you: you are my priſoner, but
Your gaoler ſhall deliver you the keys
That lock up your reſtraint. For you, Poſthúmus,
So ſoon as I can win the offended king,
I will be known your advocate: marry, yet
The fire of rage is in him; and 'twere good,
You lean'd unto his ſentence, with what patience
Your wiſdom may inform you.

POST. Pleaſe your highneſs,
I will from hence to-day.

QUEEN. You know the peril:—
I'll fetch a turn about the garden, pitying
The pangs of barr'd affections; though the king
Hath charg'd you ſhould not ſpeak together.

[*Exit* Queen.

IMO. O
Diſſembling courteſy! How fine this tyrant
Can tickle where ſhe wounds!—My deareſt huſband,

[3] ——*Imogen.*] Holinſhed's *Chronicle* furniſhed Shakſpeare with this name, which in the old black letter is ſcarcely diſtinguiſhable from *Innogen*, the wife of *Brute*, King of Britain. There too he found the name of *Cloten*, who, when the line of Brute was at an end, was one of the five kings that governed Britain. Cloten, or Cloton, was King of Cornwall. MALONE.

I ſomething fear my father's wrath; but nothing,
(Always reſerv'd my holy duty,)[4] what
His rage can do on me: You muſt be gone;
And I ſhall here abide the hourly ſhot
Of angry eyes; not comforted to live,
But that there is this jewel in the world,
That I may ſee again.

Post. My queen! my miſtreſs!
O, lady, weep no more; leſt I give cauſe
To be ſuſpected of more tenderneſs
Than doth become a man! I will remain
The loyal'ſt huſband that did e'er plight troth.
My reſidence in Rome at one Philario's;
Who to my father was a friend, to me
Known but by letter: thither write, my queen,
And with mine eyes I'll drink the words you ſend,
Though ink be made of gall.[5]

Re-enter Queen.

Queen. Be brief, I pray you:
If the king come, I ſhall incur I know not
How much of his diſpleaſure:—Yet I'll move him
[*Aſide.*
To walk this way: I never do him wrong,
But he does buy my injuries, to be friends;

[4] (*Always reſerv'd my holy duty,*)] I ſay I do not fear my father, ſo far as I may ſay it without breach of duty. Johnson.

[5] *Though ink be made of* gall.] Shakſpeare, even in this poor conceit, has confounded the vegetable *galls* uſed in ink, with the animal *gall*, ſuppoſed to be bitter. Johnson.

The poet might mean either the *vegetable* or the *animal galls* with equal propriety, as the *vegetable* gall is bitter; and I have ſeen an ancient receipt for making ink, beginning, "Take of the black juice of the gall of oxen two ounces," &c. Steevens.

Pays dear for my offences. [*Exit.*

Post. Should we be taking leave
As long a term as yet we have to live,
The loathness to depart would grow: Adieu!

Imo. Nay, stay a little:
Were you but riding forth to air yourself,
Such parting were too petty. Look here, love;
This diamond was my mother's: take it, heart;
But keep it till you woo another wife,
When Imogen is dead.

Post. How! how! another?—
You gentle gods, give me but this I have,
And sear up my embracements from a next
With bonds of death![6]—Remain thou here
[*Putting on the Ring.*
While sense can keep it on?[7] And sweetest, fairest,

[6] *And sear up my embracements from a next*
With bonds of death!] Shakspeare may poetically call the *cere-cloths* in which the dead are wrapped, *the bonds of death.* If so, we should read *cere* instead of *sear*:

"Why thy canoniz'd bones hearsed in death,
"Have burst their *cerements?*"

To *sear up,* is properly to *close up by burning*; but in this passage the poet may have dropped that idea, and used the word simply for to *close up.* STEEVENS.

May not *sear up,* here mean *solder up,* and the reference be to a lead coffin? Perhaps *cerements* in Hamlet's address to the Ghost, was used for *searments* in the same sense. HENLEY.

I believe nothing more than *close up* was intended. In the spelling of the last age, however, no distinction was made between *cere-cloth* and *sear-cloth.* Cole, in his *Latin Dictionary,* 1679, explains the word *cerot* by *sear*-cloth. Shakspeare therefore certainly might have had that practice in his thoughts. MALONE.

[7] *While sense can keep* it *on!*] This expression, I suppose, means, *while sense can maintain its operations; while sense continues to have its usual power.* That to *keep on* signifies to continue in a state of action, is evident from the following passage in *Othello:*

As I my poor ſelf did exchange for you,
To your ſo infinite loſs; ſo, in our trifles
I ſtill win of you: For my ſake, wear this;
It is a manacle[8] of love; I'll place it
Upon this faireſt priſoner.

[*Putting a Bracelet on her Arm.*

Imo. O, the gods!
When ſhall we ſee again?

" ——— *keeps* due *on*
" To the Propontick" &c.

The general ſenſe of Poſthumus's declaration, is equivalent to the Roman phraſe,—*dum ſpiritus hos regit artus.* STEEVENS.

The poet [if *it* refers to the *ring*] ought to have written—can keep *thee* on, as Mr. Pope and the three ſubſequent editors read. But Shakſpeare has many ſimilar inaccuracies. So, in *Julius Cæſar:*

" Caſca, you are the firſt that rears *your* hand."

inſtead of—*his* hand. Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

" *Time's office is* to calm contending kings,
" To unmaſk falſehood, and bring truth to light,—
" To ruinate proud buildings with *thy* hours,—."

inſtead of—*his* hours. Again, in the third Act of the play before us:

" ——— Euriphile,
" Thou waſt their nurſe; they took *thee* for their mother,
" And every day do honour to *her* grave." MALONE.

As none of our author's productions were reviſed by himſelf as they paſſed from the theatre through the preſs; and as *Julius Cæſar* and *Cymbeline* are among the plays which originally appeared in the blundering firſt folio; it is hardly fair to charge irregularities on the poet, of which his publiſhers alone might have been guilty. I muſt therefore take leave to ſet down the preſent, and many ſimilar offences againſt the eſtabliſhed rules of language, under the article of Hemingiſms and Condeliſms; and, as ſuch, in my opinion, they ought, without ceremony, to be corrected.

The inſtance brought from *The Rape of Lucrece* might only have been a compoſitorial inaccuracy, like thoſe which have occaſionally happened in the courſe of our preſent republication. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*a* manacle—] A *manacle* properly means what we now call a *hand-cuff.* STEEVENS.

Enter CYMBELINE *and* Lords.

Post. Alack, the king!

Cym. Thou baſeſt thing, avoid! hence, from my
ſight!
If, after this command, thou fraught the court
With thy unworthineſs, thou dieſt: Away!
Thou art poiſon to my blood.

Post. The gods protect you!
And bleſs the good remainders of the court!
I am gone. [*Exit.*

Imo. There cannot be a pinch in death
More ſharp than this is.[9]

Cym. O disloyal thing,
That ſhould'ſt repair my youth;[1] thou heapeſt
A year's age on me![2]

e cannot be a pinch in death,
this is.] So, in *King Henry VIII:*
ſufferance, panging
g." MALONE.

i;] i. e. renovate my youth;
ricles, Prince of Tyre, 1609:
eaſe hither: here he doth but
hat ends well:
epairs me,
father." MALONE.

hat to *repair* myſelf."
STEEVENS.

obvious ſenſe of this paſſage, on
e been made, is in ſome degree
in another ſcene:
mes, comes *to decay*

A *yare* (i. e. a ſpeedy) age;" Sir
tre by a ſupplemental epithet:

Imo. I beſeech you, ſir,
Harm not yourſelf with your vexation; I
Am ſenſeleſs of your wrath; a touch more rare
Subdues all pangs, all fears.[3]

——— *thou heapeſt* many
A year's age &c.
and Dr. Johnſon would give us:
Years, ages, *on me!*
I prefer the additional word introduced by Sir Thomas Hanmer, to all the other attempts at emendation. "*Many* a years age," is an idea of ſome weight: but if *Cymbeline* meant to ſay that his daughter's conduct made him preciſely *one* year older, his conceit is unworthy both of himſelf and Shakſpeare.—I would read with Sir Thomas Hanmer. STEEVENS.

[3] ——— *a* touch *more rare*
Subdues all pangs, all fears.] *A touch more rare*, may mean *a nobler paſſion.* JOHNSON.

A *touch more rare* is undoubtedly *a more exquiſite feeling; a ſuperior ſenſation.* So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act I. ſc. ii:
" The death of Fulvia, with more urgent *touches*,
" Do ſtrongly ſpeak to us."
Again, in *The Tempeſt*:
" Haſt thou, which art but air, a
" Of their afflictions?" &c.
A *touch* is not unfrequentl
this ſenſe. So, in Daniel's *I*
" You muſt not, Phil
" Of theſe ſmall *touc*
" ——Small *touches*,
Again:
" When pleaſure leaves
" To ſhew that it wa
Again, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1
" So deep we feel impre
" That *touch* which natu
Laſtly, as Dr. Farmer obſerves
He is ſpeaking of Mars and V
joyes of *tutching* came to the h
one," &c. STEEVENS.

A paſſage in *King Lear* will fu
" ——where the greate
" The leſſer is ſcarce fel

Cym. Paſt grace? obedience?

Imo. Paſt hope, and in deſpair; that way, paſt grace.

Cym. That might'ſt have had the ſole ſon of my queen!

Imo. O bleſs'd, that I might not! I choſe an eagle,
And did avoid a puttock.[4]

Cym. Thou took'ſt a beggar; would'ſt have made my throne
A ſeat for baſeneſs.

Imo. No; I rather added
A luſtre to it.

Cym. O thou vile one!

Imo. Sir,
It is your fault that I have lov'd Poſthumus:
You bred him as my play-fellow; and he is
A man, worth any woman; overbuys me
Almoſt the ſum he pays.[5]

Cym. What!—art thou mad!

Imo. Almoſt, ſir: Heaven reſtore me!—'Would I were
A neat-herd's daughter! and my Leonatus
Our neighbour ſhepherd's ſon!

[4] ——*a* puttock.] A *kite.* JOHNSON.

A *puttock* is a mean degenerate ſpecies of hawk, too worthleſs to deſerve training. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*overbuys me*
Almoſt the ſum he pays.] So ſmall is my value, and ſo great is his, that in the purchaſe he has made (for which he paid himſelf,) for much the greater part, and nearly the whole, of what he has given, he has nothing in return. The moſt minute portion of his worth would be too high a price for the wife he has acquired. MALONE.

Re-enter Queen.

Cym. Thou fooliſh thing!—
They were again together: you have done
[*To the* Queen.
Not after our command. Away with her,
And pen her up.

Queen. 'Beſeech your patience:—Peace,
Dear lady daughter, peace;—Sweet ſovereign,
Leave us to ourſelves; and make yourſelf ſome comfort
Out of your beſt advice.[6]

Cym. Nay, let her lánguiſh
A drop of blood a day;[7] and, being aged,
Die of this folly! [*Exit.*

Enter Pisanio.

Queen. Fye!—you muſt give way:
Here is your ſervant.—How now, ſir? What news?

Pis. My lord your ſon drew on my maſter.

Queen. Ha!
No harm, I truſt, is done?

Pis. There might have been,
But that my maſter rather play'd than fought,

[6] ——*your beſt* advice.] i. e. conſideration, reflection. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:
" But did repent me after more *advice*." Steevens.

[7] ——*let her languiſh*
A drop of blood a day;] We meet with a congenial form of malediction in *Othello*:
" ——may his pernicious foul
" Rot half a grain a day!" Steevens.

And had no help of anger: they were parted
By gentlemen at hand.

Queen. I am very glad on't.

Imo. Your ſon's my father's friend; he takes his part.—
To draw upon an exile!—O brave ſir!—
I would they were in Africk both together;
Myſelf by with a needle, that I might prick
The goer back.—Why came you from your maſter?

Pis. On his command: He would not ſuffer me
To bring him to the haven: left theſe notes
Of what commands I ſhould be ſubject to,
When it pleas'd you to employ me.

Queen. This hath been
Your faithful ſervant: I dare lay mine honour,
He will remain ſo.

Pis. I humbly thank your highneſs.

Queen. Pray, walk a while.

Imo. About ſome half hour hence,
I pray you, ſpeak with me: you ſhall, at leaſt,
Go ſee my lord aboard: for this time, leave me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

A publick Place.

Enter Cloten, *and Two* Lords.

1 *Lord.* Sir, I would adviſe you to ſhift a ſhirt; the violence of action hath made you reek as a ſacrifice: Where air comes out, air comes in: there's none abroad ſo wholeſome as that you vent.

Clo. If my ſhirt were bloody, then to ſhift it—Have I hurt him?

2 *Lord.* No, faith; not ſo much as his patience. [*Aſide.*

1 *Lord.* Hurt him? his body's a paſſable carcaſs, if he be not hurt: it is a thoroughfare for ſteel, if it be not hurt.

2 *Lord.* His ſteel was in debt; it went o'the backſide the town. [*Aſide.*

Clo. The villain would not ſtand me.

2 *Lord.* No; but he fled forward ſtill, toward your face.[8] [*Aſide.*

1 *Lord.* Stand you! You have land enough of your own: but he added to your having; gave you ſome ground.

2 *Lord.* As many inches as you have oceans: Puppies! [*Aſide.*

Clo. I would, they had not come between us.

2 *Lord.* So would I, till you had meaſured how long a fool you were upon the ground. [*Aſide.*

Clo. And that ſhe ſhould love this fellow, and refuſe me!

2 *Lord.* If it be a ſin to make a true election, ſhe is damned. [*Aſide.*

1 *Lord.* Sir, as I told you always, her beauty and her brain go not together:[9] She's a good ſign, but I have ſeen ſmall reflection of her wit.[1]

[8] —— *he fled forward ſtill, toward your face.*] So, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

" —— thou ſhalt hunt a lion, that will fly
" With his face backward." STEEVENS.

[9] —— *her beauty and her brain go not together:*] I believe the lord means to ſpeak a ſentence, " Sir, as I told you always, beauty and brain go not together." JOHNSON.

2 *Lord.* She ſhines not upon fools, leſt the reflection ſhould hurt her. [*Aſide.*

Clo. Come, I'll to my chamber: 'Would there had been ſome hurt done!

2 *Lord.* I wiſh not ſo; unleſs it had been the fall of an aſs, which is no great hurt. [*Aſide.*

Clo. You'll go with us?

1 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordſhip.

Clo. Nay, come, let's go together.

2 *Lord.* Well, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

That is, are not equal, "ne vont pás de pair." A ſimilar expreſſion occurs in *The Laws of Candy*, where Gonzalo, ſpeaking of Erota, ſays:

"——————— and walks
"Her tongue the ſame gait with her wit?" M. Mason.

[1] *She's a good ſign, but I have ſeen ſmall reflection of her wit.*] She has a fair outſide, a ſpecious appearance, but no wit. *O quanta ſpecies, cerebrum non habet!* Phædrus. Edwards.

I believe the poet meant nothing by *ſign*, but *fair outward* ſhow. Johnson.

The ſame alluſion is common to other writers. So, in Beaumont and Fletcher's *Fair Maid of the Inn:*

"——————— a common trull,
"A tempting *ſign*, and curiouſly ſet forth,
"To draw in riotous gueſts."

Again, in *The Elder Brother*, by the ſame authors:

"Stand ſtill, thou *ſign* of man."

To underſtand the whole force of Shakſpeare's idea, it ſhould be remembered, that anciently almoſt every *ſign* had a motto, or ſome attempt at a witticiſm, underneath it. Steevens.

In a ſubſequent ſcene, Iachimo ſpeaking of Imogen, ſays:

"All of her, that is *out of door*, moſt rich!
"If ſhe be ſo furniſh'd with a *mind* ſo rare,
"She is alone the Arabian bird." Malone.

SCENE IV.

A Room in Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter IMOGEN *and* PISANIO.

Imo. I would thou grew'ſt unto the ſhores o'the haven,
And queſtion'dſt every ſail: if he ſhould write,
And I not have it, 'twere a paper loſt
As offer'd mercy is.[2] What was the laſt
That he ſpake to thee?

Pis. 'Twas, *His queen, his queen!*

Imo. Then wav'd his handkerchief?

Pis. And kiſs'd it, madam.

Imo. Senſeleſs linen! happier therein than I!—
And that was all?

Pis. No, madam; for ſo long
As he could make me with this eye or ear[3]

[2] ——— *'twere a paper loſt,*
As offer'd mercy is.] I believe the poet's meaning is, that the loſs of that paper would prove as fatal to her, as the loſs of a pardon to a condemned criminal.
A thought reſembling this, occurs in *All's well that ends well:*
" Like a remorſeful *pardon* ſlowly carried." STEEVENS.

[3] —— *with* this *eye or ear*——] [Old copy—*his* eye, &c.] But how could Poſthumus make himſelf diſtinguiſhed by his *ear* to Piſanio? By his tongue he might to the other's ear, and this was certainly Shakſpeare's intention. We muſt therefore read:
As he could make me with this *eye, or ear,*
Diſtinguiſh him from others,——
The expreſſion is δεικτικῶς, as the Greeks term it: the party ſpeaking points to the part ſpoken of. WARBURTON.

Diſtinguiſh him from others, he did keep
The deck, with glove, or hat, or handkerchief,
Still waving, as the fits and ſtirs of his mind
Could beſt expreſs how ſlow his ſoul ſail'd on,
How ſwift his ſhip.

Imo. Thou ſhould'ſt have made him
As little as a crow, or leſs,[4] ere left
To after-eye him.

Pis. Madam, ſo I did.

Sir T. Hanmer alters it thus:

——— *for ſo long*
As he could mark *me his eye, or* I
Diſtinguiſh———

The reaſon of Sir T. Hanmer's reading was, that Piſanio deſcribes no addreſs made to the *ear*. JOHNSON.

This deſcription, and what follows it, ſeems imitated from the eleventh Book of Ovid's *Metamorphoſis*. See Golding's tranſlation, p. 146, b. &c:

" She lifting up hir watrie eies beheld her huſband ſtand
" Upon the hatches making ſignes by becking with his hand:
" And ſhe made ſignes to him againe. And after that the land
" Was farre removed from the ſhip, and that the ſight began
" To be unable to diſcerne the face of any man,
" As long as ere ſhe could ſhe lookt upon the rowing keele.
" And when ſhe could no longer time for diſtance ken it weele,
" She looked ſtill upon the ſailes that flaſked with the wind
" Upon the maſt. And when ſhe could the ſailes no longer find,
" She gate hir to hir emtie bed with ſad and ſorie hart," &c. STEEVENS.

[4] *As little as a crow, or leſs,*] This compariſon may be illuſtrated by the following in *King Lear*:

" —— the *crows* that wing the midway air,
" Show *ſcarce ſo groſs as beetles.*" STEEVENS.

Imo. I would have broke mine eye-ſtrings; crack'd them, but
To look upon him; till the diminution
Of ſpace had pointed him ſharp as my needle:[5]
Nay, follow'd him, till he had melted from
The ſmallneſs of a gnat to air; and then
Have turn'd mine eye, and wept.—But, good Piſanio,
When ſhall we hear from him?

Pis. Be aſſur'd, madam,
With his next vantage.[6]

Imo. I did not take my leave of him, but had
Moſt pretty things to ſay: ere I could tell him,
How I would think on him, at certain hours,
Such thoughts, and ſuch; or I could make him ſwear
The ſhes of Italy ſhould not betray
Mine intereſt, and his honour; or have charg'd him,
At the ſixth hour of morn, at noon, at midnight,
To encounter me with oriſons,[7] for then
I am in heaven for him;[8] or ere I could
Give him that parting kiſs, which I had ſet

[5] ——— *till the diminution*
Of ſpace *had pointed him ſharp as my needle:*] *The diminution of ſpace*, is *the diminution* of which *ſpace* is the cauſe. Trees are killed by a blaſt of lightning, that is, by *blaſting*, not *blaſted* lightning. JOHNSON.

[6] —— *next* vantage.] Next *opportunity*. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*:
" And when the doctor ſpies his *vantage* ripe," &c.
STEEVENS.

[7] ——*encounter me with oriſons,*] i. e. meet me with reciprocal prayer. So, in *Macbeth*:
" See, they *encounter* thee with their hearts' thanks."
STEEVENS.

[8] *I am in heaven for him;*] My ſolicitations aſcend to heaven on his behalf. STEEVENS.

Betwixt two charming words,[9] comes in my father,
And, like the tyrannous breathing of the north,
Shakes all our buds from growing.[1]

[9] ——— *or ere I could*
Give him that parting kiſs, which I had ſet
Betwixt two charming words,] Dr. Warburton pronounces as abſolutely as if he had been preſent at their parting, that theſe two charming words were—*adieu Poſthumus*; but as Mr. Edwards has obſerved, "ſhe muſt have underſtood the language of love very little, if ſhe could find no tenderer expreſſion of it, than the name by which every one called her huſband."

STEEVENS.

[1] ——— *like the tyrannous breathing of the north,*
Shakes *all our* buds *from growing.*] i. e. our buds of *love*, as our author has elſewhere expreſſed it. Dr. Warburton, becauſe the buds of flowers are here alluded to, very idly reads—Shakes all our buds from *blowing*.

The buds of *flowers* undoubtedly are meant, and Shakſpeare himſelf has told us in *Romeo and Juliet* that they *grow*:

"This *bud of love*, by ſummer's ripening breath
"May prove a beauteous *flower*, when next we meet."

MALONE.

A *bud* without any diſtinct idea, whether of flower or fruit, is a natural repreſentation of any thing incipient or immature; and the buds of flowers, if flowers are meant, *grow* to flowers, as the buds of fruits *grow* to fruits. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton's emendation may in ſome meaſure be confirmed by thoſe beautiful lines in *The Two Noble Kinſmen*, which I have no doubt were written by Shakſpeare. Emilia is ſpeaking of a *roſe*:

"It is the very emblem of a maid.
"For when the *weſt* wind courts her gently,
"How modeſtly ſhe blows and paints the ſun
"With her chaſte bluſhes?—when the *north* comes near her
"Rude and impatient, then like chaſtity,
"She locks her beauties in the *bud* again,
"And leaves him to baſe briars." FARMER.

I think the old reading may be ſufficiently ſupported by the following paſſage in the 18th Sonnet of our author:

"Rough winds do *ſhake* the darling *buds* of May."

Again, in *The Taming of the Shrew*:

"Confounds thy fame, as whirlwinds *ſhake* fair *buds*,"

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The queen, madam,
Deſires your highneſs' company.

Imo. Thoſe things I bid you do, get them deſpatch'd.—
I will attend the queen.

Pis. Madam, I ſhall.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Rome. *An Apartment in* Philario's *Houſe.*

Enter Philario, Iachimo,[2] *a* Frenchman, *a* Dutchman, *and a* Spaniard.[3]

Iach. Believe it, ſir: I have ſeen him in Britain: he was then of a creſcent note; expected to prove ſo worthy, as ſince he hath been allowed the name

Lyly, in his *Euphues*, 1581, as Mr. Holt White obſerves, has a ſimilar expreſſion: "The *winde ſhaketh off the bloſſome*, as well as the fruit." Steevens.

[2] —— *Iachimo,*] The name of *Giacomo* occurs in *The Two Gentlemen of Venice*, a novel, which immediately follows that of *Rhomeo and Julietta* in the ſecond tome of Painter's *Palace of Pleaſure*. Malone.

[3] —— *a* Dutchman, *and a* Spaniard.] Thus the old copy; but Mynheer, and the Don, are mute characters.

Shakſpeare, however, derived this circumſtance from whatever tranſlation of the original novel he made uſe of. Thus, in the ancient one deſcribed in our Prolegomena to this drama: "Howe iiii merchauntes met all togyther in on way, whyche were of iiii dyverſe landes," &c. Steevens.

of: but I could then have looked on him without the help of admiration; though the catalogue of his endowments had been tabled by his ſide, and I to peruſe him by items.

Phi. You ſpeak of him when he was leſs furniſhed, than now he is, with that which makes him [4] both without and within.

French. I have ſeen him in France: we had very many there, could behold the ſun with as firm eyes as he.

Iach. This matter of marrying his king's daughter, (wherein he muſt be weighed rather by her value, than his own,) words him, I doubt not, a great deal from the matter.[5]

French. And then his baniſhment:——

Iach. Ay, and the approbation of thoſe, that weep this lamentable divorce, under her colours,[6] are wonderfully to extend him;[7] be it but to for-

[4] —— makes *him*—] In the ſenſe in which we ſay, This will *make* or *mar* you. Johnson.

So, in *Othello*:

" ———— This is the night
" That either *makes* me, or fordoes me quite."

Steevens.

Makes him, in the text, means *forms* him. M. Mason.

[5] —— *words him,*——*a great deal from the matter,*] Makes the deſcription of him very diſtant from the truth. Johnson.

[6] —— *under her colours,*] Under her banner; by her influence. Johnson.

[7] —— *and the* approbation *of thoſe,*——are *wonderfully to extend him*;] This grammatical inaccuracy is common in Shakſpeare's plays. So, in *Julius Cæſar*:

" The *poſture* of your blows *are* yet unknown."

[See Vol. XVI. p. 397, n. 4.] The modern editors, however, read—*approbations*.

Extend has here the ſame meaning as in a former ſcene. See p. 406, n. 4.

tify her judgment, which elſe an eaſy battery might lay flat, for taking a beggar without more quality.[8] But how comes it, he is to ſojourn with you? How creeps acquaintance?

Phi. His father and I were ſoldiers together; to

I perceive no inaccuracy on the preſent occaſion. "This matter of his marrying his king's daughter,"—"and then his baniſhment;"—"and the approbation of thoſe," &c. "*are* (i. e. all theſe circumſtances united) wonderfully to extend him."

STEEVENS.

[8] ——*without* more *quality*.] The folio reads *leſs* quality. Mr. Rowe firſt made the alteration. STEEVENS.

Whenever *leſs* or *more* is to be joined with a verb denoting want, or a prepoſition of a ſimilar import, Shakſpeare never fails to be entangled in a grammatical inaccuracy, or rather, to uſe words that expreſs the very contrary of what he means. In a note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, I have proved this inconteſtably, by comparing a paſſage ſimilar to that in the text with the words of Plutarch on which it is formed. The paſſage is:

"——I—condemn myſelf to *lack*
"The courage of a woman, *leſs* noble mind
"Than ſhe—."

Again, in *The Winter's Tale:*

"——————I ne'er heard yet
"That any of theſe bolder vices *wanted*
"*Leſs* impudence, to gainſay what they did,
"Than to perform it firſt."

Again, in *King Lear:*

"——————I have hope
"You *leſs* know how to value her deſerts
"Than ſhe to *ſcant* her duty."

See note on *Antony and Cleopatra*, Act IV. ſc. xii. Mr. Rowe and all the ſubſequent editors, read—without *more* quality, and ſo undoubtedly Shakſpeare *ought* to have written. On the ſtage, an actor may rectify ſuch petty errors; but it is the duty of an editor to exhibit what his author wrote. MALONE.

As on this occaſion, and ſeveral others, we can only tell what Hemings and Condel printed, inſtead of knowing, with any degree of certainty, what Shakſpeare wrote, I have not diſturbed Mr. Rowe's emendation, which leaves a clear paſſage to the reader, if he happens to prefer an obvious ſenſe to no ſenſe at all.

STEEVENS.

whom I have been often bound for no leſs than my life:——

Enter POSTHUMUS.

Here comes the Briton: Let him be ſo entertained amongſt you, as ſuits, with gentlemen of your knowing, to a ſtranger of his quality.—I beſeech you all, be better known to this gentleman; whom I commend to you, as a noble friend of mine: How worthy he is, I will leave to appear hereafter, rather than ſtory him in his own hearing.

FRENCH. Sir, we have known together in Orleans.

POST. Since when I have been debtor to you for courteſies, which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay ſtill.[9]

FRENCH. Sir, you o'er-rate my poor kindneſs: I was glad I did atone my countryman and you;[1] it had been pity, you ſhould have been put together with ſo mortal a purpoſe, as then each bore, upon importance of ſo ſlight and trivial a nature.[2]

[9] ——*which I will be ever to pay, and yet pay ſtill.*] So, in *All's well that ends well:*

" Which I will ever pay, and pay again,
" When I have found it."

Again, in our author's 30th Sonnet:

" Which I new pay, as if not pay'd before."

MALONE

[1] ——*I did* atone *&c.*] To *atone* ſignifies in this place to *reconcile.* So, Ben Jonſon, in *The Silent Woman:*

" There had been ſome hope to *atone* you."

Again, in Heywood's *Engliſh Traveller,* 1633:

" The conſtable is call'd to *atone* the broil."

See Vol. XVI. p. 199, n. 8. STEEVENS.

[2] —— *upon* importance *of ſo ſlight and trivial a nature.*

Post. By your pardon, ſir, I was then a young traveller: rather ſhunned to go even with what I heard, than in my every action to be guided by others' experiences:[3] but, upon my mended judgment, (if I offend not to ſay it is mended,) my quarrel was not altogether ſlight.

French. 'Faith, yes, to be put to the arbitrement of ſwords; and by ſuch two, that would, by all likelihood, have confounded one the other,[4] or or have fallen both.

Iach. Can we, with manners, aſk what was the difference?

French. Safely, I think: 'twas a contention in publick, which may, without contradiction,[5] ſuffer the report. It was much like an argument that fell out laſt night, where each of us fell in praiſe

Importance is here, as elſewhere in Shakſpeare, importunity, inſtigation. See Vol. V. p. 416, n. 2. Malone.

So, in *Twelfth-Night*: "Maria wrote the letter at Sir Toby's great *importance*." Again, in *King John*:

"At our *importance* hither is he come." Steevens.

[3] ——*rather ſhunned to go even with what I heard*, &c.] This is expreſſed with a kind of fantaſtical perplexity. He means, I was then willing to take for my direction the experience of others, more than ſuch intelligence as I had gathered myſelf. Johnson.

This paſſage cannot bear the meaning that Johnſon contends for. Poſthumus is deſcribing a preſumptuous young man, as he acknowledges himſelf to have been at that time; and means to ſay, that *he rather ſtudied to avoid conducting himſelf by the opinions of other people, than to be guided by their experience.* —To take for direction the experience of others, would be a proof of wiſdom, not of preſumption. M. Mason.

[4] —— confounded *one the other*,] To *confound*, in our author's time, ſignified—to *deſtroy*. See Vol. XII. p. 368, n. 2. Malone.

[5] ——*which may, without contradiction*,] Which, undoubtedly, may be publickly told. Johnson.

of our country miſtreſſes: This gentleman at that time vouching, (and upon warrant of bloody affirmation,) his to be more fair, virtuous, wiſe, chaſte, conſtant-qualified, and leſs attemptible, than any the rareſt of our ladies in France.

Iach. That lady is not now living; or this gentleman's opinion, by this, worn out.

Post. She holds her virtue ſtill, and I my mind.

Iach. You muſt not ſo far prefer her 'fore ours of Italy.

Post. Being ſo far provoked as I was in France, I would abate her nothing; though I profeſs myſelf her adorer, not her friend.[6]

[6] —— *though I profeſs* &c.] Though I have not the common obligations of a lover to his miſtreſs, and regard her not with the fondneſs of a friend, but the reverence of an adorer. JOHNSON.

The ſenſe ſeems to require a tranſpoſition of theſe words, and that we ſhould read:

Though I profeſs myſelf her friend, not her adorer.

meaning thereby the praiſes he beſtowed on her aroſe from his knowledge of her virtues, not from a ſuperſtitious reverence only. If Poſthumus wiſhed to be believed, as he ſurely did, the declaring that his praiſes proceeded from adoration, would leſſen the credit of them, and counteract his purpoſe. In confirmation of this conjecture, we find that in the next page he acknowledges her to be his wife.—Iachimo afterwards ſays in the ſame ſenſe:

"You are a *friend*, and therein the wiſer."

Which would alſo ſerve to confirm my amendment, if it were the right reading; but I do not think it is. M. MASON.

I am not certain that the foregoing paſſages have been completely underſtood by either commentator, for want of acquaintance with the peculiar ſenſe in which the word *friend* may have been employed.

A *friend* in ancient colloquial language, is occaſionally ſynonymous to a *paramour* or *inamorato* of either ſex, in both the favourable and unfavourable ſenſe of that word. "Save you *friend* Caſſio!" ſays Bianca in *Othello*; and Lucio, in *Meaſure for*

Iach. As fair, and as good, (a kind of hand-in-hand compariſon,) had been ſomething too fair, and too good, for any lady in Britany. If ſhe went before others I have ſeen, as that diamond of yours out-luſtres many I have beheld, I could not but believe ſhe excelled many: but I have not ſeen the moſt precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.[7]

Meaſure, informs Iſabella that her brother Claudio "hath got his *friend* [Julietta] with child." *Friend*, in ſhort, is one of thoſe "*fond adoptious chriſtendoms that blinking Cupid goſſips*," many of which are catalogued by Helen in *All's well that ends well*, and *friend* is one of the number:

"A mother, and a miſtreſs, and a *friend*,
"A phœnix, captain, and an enemy."

This word, though with ſome degradation, is ſtill current among the harlotry of London, who, (like Macheath's doxies,) as often as they have occaſion to talk about their abſent *keepers*, invariably call them their *friends*. In this ſenſe the word is alſo uſed by Iago, in *Othello*, Act IV. ſc. i:

"Or to be naked with her *friend* abed."

Poſthumus means to beſtow the moſt exalted praiſe on Imogen, a praiſe the more valuable as it was the reſult of reaſon, not of amorous dotage. I make my avowal, ſays he, in the character of her adorer, not of her poſſeſſor.—I ſpeak of her as a being I reverence, not as a beauty whom I enjoy.—I rather profeſs to deſcribe her with the devotion of a worſhipper, than the raptures of a lover. This ſenſe of the word alſo appears to be confirmed by a ſubſequent remark of Iachimo:

"You are a *friend*, and therein the wiſer."

i. e. you are a *lover*, and therefore ſhow your wiſdom in oppoſing all experiments that may bring your lady's chaſtity into queſtion. Steevens.

[7] *If ſhe went before others I have ſeen, as that diamond of yours out-luſtres many I have beheld, I could not* but *believe ſhe excelled many; but I have not ſeen the moſt precious diamond that is, nor you the lady.*] The old copy reads—*I could* not believe *ſhe excell'd many*; but it is on all hands allowed that the reaſoning of Iachimo, as it ſtands there, is inconcluſive.

On this account, Dr. Warburton reads, omitting the word—*not*, "*I could believe* ſhe excelled many."

Mr. Heath propoſes to read, "I could *but* believe" &c.

Post. I praiſed her as I rated her: ſo do I my ſtone.

Iach. What do you eſteem it at?

Post. More than the world enjoys.

Iach. Either your unparagoned miſtreſs is dead, or ſhe's outprized by a trifle.

Post. You are miſtaken: the one may be ſold, or given; if there were[8] wealth enough for the purchaſe, or merit for the gift: the other is not a thing for ſale, and only the gift of the gods.

Iach. Which the gods have given you?

Post. Which, by their graces, I will keep.

Iach. You may wear her in title yours: but, you know, ſtrange fowl light upon neighbouring ponds. Your ring may be ſtolen too: ſo, of your brace of unprizeable eſtimations, the one is but frail, and the other caſual; a cunning thief, or a that-way-accompliſhed courtier, would hazard the winning both of firſt and laſt.

Post. Your Italy contains none ſo accompliſhed a courtier, to convince the honour of my miſtreſs;[9]

Mr. Malone, whom I have followed, exhibits the paſſage as it appears in the preſent text.

The reader who wiſhes to know more on this ſubject, may conſult a note in Mr. Malone's edit. Vol. VIII. p. 327, 328, and 329. Steevens.

[8] ——*if there were*—] Old copy—or *if—for the* purchaſes, &c. the compoſitor having inadvertently repeated the word—*or*, which has juſt occurred. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

[9] —— *to* convince *the honour of my miſtreſs*;] *Convince* for *overcome.* Warburton.

So, in *Macbeth*:

"——their malady *convinces*
"The great eſſay of art." Johnson.

if, in the holding or loſs of that, you term her frail. I do nothing doubt, you have ſtore of thieves; notwithſtanding I fear not my ring.

Phi. Let us leave here, gentlemen.

Post. Sir, with all my heart. This worthy ſignior, I thank him, makes no ſtranger of me; we are familiar at firſt.

Iach. With five times ſo much converſation, I ſhould get ground of your fair miſtreſs: make her go back, even to the yielding; had I admittance, and opportunity to friend.

Post. No, no.

Iach. I dare, thereon, pawn the moiety of my eſtate to your ring; which, in my opinion, o'ervalues it ſomething: But I make my wager rather againſt your confidence, than her reputation: and, to bar your offence herein too, I durſt attempt it againſt any lady in the world.

Post. You are a great deal abuſed [1] in too bold a perſuaſion; and I doubt not you ſuſtain what you're worthy of, by your attempt.

Iach. What's that?

Post. A repulſe: Though your attempt, as you call it, deſerve more; a puniſhment too.

Phi. Gentlemen enough of this: it came in too ſuddenly; let it die as it was born, and, I pray you, be better acquainted.

Iach. 'Would I had put my eſtate, and my

[1] —— *abuſed* —] *Deceived.* Johnson.

So, in *Othello*:

"The Moor's *abus'd* by ſome moſt villainous knave."

Steevens.

neighbour's, on the approbation [2] of what I have ſpoke.

Post. What lady would you chooſe to aſſail?

Iach. Yours; whom in conſtancy, you think, ſtands ſo ſafe. I will lay you ten thouſand ducats to your ring, that, commend me to the court where your lady is, with no more advantage than the opportunity of a ſecond conference, and I will bring from thence that honour of hers, which you imagine ſo reſerved.

Post. I will wage againſt your gold, gold to it: my ring I hold dear as my finger; 'tis part of it.

Iach. You are a friend, and therein the wiſer.[3]

[2] —— *approbation* —] Proof. Johnson.

So, in *King Henry V:*

" —— how many, now in health,
" Shall drop their blood in *approbation*
" Of what your reverence ſhall incite us to."

Steevens.

[3] *You are a* friend, *and therein the wiſer.*] I correct it:
You are afraid, *and therein the wiſer.*
What Iachimo ſays, in the cloſe of his ſpeech, determines this to have been our poet's reading:

" ——But, I ſee, you have ſome religion in you, that you *fear.*" Warburton.

You are a friend to the lady, *and therein the wiſer*, as you will not expoſe her to hazard; and that you *fear* is a proof of your *religious* fidelity. Johnson.

Though Dr. Warburton affixed his name to the preceding note, it is *verbatim* taken from one written by Mr. Theobald on this paſſage.

[But let it be remembered, that Dr. Warburton communicated many notes to Theobald before he publiſhed his own edition, and complains that he was not fairly dealt with concerning them. Reed.]

A *friend* in our author's time often ſignified a *lover*. Iachimo therefore might mean that Poſthumus was wiſe in being only the *lover* of Imogen, and not having bound himſelf to her by the

If you buy ladies' flesh at a million a dram, you cannot preserve it from tainting: But, I see, you have some religion in you, that you fear.

Post. This is but a custom in your tongue; you bear a graver purpose, I hope.

Iach. I am the master of my speeches;[4] and would undergo what's spoken, I swear.

Post. Will you?—I shall but lend my diamond till your return:—Let there be covenants drawn between us: My mistress exceeds in goodness the hugeness of your unworthy thinking: I dare you to this match: here's my ring.

Phi. I will have it no lay.

Iach. By the gods it is one:—If I bring you no sufficient testimony that I have enjoyed the dearest

indissoluble ties of marriage. But unluckily Posthumus has already said he is *not* her *friend*, but her adorer: this therefore could hardly have been Iachimo's meaning.

I cannot say that I am entirely satisfied with Dr. Johnson's interpretation; yet I have nothing better to propose. "You are a friend to the lady, and therefore will not expose her to hazard." This surely is not warranted by what Posthumus has just said. He is ready enough to expose her to hazard. He has actually exposed her to hazard by accepting the wager. He will not indeed risk his *diamond*, but has offered to lay a sum of money, that Iachimo, "with all appliances and means to boot," will not be able to corrupt her. I do not therefore see the force of Iachimo's observation. It would have been more "german to the matter" to have said, in allusion to the former words of Posthumus—You are *not* a friend, i. e. a lover, and therein the wiser: for all women are corruptible. Malone.

See p. 431, and 432, n. 6. Though the reply of Iachimo may not have been warranted by the preceding words of Posthumus, it was certainly meant by the speaker as a provoking circumstance, a circumstance of incitation to the wager. Steevens.

[4] *I am the master of my speeches;*] i. e. I know what I have said; I said no more than I meant. Steevens.

bodily part of your miſtreſs, my ten thouſand ducats are yours; ſo is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in ſuch honour as you have truſt in, ſhe your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are yours:—provided, I have your commendation, for my more free entertainment.

Post. I embrace theſe conditions;[5] let us have articles betwixt us:—only, thus far you ſhall anſwer. If you make your voyage upon her, and give me directly to underſtand you have prevailed, I am no further your enemy, ſhe is not worth our debate: if ſhe remain unſeduced, (you not making it appear otherwiſe,) for your ill opinion, and the

[5] Iach. ——*If I bring you* no *ſufficient teſtimony that I have enjoyed the deareſt bodily part of your miſtreſs, my ten thouſand ducats are* yours; *ſo is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in ſuch honour as you have truſt in, ſhe your jewel, this your jewel, and my gold are* yours, *&c.*

Poſt. *I embrace theſe conditions*; &c.] This was a wager between the two ſpeakers. Iachimo declares the conditions of it; and Poſthumus embraces them, as well he might; for Iachimo mentions only *that* of the two conditions which was favourable to Poſthumus: namely, that if his wife preſerved her honour he ſhould win: concerning the other, in caſe ſhe preſerved it not, Iachimo, the accurate expounder of the wager, is ſilent. To make him talk more in character, for we find him ſharp enough in the proſecution of his bet; we ſhould ſtrike out the negative, and read the reſt thus: *If I bring you ſufficient teſtimony that I have enjoyed*, &c. *my ten thouſand ducats are* mine; *ſo is your diamond too. If I come off, and leave her in ſuch honour*, &c. *ſhe your jewel*, &c. *and my gold are* yours. WARBURTON.

I once thought this emendation right, but am now of opinion, that Shakſpeare intended that Iachimo having gained his purpoſe, ſhould deſignedly drop the invidious and offenſive part of the wager, and to flatter Poſthumus, dwell long upon the more pleaſing part of the repreſentation. One condition of a wager implies the other, and there is no need to mention both.

JOHNSON.

aſſault you have made to her chaſtity, you ſhall anſwer me with your ſword.

Iach. Your hand; a covenant: We will have theſe things ſet down by lawful counſel, and ſtraight away for Britain; leſt the bargain ſhould catch cold, and ſtarve: I will fetch my gold, and have our two wagers recorded.

Post. Agreed.

[*Exeunt* Posthumus *and* Iachimo.

French. Will this hold, think you?

Phi. Signior Iachimo will not from it. Pray, let us follow 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Britain. *A Room in* Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter Queen, Ladies, *and* Cornelius.

Queen. Whiles yet the dew's on ground, gather thoſe flowers;
Make haſte: Who has the note of them?

1 *Lady.* I, madam.

Queen. Deſpatch.—— [*Exeunt* Ladies.
Now, maſter doctor; have you brought thoſe drugs?

Cor. Pleaſeth your highneſs, ay: here they are, madam: [*Preſenting a ſmall Box.*
But I beſeech your grace, (without offence;
My conſcience bids me aſk;) wherefore you have
Commanded of me theſe moſt poiſonous compounds,
Which are the movers of a languiſhing death;
But, though ſlow, deadly?

Queen. I do wonder, doctor,[6]
Thou aſk'ſt me ſuch a queſtion: Have I not been
Thy pupil long? Haſt thou not learn'd me how
To make perfumes? diſtil? preſerve? yea, ſo,
That our great king himſelf doth woo me oft
For my confections? Having thus far proceeded,
(Unleſs thou think'ſt me deviliſh,) is't not meet
That I did amplify my judgment in
Other concluſions?[7] I will try the forces
Of theſe thy compounds on ſuch creatures as
We count not worth the hanging, (but none human,)
To try the vigour of them, and apply
Allayments to their act; and by them gather
Their ſeveral virtues, and effects.

Cor. Your highneſs
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:[8]

[6] *I do wonder, doctor,*] I have ſupplied the verb *do* for the ſake of meaſure, and in compliance with our author's practice when he deſigns any of his characters to ſpeak emphatically: Thus, in *Much Ado about Nothing*: "I *do* much wonder, that one man, ſeeing how much another man is a fool" &c. Steevens.

[7] *Other concluſions?*] Other *experiments*. *I commend,* ſays Walton, *an angler that trieth* concluſions, and improves his art. Johnson.

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
"She hath purſued *concluſions* infinite
"Of eaſy ways to die." Malone.

[8] *Your highneſs*
Shall from this practice but make hard your heart:] There is in this paſſage nothing that much requires a note, yet I cannot forbear to puſh it forward into obſervation. The thought would probably have been more amplified, had our author lived to be ſhocked with ſuch experiments as have been publiſhed in later times, by a race of men who have practiſed tortures without pity, and related them without ſhame, and are yet ſuffered to erect their heads among human beings.
"Cape ſaxa manu, cape robora, paſtor." Johnson.

Beſides, the ſeeing theſe effects will be
Both noiſome and infectious.

Queen. O, content thee.—

Enter Pisanio.

Here comes a flattering raſcal; upon him [*Aſide.*
Will I firſt work:[9] he's for his maſter,
And enemy to my ſon.—How now, Piſanio?—
Doctor, your ſervice for this time is ended;
Take your own way.

Cor. I do ſuſpect you, madam;
But you ſhall do no harm. [*Aſide.*

Queen. Hark thee, a word.—
[*To* Pisanio.

Cor. [*Aſide.*] I do not like her.[1] She doth think, ſhe has
Strange lingering poiſons: I do know her ſpirit,
And will not truſt one of her malice with
A drug of ſuch damn'd nature: Thoſe, ſhe has,
Will ſtupify and dull the ſenſe awhile:
Which firſt, perchance, ſhe'll prove on cats, and dogs;

[9] *Will I firſt work:*] She means, I believe, that on him firſt ſhe will try the efficacy of her poiſon. Malone.

What elſe can ſhe mean? Reed.

[1] *I do not like her.*] This ſoliloquy is very inartificial. The ſpeaker is under no ſtrong preſſure of thought; he is neither reſolving, repenting, ſuſpecting, nor deliberating, and yet makes a long ſpeech to tell himſelf what himſelf knows. Johnson.

This ſoliloquy, however inartificial in reſpect of the ſpeaker, is yet neceſſary to prevent that uneaſineſs which would naturally ariſe in the mind of an audience on recollection that the Queen had miſchievous ingredients in her poſſeſſion, unleſs they were undeceived as to the quality of them; and it is no leſs uſeful to prepare us for the return of Imogen to life. Steevens.

Then afterward up higher; but there is
No danger in what ſhow of death it makes,
More than the locking up the ſpirits a time,[2]
To be more freſh, reviving. She is fool'd
With a moſt falſe effect; and I the truer,
So to be falſe with her.[3]

Queen. No further ſervice, doctor,
Until I ſend for thee.

Cor. I humbly take my leave.
[*Exit.*

Queen. Weeps ſhe ſtill, ſay'ſt thou? Doſt thou think, in time
She will not quench;[4] and let inſtructions enter
Where folly now poſſeſſes? Do thou work;
When thou ſhalt bring me word, ſhe loves my ſon,
I'll tell thee, on the inſtant, thou art then
As great as is thy maſter: greater; for
His fortunes all lie ſpeechleſs, and his name
Is at laſt gaſp: Return he cannot, nor
Continue where he is: to ſhift his being,[5]
Is to exchange one miſery with another;
And every day, that comes, comes to decay
A day's work in him: What ſhalt thou expect,
To be depender on a thing that leans?[6]

[2] —— *a time,*] So the old copy. All the modern editions—*for* a time. Malone.

[3] *So to be falſe* with her.] The two laſt words may be fairly conſidered as an interpolation, for they hurt the metre, without enforcement of the ſenſe.

For thee, in the next line but one, might on the ſame account be omitted. Steevens.

[4] —— *quench*;] i. e. grow cool. Steevens.

[5] —— *to ſhift his being,*] To change his abode. Johnson.

[6] —— *that leans?*] That *inclines* towards its fall. Johnson.

Who cannot be new built; nor has no friends,
[*The* Queen *drops a Box:* PISANIO *takes it up*,
So much as but to prop him?—Thou tak'ſt up
Thou know'ſt not what; but take it for thy labour:
It is a thing I made, which hath the king
Five times redeem'd from death: I do not know
What is more cordial:—Nay, I pr'ythee, take it;
It is an earneſt of a further good
That I mean to thee. Tell thy miſtreſs how
The caſe ſtands with her; do't, as from thyſelf.
Think what a chance thou changeſt on;[7] but think
Thou haſt thy miſtreſs ſtill; to boot, my ſon,
Who ſhall take notice of thee: I'll move the king
To any ſhape of thy preferment, ſuch
As thou'lt deſire; and then myſelf, I chiefly,
That ſet thee on to this deſert, am bound
To load thy merit richly. Call my women:
Think on my words. [*Exit* PISA.]—A ſly and conſtant knave;
Not to be ſhak'd: the agent for his maſter;
And the remembrancer of her, to hold
The hand faſt to her lord.—I have given him that,
Which, if he take, ſhall quite unpeople her

[7] *Think what a* chance *thou* changeſt *on*;] Such is the reading of the old copy, which by ſucceeding editors has been altered into—

Think what a chance *thou* chanceſt *on*;—

And—

Think what a change *thou* chanceſt *on*;—

but unneceſſarily. The meaning is: "Think with what a fair proſpect of mending your fortunes you now change your preſent ſervice." STEEVENS.

A line in our author's *Rape of Lucrece* adds ſome ſupport to the reading—thou *chanceſt* on, which is much in Shakſpeare's manner:

"Let there *bechance him* pitiful miſ-*chances*."

MALONE.

Of liegers for her ſweet;[8] and which ſhe, after,
Except ſhe bend her humour, ſhall be aſſur'd

Re-enter PISANIO, *and* Ladies.

To taſte of too.—So, ſo;—well done, well done:
The violets, cowſlips, and the primroſes,
Bear to my cloſet:—Fare thee well, Piſanio;
Think on my words. [*Exeunt* Queen *and* Ladies.

Pis. And ſhall do:[9]
But when to my good lord I prove untrue,
I'll choke myſelf: there's all I'll do for you.
[*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Another Room in the ſame.

Enter IMOGEN.

Imo. A father cruel, and a ſtep-dame falſe;
A fooliſh ſuitor to a wedded lady,
That hath her huſband baniſh'd;—O, that huſband!

[8] *Of* liegers *for her ſweet;*] A *lieger* ambaſſador is one that reſides in a foreign court to promote his maſter's intereſt. JOHNSON.

So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

" Lord Angelo, having affairs to heaven,
" Intends you for his ſwift embaſſador,
" Where you ſhall be an everlaſting *lieger.*" STEEVENS.

[9] *And ſhall do:*] Some words, which rendered this ſentence leſs abrupt, and perfected the metre of it, appear to have been omitted in the old copies. STEEVENS.

My ſupreme crown of grief![1] and thoſe repeated
Vexations of it! Had I been thief-ſtolen,
As my two brothers, happy! but moſt miſerable
Is the deſire that's glorious:[2] Bleſſed be thoſe,
How mean ſoe'er, that have their honeſt wills,
Which ſeaſons comfort.[3]—Who may this be? Fye!

[1] —— *O, that husband?*
My ſupreme crown *of grief!*] Imogen means to ſay, that her ſeparation from her huſband is the completion of her diſtreſs. So, in *King Lear:*

" This would have ſeem'd a period
" To ſuch as love not ſorrow; but another,
" To amplify too much, would make much more,
" And *top extremity.*"

Again, in *Coriolanus:*

" —— the ſpire and *top* of praiſe."

Again, more appoſitely, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

" Make Creſſid's name the very *crown* of falſehood."

Again, in *The Winter's Tale:*

" The *crown* and comfort of my life, your favour,
" I do give loſt." MALONE.

[2] —— *but moſt miſerable*
Is the deſire that's glorious:] Her huſband, ſhe ſays, proves her ſupreme grief. She had been happy had ſhe been ſtolen as her brothers were, but now ſhe is miſerable, as all thoſe are who have a ſenſe of worth and honour ſuperior to the vulgar, which occaſions them infinite vexations from the envious and worthleſs part of mankind. Had ſhe not ſo refined a taſte as to be content only with the ſuperior merit of Poſthumus, but could have taken up with Cloten, ſhe might have eſcaped theſe perſecutions. This elegance of taſte, which always diſcovers an excellence and chooſes it, ſhe calls with great ſublimity of expreſſion, *The deſire that's glorious*; which the Oxford editor not underſtanding, alters to—*The* degree *that's glorious.* WARBURTON.

[3] —— *Bleſſed be thoſe,*
How mean ſoe'er, that have their honeſt wills,
Which ſeaſons comfort.] The laſt words are equivocal; but the meaning is this: Who are beholden only to the ſeaſons for their ſupport and nouriſhment; ſo that, if thoſe be kindly, ſuch have no more to care for, or deſire. WARBURTON.

I am willing to comply with any meaning that can be extorted

Enter PISANIO *and* IACHIMO.

Pis. Madam, a noble gentleman of Rome;
Comes from my lord with letters.

from the preſent text, rather than change it, yet will propoſe, but with great diffidence, a ſlight alteration:

——— *Bleſs'd be thoſe,*
How mean ſoe'er, that have their honeſt wills,
With reaſon's *comfort.*——

Who gratify their innocent wiſhes with reaſonable enjoyments.
JOHNSON.

I ſhall venture at another explanation, which, as the laſt words are admitted to be equivocal, may be propoſed. "To be able to refine on calamity (ſays ſhe) is the miſerable privilege of thoſe who are educated with aſpiring thoughts and elegant deſires. Bleſſed are they, however mean their condition, who have the power of gratifying their honeſt inclination, which circumſtance *beſtows an additional reliſh* on *comfort* itſelf."

"You lack the *ſeaſon* of all natures, ſleep." *Macbeth.*

Again, in *Albumazar*, 1615:

"——the memory of misfortunes paſt
"*Seaſons* the welcome." STEEVENS.

I agree with Steevens that the word *ſeaſons*, in this place, is uſed as a verb, but not in his interpretation of the former part of this paſſage. Imogen's reflection is merely this: "That thoſe are happy who have their honeſt wills, which gives a reliſh to comfort; but that thoſe are miſerable who ſet their affections on objects of ſuperior excellence, which are of courſe, difficult to obtain." The word *honeſt* means *plain* or *humble*, and is oppoſed to *glorious*. M. MASON.

In my apprehenſion, Imogen's ſentiment is ſimply this: *Had I been ſtolen by thieves in my infancy*, (or, as ſhe ſays in another place, *born a neat-herd's daughter*,) *I had been happy. But inſtead of that, I am in a high, and, what is called, a* glorious *ſtation; and moſt miſerable in ſuch a ſituation!* Pregnant with calamity are thoſe deſires, which aſpire to glory; to ſplendid titles, or elevation of rank! *Happier far are thoſe, how low ſoever their rank in life, who have it in their power to gratify their virtuous inclinations: a circumſtance that gives an additional* zeſt *to comfort itſelf, and renders it ſomething more;*

Iach. Change you, madam?
The worthy Leonatus is in ſafety,
And greets your highneſs dearly.
[*Preſents a Letter.*

Imo. Thanks, good ſir:
You are kindly welcome.

Iach. All of her, that is out of door, moſt rich!
[*Aſide.*
If ſhe be furniſh'd with a mind ſo rare,
She is alone the Arabian bird; and I
Have loſt the wager. Boldneſs be my friend!
Arm me, audacity, from head to foot!
Or, like the Parthian, I ſhall flying fight;
Rather, directly fly.

or, (to borrow our author's words in another place) *which keeps comfort always* freſh and laſting.

A line in *Timon of Athens* may perhaps prove the beſt comment on the former part of this paſſage:

" O the fierce *wretchedneſs* that *glory* brings!"

In *King Henry VIII.* alſo, Anna Bullen utters a ſentiment that bears a ſtrong reſemblance to that before us:

" —— I ſwear, 'tis better
" To dwell with humble livers in content,
" Than to be perk'd up in a *gliſt'ring grief*,
" And wear a *golden ſorrow*."

Of the verb *to ſeaſon*, (of which the true explanation was originally given by Mr. Steevens,) ſo many inſtances occur as fully to juſtify this interpretation. It is uſed in the ſame metaphorical ſenſe in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, a tragedy, 1594:

" This that did *ſeaſon* all my ſour of life,—."

Again, in our author's *Romeo and Juliet*:

" How much ſalt water thrown away in haſte,
" To *ſeaſon* love, that of it doth not taſte!"

Again, in *Twelfth-Night*:

" —— All this to *ſeaſon*
" A brother's dead love, which ſhe would keep *freſh*
" And *laſting* in her ſad remembrance." Malone.

Imo. [Reads.]—*He is one of the nobleſt note, to whoſe kindneſſes I am moſt infinitely tied. Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your trueſt*

LEONATUS.[4]

So far I read aloud:
But even the very middle of my heart

[4] *Reflect upon him accordingly, as you value your* trueſt

LEONATUS.]

[Old copy—your *truſt*. LEONATUS.] Were Leonatus writing to his Steward, this ſtyle might be proper; but it is ſo ſtrange a concluſion of a letter to a princeſs, and a beloved wife, that it cannot be right. I have no doubt therefore that we ought to read:

——— *as you value your trueſt.*

LEONATUS.

M. MASON.

This emendation is at once ſo neat and elegant, that I cannot refuſe it a place in the text; and eſpecially as it returns an echo to the words of Poſthumus when he parted from Imogen, and dwelt ſo much on his own conjugal fidelity:

" ——— I will remain
" The *loyal'ſt* huſband that did e'er plight troth."

STEEVENS.

Mr. M. Maſon's conjecture would have more weight, if it were certain that theſe were intended as the concluding words of the letter. It is more probable that what *warmed the very middle of the heart of Imogen,* formed the *concluſion* of Poſthumus's letter; and the words—*ſo far,* and *by the reſt,* ſupport that ſuppoſition. Though Imogen reads the name of her huſband, ſhe might ſuppreſs ſomewhat that intervened. Nor, indeed, is the adjuration of light import, or unſuitable to a fond huſband, ſuppoſing it to be the concluſion of the letter. Reſpect my friend, ſays Leonatus, as you value the confidence repoſed in you by him to whom you have plighted your troth. MALONE.

It is certain, I think, from the break—" *He is one*" &c. that the omitted part of the letter was at the beginning of it; and that what follows (all indeed that was neceſſary for the audience to hear,) was its regular and decided termination.—Was it not natural, that a young and affectionate huſband, writing to a wife whom he adored, ſhould expreſs the feelings of his love, before he proceeded to the detail of his colder buſineſs? STEEVENS.

Is warm'd by the reſt, and takes it thankfully.—
You are as welcome, worthy ſir, as I
Have words to bid you; and ſhall find it ſo,
In all that I can do.

Iach. Thanks, faireſt lady.—
What! are men mad? Hath nature given them eyes
To ſee this vaulted arch, and the rich crop
Of ſea and land,[5] which can diſtinguiſh 'twixt
The fiery orbs above, and the twinn'd ſtones
Upon the number'd beach?[6] and can we not

[5] —— *and the rich* crop
Of ſea and land,] He is here ſpeaking of the *covering* of ſea and land. Shakſpeare therefore wrote:
—— *and the rich* cope—. Warburton.

Surely no emendation is neceſſary. The *vaulted arch* is alike the *cope* or covering of *ſea and land.* When the poet had ſpoken of it once, could he have thought this ſecond introduction of it neceſſary? *The crop of ſea and land* means only the productions of either element. Steevens.

[6] —— *and the twinn'd ſtones*
Upon the number'd *beach?*] I have no idea in what ſenſe the beach, or ſhore, ſhould be called *number'd.* I have ventured, againſt all the copies, to ſubſtitute—
Upon th' unnumber'd *beach?*——
i. e. the infinite extenſive beach, if we are to underſtand the epithet as coupled to the word. But, I rather think, the poet intended an *hypallage,* like that in the beginning of Ovid's *Metamorphoſis:*
" (In *nova* fert animus *mutatas* dicere formas
" Corpora.)"——
And then we are to underſtand the paſſage thus: *and the infinite number of twinn'd ſtones upon the beach.* Theobald.

Senſe and the antitheſis oblige us to read this nonſenſe thus:
Upon the humbled *beach:*——
i. e. becauſe daily inſulted from the flow of the tide.
Warburton.

I know not well how to regulate this paſſage. *Number'd* is perhaps *numerous. Twinn'd ſtones* I do not underſtand.—*Twinn'd ſhells,* or *pairs of ſhells,* are very common. For

Partition make with ſpectacles ſo precious
'Twixt fair and foul?

Imo. What makes your admiration?

Iach. It cannot be i'the eye; for apes and monkeys,
'Twixt two ſuch ſhes, would chatter this way, and
Contemn with mows the other: Nor i'the judgment;
For idiots, in this caſe of favour, would

twinn'd we might read *twin'd*; that is, *twiſted, convolved:* but this ſenſe is more applicable to ſhells than to ſtones. JOHNSON.

The pebbles on the ſea ſhore are ſo much of the ſame ſize and ſhape, that *twinn'd* may mean as like as *twins.* So, in *The Maid of the Mill,* by Beaumont and Fletcher:

" —— But is it poſſible that two faces
" Should be ſo *twinn'd* in form, complexion," &c.

Again, in our author's *Coriolanus,* Act IV. ſc. iv:

" Are ſtill together, who *twin* as 'twere in love."

Mr. Heath conjectures the poet might have written—*ſpurn'd* ſtones. He might poſſibly have written that or any other word. —In *Coriolanus,* a different epithet is beſtowed on the beach:

" Then let the pebbles on the *hungry* beach
" Fillop the ſtars——."

Dr. Warburton's conjecture may be countenanced by the following paſſage in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen,* B. VI. c. vii:

" But as he lay upon the *humbled* graſs." STEEVENS.

I think we may read the *umbered,* the *ſhaded* beach. This word is met with in other places. FARMER.

Farmer's amendment is ill-imagined. There is no place ſo little likely to be *ſhaded* as the beach of the ſea; and therefore *umber'd* cannot be right. M. MASON.

Mr. Theobald's conjecture may derive ſome ſupport from a paſſage in *King Lear:*

" —— the murm'ring ſurge
" That on *th' unnumber'd* idle pebbles chaſes—."

Th' unnumber'd, and *the number'd,* if haſtily pronounced, might eaſily have been confounded by the ear. If *number'd* be right, it ſurely means, as Dr. Johnſon has explained it, *abounding in numbers* of ſtones; *numerous.* MALONE.

Be wiſely definite: Nor i'the appetite;
Sluttery, to ſuch neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make deſire vomit emptineſs,
Not ſo allur'd to feed.[7]

[7] *Should make deſire vomit emptineſs,*
Not ſo allur'd to feed.] i. e. that appetite, which is not allured to feed on ſuch excellence, can have no ſtomach at all; but, though empty, muſt nauſeate every thing. WARBURTON.

I explain this paſſage in a ſenſe almoſt contrary. Iachimo, in this counterfeited rapture, has ſhown how the *eyes* and the *judgment* would determine in favour of Imogen, comparing her with the preſent miſtreſs of Poſthumus, and proceeds to ſay, that appetite too would give the ſame ſuffrage. *Deſire*, ſays he, when it approached *ſluttery*, and conſidered it in compariſon with *ſuch neat excellence*, would not only be *not ſo allured to feed*, but, ſeized with a fit of loathing, *would vomit emptineſs*, would feel the convulſions of diſguſt, though, being unfed, it had no object. JOHNSON.

Dr. Warburton and Dr. Johnſon have both taken the pains to give their different ſenſes of this paſſage; but I am ſtill unable to comprehend how deſire, or any other thing, can be made to *vomit emptineſs*. I rather believe the paſſage ſhould be read thus:

Sluttery to ſuch neat excellence oppos'd,
Should make deſire vomit, emptineſs
Not ſo allure *to feed.*

That is, Should *not ſo*, [in ſuch circumſtances] *allure* [even] *emptineſs to feed.* TYRWHITT.

This is not ill conceived; but I think my own explanation right. *To vomit emptineſs* is, in the language of poetry, to feel the convulſions of eructation without plenitude. JOHNSON.

No one who has been ever ſick at ſea, can be at a loſs to underſtand what is meant by *vomiting emptineſs*. Dr. Johnſon's interpretation would perhaps be more exact, if after the word *Deſire* he had added, *however hungry, or ſharp ſet.*

A late editor, Mr. Capell, was ſo little acquainted with his author, as not to know that Shakſpeare here, and in ſome other places, uſes *deſire* as a triſyllable; in conſequence of which, he reads—*vomit* to *emptineſs*. MALONE.

The indelicacy of this paſſage may be kept in countenance by the following lines and ſtage-directions in the tragedy of *All for Money*, by T. Lupton, 1578:

Imo. What is the matter, trow?

Iach. The cloyed will,[8]
(That ſatiate yet unſatisfied deſire,
That tub both fill'd and running,) ravening firſt
The lamb, longs after for the garbage.

Imo. What, dear ſir,
Thus raps you? Are you well?

Iach. Thanks, madam; well:—'Beſeech, you, ſir, deſire [*To* Pisanio.
My man's abode where I did leave him: he
Is ſtrange and peeviſh.[9]

" Now will I eſſay to *vomit* if I can;
" Let him hold your head, and I will hold your ſtomach," &c.
" *Here Money ſhall make as though he would* vomit."

Again:

" *Here Pleaſure ſhall make as though he would* vomit."
STEEVENS.

[8] *The cloyed will,* &c.] The preſent irregularity of metre has almoſt perſuaded me that this paſſage originally ſtood thus:

The cloyed will,
(That's ſatiate, yet unſatisfied, that tub
Both fill'd and running,) ravening firſt the lamb,
Longs after for the garbage.
What, dear ſir, &c.

The want, in the original MS. of the letter I have ſupplied, perhaps occaſioned the interpolation of the word—*deſire.*
STEEVENS.

[9] ——————*he*
Is ſtrange *and peeviſh.*] He is a foreigner and eaſily fretted.
JOHNSON.

Strange, I believe, ſignifies *ſhy* or *backward.* So, Holinſhed: p. 735: " —brake to him his mind in this miſchievous matter, in which he found him nothing *ſtrange.*"

Peeviſh anciently meant weak, ſilly. So, in Lyly's *Endymion,* 1591: " Never was any ſo *peeviſh* to imagine the moon either capable of affection, or ſhape of a miſtreſs." Again, in his *Galatea,* [1592,] when a man has given a conceited anſwer to a plain queſtion, Diana ſays, " let him alone, he is but *peeviſh.*" Again, in his *Love's Metamorphoſis,* 1601: " In the heavens I

Pis. I was going, ſir,
To give him welcome. [*Exit* Pisanio.

Imo. Continues well my lord? His health, 'beſeech you?

Iach. Well, madam.

Imo. Is he diſpos'd to mirth? I hope, he is.

Iach. Exceeding pleaſant; none a ſtranger there
So merry and ſo gameſome: he is call'd
The Briton reveller.[1]

Imo. When he was here,
He did incline to ſadneſs; and oft-times
Not knowing why.

ſaw an orderly courſe, in the earth nothing but diſorderly love and *peevishneſs*." Again, in Goſſon's *School of Abuſe*, 1579: "We have infinite poets and pipers, and ſuch *peeviſh* cattel among us in Englande." Again, in *The Comedy of Errors*:

"How now! a madman! why thou *peeviſh* ſheep,
"No ſhip of Epidamnum ſtays for me." Steevens.

Minſheu, in his *Dictionary*, 1617, explains *peeviſh* by *fooliſh*. So again, in our author's *King Richard III*:

"When Richmond was a little *peeviſh* boy."

See alſo *Comedy of Errors*, Act IV. ſc. iv; and Vol. XIV. p. 201, n. 7.

Strange is again uſed by our author in his *Venus and Adonis*, in the ſenſe in which Mr. Steevens ſuppoſes it to be uſed here:

"Meaſure my *ſtrangeneſs* by my unripe years."

Again, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"I'll prove more true
"Than thoſe that have more cunning to be *ſtrange*."

But I doubt whether the word was intended to bear that ſenſe here. Malone.

Johnſon's explanation of *ſtrange* [he is a foreigner] is certainly right. Iachimo uſes it again in the latter end of this ſcene:

"And I am ſomething curious, being *ſtrange*,
"To have them in ſafe ſtowage."

Here alſo *ſtrange* evidently means, being a *ſtranger*."

M. Mason.

[1] —— *he is call'd*
The Briton reveller.] So, in Chaucer's *Coke's Tale*, Mr. Tyrwhitt's edit. v. 4369:

"That he was cleped Perkin *revelour*." Steevens.

Iach. I never ſaw him ſad.
There is a Frenchman his companion, one
An eminent monſieur, that, it ſeems, much loves
A Gallian girl at home: he furnaces
The thick ſighs from him;[2] whiles the jolly Briton
(Your lord, I mean,) laughs from's free lungs, cries, *O!*
Can my ſides hold,[3] *to think, that man,—who knows*
By hiſtory, report, or his own proof,
What woman is, yea, what ſhe cannot chooſe
But muſt be,—will his free hours languiſh for
Aſſured bondage?

Imo. Will my lord ſay ſo?

Iach. Ay, madam; with his eyes in flood with laughter.
It is a recreation to be by,
And hear him mock the Frenchman: But, heavens know,
Some men are much to blame.

Imo. Not he, I hope.

Iach. Not he: But yet heaven's bounty towards him might

[2] —— *he* furnaces
The thick ſighs from him;] So, in Chapman's preface to his tranſlation of the *Shield of Homer*, 1598: "—*furnaceth* the univerſall ſighes and complaintes of this tranſpoſed world." STEEVENS.

So, in *As you like it:*
" ——And then the lover,
" *Sighing* like *furnace*, with a woeful ballad." MALONE.

[3] —— laughs——*cries, O!*
Can my ſides hold, &c.] Hence, perhaps, Milton's—
" —— *Laughter holding* both his ſides." STEEVENS.

So, in *Troilus and Creſſida*, Vol. XV. p. 275:
" ——— O!—enough, *Patroclus;*
" Or give me ribs of ſteel! I ſhall ſplit all
" In pleaſure of my ſpleen."— HARRIS.

Be us'd more thankfully. In himſelf, 'tis much[4]
In you,—which I count[5] his, beyond all talents,—
Whilſt I am bound to wonder, I am bound
To pity too.

Imo. What do you pity, ſir?

Iach. Two creatures, heartily.

Imo. Am I one, ſir?
You look on me; What wreck diſcern you in me,
Deſerves your pity?

Iach. Lamentable! What!
To hide me from the radiant ſun, and ſolace
I'the dungeon by a ſnuff?

Imo. I pray you, ſir,
Deliver with more openneſs your anſwers
To my demands. Why do you pity me?

Iach. That others do,
I was about to ſay, enjoy your——But
It is an office of the gods to venge it,
Not mine to ſpeak on't.

Imo. You do ſeem to know
Something of me, or what concerns me; 'Pray you,
(Since doubting things go ill, often hurts more
Than to be ſure they do: For certainties
Either are paſt remedies; or, timely knowing,[6]
The remedy then born,[7]) diſcover to me

[4] —— *In himſelf, 'tis much*;] If he merely regarded his own character, without any conſideration of his wife, his conduct would be unpardonable. MALONE.

[5] —— *count*—] Old copy—*account*. STEEVENS.

[6] —— *timely* knowing,] Rather—*timely* known. JOHNSON.

I believe Shakſpeare wrote—*known*, and that the tranſcriber's ear deceived him here as in many other places. MALONE.

[7] *The remedy then born,*] We ſhould read, I think:
The remedy's then born—. MALONE.

What both you ſpur and ſtop.[8]

Iach. Had I this cheek
To bathe my lips upon; this hand, whoſe touch,
Whoſe every touch, would force the feeler's ſoul
To the oath of loyalty;[9] this object, which
Takes priſoner the wild motion of mine eye,
Fixing it only here:[1] ſhould I (damn'd then,)
Slaver with lips as common as the ſtairs
That mount the Capitol;[2] join gripes with hands
Made hard with hourly falſehood (falſehood, as

[8] *What both you ſpur and ſtop.*] What it is that at once incites you to ſpeak, and reſtrains you from it. Johnson.

This kind of ellipſis is common in theſe plays. What both you ſpur and ſtop *at*, the poet means. See a note on Act II. ſc. iii. Malone.

The meaning is, what you ſeem anxious to utter, and yet withhold. M. Mason.

The alluſion is to horſemanſhip. So, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Book I: "She was like a horſe deſirous to runne, and miſerably *ſpurred*, but ſo *ſhort-reined*, as he cannot ſtirre forward."

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Epigram* to the Earl of Newcaſtle:

"*Provoke* his mettle, and *command* his force."

Steevens.

[9] ——*this hand, whoſe touch,*
——*would force the feeler's ſoul*
To the oath of loyalty?] There is, I think, here a reference to the manner in which the tenant performed homage to his lord. "The lord ſate, while the vaſſal kneeling on both knees before him, *held his hands jointly together between the hands of his lord*, and ſwore to be faithful and loyal." See *Coke upon Littleton*, ſect. 85. Unleſs this alluſion be allowed, how has *touching the hand* the ſlighteſt connection with taking *the oath of loyalty?* Holt White.

[1] Fixing *it only here:*] The old copy has—*Fiering*. The correction was made in the ſecond folio. Malone.

[2] ——*as common as the ſtairs*
That mount the Capitol;] Shakſpeare has beſtowed ſome ornament on the proverbial phraſe "as common as the highway." Steevens.

With labour;) then lie peeping in an eye,[3]
Baſe and unluſtrous[4] as the ſmoky light
That's fed with ſtinking tallow; it were fit,
That all the plagues of hell ſhould at one time
Encounter ſuch revolt.

Imo. My lord, I fear,
Has forgot Britain.

Iach. And himſelf. Not I,
Inclin'd to this intelligence, pronounce
The beggary of his change; but 'tis your graces
That, from my muteſt conſcience, to my tongue,
Charms this report out.

Imo. Let me hear no more.

Iach. O deareſt ſoul! your cauſe doth ſtrike my heart
With pity, that doth make me ſick. A lady
So fair, and faſten'd to an empery,[5]

[3] ——*join gripes with hands* &c.] The old edition reads:

——*join gripes with hands*
Made hard with hourly falſehood (*falſehood as*
With labour) *then* by *peeping in an eye*, &c.

I read:

—— *then* lie *peeping*—.

Hard with falſehood, is, hard by being often griped with frequent change of hands. Johnson.

[4] *Baſe and* unluſtrous—] Old copy—*illuſtrious*. Corrected by Mr. Rowe. That *illuſtrious* was not uſed by our author in the ſenſe of *inluſtrous* or *unluſtrous*, is proved by a paſſage in the old comedy of *Patient Griſſell*, 1603: "—the buttons were *illuſtrious* and reſplendent diamonds." Malone.

A "*lack-luſtre* eye" has been already mentioned in *As you like it*. Steevens.

[5] —— *to an* empery,] *Empery* is a word ſignifying ſovereign command; now obſolete. Shakſpeare uſes it in *King Richard III:*

"Your right of birth, your *empery*, your own."

Steevens.

Would make the great'ſt king double! to be partner'd
With tomboys,[6] hir'd with that ſelf-exhibition[7]
Which your own coffers yield! with diſeas'd ventures,

[6] *With* tomboys,] We ſtill call a maſculine, a forward girl, *tomboy*. So, in Middleton's *Game at Cheſs*:,

" Made threeſcore year a *tomboy*, a mere wanton."

Again, in W. Warren's *Nurcerie of Names*, 1581:

" She comes not unto Bacchus' feaſtes,
" Or Flora's routes by night,
" Like *tomboyes* ſuch as lives in Rome
" For euery knaues delight."

Again, in Lyly's *Midas*, 1592: " If thou ſhould'ſt rigg up and down in our jackets, thou would'ſt be thought a very *tomboy*."

Again, in *Lady Alimony*:

" What humorous *tomboys* be theſe?—
" The only gallant Meſſalinas of our age."

It appears from ſeveral of the old plays and ballads, that the ladies of pleaſure, in the time of Shakſpeare, often wore the habits of young men. So, in an ancient bl. l. ballad, entitled *The Stout Cripple of Cornwall*:

" And therefore kept them ſecretlie
" To feede his fowle deſire,
" Apparell'd all like gallant youthes,
" In pages' trim attyre.
" He gave them for their cognizance
" A purple bleeding heart,
" In which two ſilver arrows ſeem'd
" The ſame in twaine to part.
" Thus ſecret were his wanton ſports,
" Thus private was his pleaſure;
" *Thus harlots in the ſhape of men*
" Did waft away his treaſure."

Verſtegan, however, gives the following etymology of the word *tomboy*: " *Tumbe*. To dance. *Tumbod*, danced; hereof we yet call a wench that ſkippeth or leapeth lyke a boy, a *tomboy*: our name alſo of *tumbling* cometh from hence."

STEEVENS.

[7] —— *hir'd with that ſelf-exhibition* &c.] *Groſs ſtrumpets*, hired with the *very penſion* which you allow your huſband.

JOHNSON.

That play with all infirmities for gold
Which rottenneſs can lend nature! ſuch boil'd ſtuff,[8]
As well might poiſon poiſon! Be reveng'd;
Or ſhe, that bore you, was no queen, and you
Recoil from your great ſtock.

Imo. Reveng'd!
How ſhould I be reveng'd? If this be true,
(As I have ſuch a heart, that both mine ears
Muſt not in haſte abuſe,) if it be true,
How ſhould I be reveng'd?

Iach. Should he make me
Live like Diana's prieſt, betwixt cold ſheets;[9]
Whiles he is vaulting variable ramps,
In your deſpite, upon your purſe? Revenge it.
I dedicate myſelf to your ſweet pleaſure;

[8] ——*ſuch* boil'd *ſtuff*,] The alluſion is to the ancient proceſs of ſweating in venereal caſes. See Vol. XIX. *Timon of Athens*, Act IV. ſc. iii. So, in *The Old Law*, by Maſſinger:

" ——look *parboil'd*,
" As if they came from Cupid's ſcalding-houſe."

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida*: " Sodden buſineſs! there's a *ſtewed* phraſe indeed." Again, in *Timon of Athens*: " She's e'en ſetting on water to *ſcald* ſuch chickens as you are." All this ſtuff about *boiling*, *ſcalding*, &c. is a mere play on *ſtew*, a word which is afterwards uſed for a brothel by Imogen.

Steevens.

The words may mean,—ſuch *corrupted* ſtuff; from the ſubſtantive *boil*. So, in *Coriolanus*:

" ——*boils* and plagues
" Plaſter you o'er!"

But, I believe, Mr. Steevens's interpretation is the true one.

Malone.

[9] *Live like Diana's* prieſt, *betwixt cold ſheets*;] Sir Thomas Hanmer, ſuppoſing this to be an inaccurate expreſſion, reads:

Live like Diana's prieſteſs 'twixt *cold ſheets*;

but the text is as the author wrote it. So, in *Pericles*, *Prince of Tyre*, Diana ſays:

" My temple ſtands at Epheſus; hie thee thither;
" There, when my maiden *prieſts* are met together," &c.

Malone.

More noble than that runagate to your bed;
And will continue faſt to your affection,
Still cloſe, as ſure.

Imo. What ho, Piſanio!

Iach. Let me my ſervice tender on your lips.[1]

Imo. Away!—I do condemn mine ears, that have
So long attended thee.—If thou wert honourable,
Thou would'ſt have told this tale for virtue, not
For ſuch an end thou ſeek'ſt; as baſe, as ſtrange.
Thou wrong'ſt a gentleman, who is as far
From thy report, as thou from honour; and
Solicit'ſt here a lady, that diſdains
Thee and the devil alike.—What ho, Piſanio!—
The king my father ſhall be made acquainted
Of thy aſſault: if he ſhall think it fit,
A ſaucy ſtranger, in his court, to mart
As in a Romiſh ſtew,[2] and to expound
His beaſtly mind to us; he hath a court

[1] *Let me my ſervice tender on your lips.*] Perhaps this is an alluſion to the ancient cuſtom of ſwearing ſervants into noble families. So, in *Caltha Poetarum*, &c. 1599:

"——ſhe *ſwears* him to his good abearing,
"Whilſt her faire ſweet *lips* were the books of ſwearing."

STEEVENS.

[2] *As in a* Romiſh *ſtew,*] *Romiſh* was, in the time of Shakſpeare, uſed inſtead of *Roman*. There were ſtews at Rome in the time of Auguſtus. The ſame phraſe occurs in *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:

"——my mother deem'd me chang'd,
"Poor woman! in the loathſome *Romiſh* ſtewes:"

and the author of this piece ſeems to have been a ſcholar.

Again, in *Wit in a Conſtable*, by Glapthorne, 1640:

"A *Romiſh* cirque, or Grecian hippodrome."

Again, Thomas Drant's tranſlation of the firſt epiſtle of the ſecond Book of Horace, 1567:

"The *Romiſhe* people wiſe in this, in this point only juſt."

STEEVENS.

He little cares for, and a daughter whom[3]
He not respects at all.—What ho, Pisanio!—

Iach. O happy Leonatus! I may say;
The credit, that thy lady hath of thee,
Deserves thy trust; and thy most perfect goodness
Her assur'd credit!—Blessed live you long!
A lady to the worthiest sir, that ever
Country call'd his! and you his mistress, only
For the most worthiest fit! Give me your pardon.
I have spoke this, to know if your affiance
Were deeply rooted; and shall make your lord,
That which he is, new o'er: And he is one
The truest manner'd; such a holy witch,
That he enchants societies unto him:[4]
Half all men's hearts are his.

Imo. You make amends.

Iach. He sits 'mongst men, like a descended god:[5]
He hath a kind of honour sets him off,

[3] ——*and a daughter* whom—] Old copy—*who*. Corrected in the second folio. Malone.

[4] ——————*such a holy* witch,
That he enchants societies unto him:] So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint*:
" ——he did in the general bosom reign
" Of young and old, and sexes both *enchanted*—
" Consents *bewitch'd*, ere he desire, have granted."
Malone.

[5] ——*like a* descended *god*:] So, in *Hamlet*:
" ——a station like the herald *Mercury*,
" *New lighted* on a heaven kissing-hill."
The old copy has—*defended*. The correction was made by the editor of the second folio. *Defend* is again printed for *descend*, in the last scene of *Timon of Athens*. Malone.

So, in Chapman's version of the twenty-third Book of Homer's *Odyssey*:
" ——————as he were
" A *god descended* from the starry sphere." Steevens.

More than a mortal ſeeming. Be not angry,
Moſt mighty princeſs, that I have adventur'd
To try your taking of a[6] falſe report; which hath
Honour'd with confirmation your great judgment
In the election of a ſir ſo rare,
Which you know, cannot err: The love I bear him
Made me to fan you thus; but the gods made you,
Unlike all others, chaffleſs. Pray, your pardon.

Imo. All's well, ſir: Take my power i'the court for yours.

Iach. My humble thanks. I had almoſt forgot
To entreat your grace but in a ſmall requeſt,
And yet of moment too, for it concerns
Your lord; myſelf, and other noble friends,
Are partners in the buſineſs.

Imo. Pray, what is't?

Iach. Some dozen Romans of us, and your lord,
(The beſt feather of our wing)[7] have mingled ſums,
To buy a preſent for the emperor;
Which I, the factor for the reſt, have done
In France: 'Tis plate, of rare device; and jewels,
Of rich and exquiſite form; their values great;
And I am ſomething curious, being ſtrange,[8]
To have them in ſafe ſtowage; May it pleaſe you
To take them in protection?

Imo. Willingly;
And pawn mine honour for their ſafety: ſince

[6] —— *taking of a*—] Old copy, vulgarly and unmetrically, —— *taking* of *a*—. Steevens.

[7] —— *beſt* feather of our wing—] So, in Churchyard's *Warning to Wanderers Abroad*, 1593:

"You are ſo great you would faine march in fielde,
"That world ſhould judge you *feathers of one wing*."
Steevens.

[8] —— *being ſtrange*,] i. e. being a ſtranger. Steevens.

My lord hath intereſt in them, I will keep them
In my bed-chamber.

Iach. They are in a trunk,
Attended by my men: I will make bold
To ſend them to you, only for this night;
I muſt aboard to-morrow.

Imo. O, no, no.

Iach. Yes, I beſeech; or I ſhall ſhort my word,
By length'ning my return. From Gallia
I croſs'd the ſeas on purpoſe, and on promiſe
To ſee your grace.

Imo. I thank you for your pains;
But not away to-morrow?

Iach. O, I muſt, madam:
Therefore, I ſhall beſeech you, if you pleaſe
To greet your lord with writing, do't to-night:
I have outſtood my time; which is material
To the tender of our preſent.

Imo. I will write.
Send your trunk to me; it ſhall ſafe be kept,
And truly yielded you: You are very welcome.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Court before Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter CLOTEN, *and Two* Lords.

Clo. Was there ever man had ſuch luck! when I kiſſed the jack upon an up-caſt,[9] to be hit away! I had a hundred pound on't: And then a whoreſon jackanapes muſt take me up for ſwearing; as if I borrowed mine oaths of him, and might not ſpend them at my pleaſure.

1 *Lord.* What got he by that? You have broke his pate with your bowl.

2 *Lord.* If his wit had been like him that broke it, it would have ran all out. [*Aſide.*

Clo. When a gentleman is diſpoſed to ſwear, it is not for any ſtanders-by to curtail his oaths: Ha?

2 *Lord.* No, my lord; nor [*Aſide.*] crop the ears of them.[1]

Clo. Whoreſon dog!—I give him ſatisfaction?[2] 'Would, he had been one of my rank!

[9] ——*kiſſed the jack upon an up-caſt,*] He is deſcribing his fate at bowls. The *jack* is the ſmall bowl at which the others are aimed. He who is neareſt to it wins. *To kiſs the jack* is a ſtate of great advantage. JOHNSON.

This expreſſion frequently occurs in the old comedies. So, in *A Woman never vex'd*, by Rowley, 1632: "This city *bowler* has *kiſſed* the miſtreſs at the firſt *caſt*." STEEVENS.

[1] *No, my lord*; &c.] This, I believe, ſhould ſtand thus:
1 Lord. *No, my lord.*
2 Lord. *Nor crop the ears of them.* [Aſide. JOHNSON.

[2] *I* give *him ſatisfaction?*] Old copy—*gave.* Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

2 *Lord.* To have ſmelt[3] like a fool. [*Aſide.*

Clo. I am not more vexed at any thing in the earth,—A pox on't! I had rather not be ſo noble as I am; they dare not fight with me, becauſe of the queen my mother: every jack-ſlave hath his belly full of fighting, and I muſt go up and down like a cock that no body can match.

2 *Lord.* You are a cock and capon too; and you crow, cock, with your comb on.[4] [*Aſide.*

Clo. Sayeſt thou?

1 *Lord.* It is not fit, your lordſhip ſhould undertake every companion[5] that you give offence to.

Clo. No, I know that: but it is fit, I ſhould commit offence to my inferiors.

2 *Lord.* Ay, it is fit for your lordſhip only.

Clo. Why, ſo I ſay.

1 *Lord.* Did you hear of a ſtranger, that's come to court to-night?

Clo. A ſtranger! and I not know on't!

2 *Lord.* He's a ſtrange fellow himſelf, and knows it not. [*Aſide.*

[3] *To have* ſmelt—] A poor quibble on the word *rank* in the preceding ſpeech. Malone.

The ſame quibble has already occurred in *As you like it*, Act I. ſc. ii:

"*Touch.* Nay, if I keep not my *rank*—
"*Roſ.* Thou loſeſt thy old *ſmell.*" Steevens.

[4] ——*with your comb on.*] The alluſion is to a fool's cap, which hath a *comb* like a cock's. Johnson.

The intention of the ſpeaker, is to call Cloten a *coxcomb*. M. Mason.

[5] ——*every* companion—] The uſe of *companion* was the ſame as of *fellow* now. It was a word of contempt. Johnson.

See Vol. XVI. p. 180, n. 9; and p. 384, n. 7. Malone.

1 *Lord.* There's an Italian come; and, 'tis thought, one of Leonatus' friends.

Clo. Leonatus! a baniſhed raſcal; and he's another, whatſoever he be. Who told you of this ſtranger?

1 *Lord.* One of your lordſhip's pages.

Clo. Is it fit, I went to look upon him? Is there no derogation in't?

1 *Lord.* You cannot derogate, my lord.

Clo. Not eaſily, I think.

2 *Lord.* You are a fool granted; therefore your iſſues being fooliſh, do not derogate. [*Aſide.*

Clo. Come, I'll go ſee this Italian: What I have loſt to-day at bowls, I'll win to-night of him. Come, go.

2 *Lord.* I'll attend your lordſhip.

[*Exeunt* Cloten *and firſt* Lord.

That ſuch a crafty devil as is his mother
Should yield the world this aſs! a woman, that
Bears all down with her brain; and this her ſon
Cannot take two from twenty for his heart,
And leave eighteen. Alas, poor princeſs,
Thou divine Imogen, what thou endur'ſt!
Betwixt a father by thy ſtep-dame govern'd;
A mother hourly coining plots; a wooer,
More hateful than the foul expulſion is
Of thy dear huſband, than that horrid act
Of the divorce he'd make! The heavens hold firm
The walls of thy dear honour; keep unſhak'd
That temple, thy fair mind; that thou may'ſt ſtand,
To enjoy thy baniſh'd lord, and this great land!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

A Bed-chamber; in one Part of it a Trunk.

IMOGEN *reading in her Bed; a Lady attending.*

IMO. Who's there? my woman Helen?

LADY. Pleaſe you, madam.

IMO. What hour is it?

LADY. Almoſt midnight, madam.

IMO. I have read three hours then: mine eyes are weak:—
Fold down the leaf where I have left: To bed:
Take not away the taper, leave it burning;
And if thou canſt awake by four o'the clock,
I pr'ythee, call me. Sleep hath ſeiz'd me wholly.
[*Exit* Lady.
To your protection I commend me, gods!
From fairies, and the tempters of the night,[6]
Guard me, beſeech ye!
[*Sleeps.* IACHIMO, *from the Trunk.*

IACH. The crickets ſing, and man's o'er-labour'd ſenſe
Repairs itſelf by reſt: Our Tarquin[7] thus
Did ſoftly preſs the ruſhes,[8] ere he waken'd

[6] *From fairies, and the tempters of the night,*] Banquo, in *Macbeth*, has already deprecated the ſame nocturnal evils:
" Reſtrain in me the curſed thoughts, that nature
" Gives way to in repoſe!" STEEVENS.

[7] ——our *Tarquin*—] The ſpeaker is an Italian. JOHNSON.

[8] —— *Tarquin thus*
Did ſoftly *preſs the* ruſhes,] This ſhows that Shakſpeare's idea was, that the *raviſhing ſtrides* of Tarquin were *ſoftly* ones,

The chaſtity he wounded.—Cytherea,
How bravely thou becom'ſt thy bed! freſh lily![9]
And whiter than the ſheets! That I might touch!
But kiſs; one kiſs!—Rubies unparagon'd,
How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that

and may ſerve as a comment on that paſſage in *Macbeth.* See Vol. X. p. 102, n. 9. BLACKSTONE.

—— *the* ruſhes.] It was the cuſtom in the time of our author to ſtrew chambers with ruſhes, as we now cover them with carpets: the practice is mentioned in *Caius de Ephemera Britannica.* JOHNSON.

So, in Thomas Newton's *Herball to the Bible,* 8vo. 1587: "Sedge and *ruſhes,*—with the which many in this country do uſe in ſommer time to ſtrawe their parlors and churches, as well for coolenes as for pleaſant ſmell."

Again, in *Arden of Feverſham,* 1592:

"—— his blood remains.
"Why ſtrew *ruſhes.*"

Again, in *Buſſy d'Ambois,* 1607:

"Were not the king here, he ſhould ſtrew the chamber like a *ruſh.*"

Shakſpeare has the ſame circumſtance in his *Rape of Lucrece:*

"—— by the light he ſpies
"Lucretia's glove wherein her needle ſticks;
"He takes it from the *ruſhes* where it lies," &c.

The ancient Engliſh ſtage alſo, as appears from more than one paſſage in Decker's *Gul's Hornbook,* 1609, was ſtrewn with *ruſhes:* "Salute all your gentle acquaintance that are ſpred either on the *ruſhes* or on ſtooles about you, and drawe what troope you can from the *ſtage* after you." STEEVENS.

[9] ——— *Cytherea,*
How bravely thou becom'ſt thy bed! freſh lily!
And whiter than the ſheets!] So, in our author's *Venus and Adonis:*

"Who ſees his true love in her naked bed,
"*Teaching the ſheets a whiter hue than white.*"

Again, in *The Rape of Lucrece:*

"Who o'er the *white ſheets* peers her *whiter* chin."
MALONE.

Thus, alſo, Jaffier, in *Venice Preſerved:*

"—— in virgin ſheets,
"White as her boſom." STEEVENS.

Perfumes the chamber thus :[1] The flame o'the taper
Bows toward her; and would under-peep her lids,
To ſee the encloſed lights, now canopied [2]
Under theſe windows :[3] White and azure, lac'd
With blue of heaven's own tinct.[4]—But my de-
ſign?

[1] ——'*Tis her breathing that*
Perfumes the chamber thus :] The ſame hyperbole is found in *The Metamorphoſis of Pygmalion's Image*, by J. Marſton, 1598 :

" ——— no lips did ſeem ſo fair
" In his conceit; *through which he thinks doth flie*
" *So ſweet a breath that doth perfume the air.*"
MALONE.

[2] —— *now* canopied —] Shakſpeare has the ſame expreſſion in *Tarquin and Lucrece :*

" Her eyes, like marigolds, had ſheath'd their light,
" And, *canopied* in darkneſs, ſweetly lay,
" Till they might open to adorn the day." MALONE.

[3] *Under theſe* windows :] i. e. her *eyelids*. So, in *Romeo and Juliet :*

" Thy eyes' *windows* fall,
" Like death, when he ſhuts up the day of life."

Again, in his *Venus and Adonis :*

" The night of ſorrow now is turn'd to day;
" Her two blue *windows* faintly ſhe up-heaveth."
MALONE.

[4] ——— *White* and *azure, lac'd*
With *blue of heaven's own tinct.*] We ſhould read :
——— *White* with *azure lac'd*,
The *blue of heaven's own tinct.*
i. e. the white ſkin laced with blue veins. WARBURTON.

So, in *Macbeth :*

" His ſilver *ſkin lac'd with* his golden blood."

The paſſage before us, without Dr. Warburton's emendation, is, to me at leaſt, unintelligible. STEEVENS.

So, in *Romeo and Juliet :*

" What envious ſtreaks do *lace* the ſevering clouds."

Theſe words, I apprehend, refer not to Imogen's eye-*lids*, (of which the poet would ſcarcely have given ſo particular a deſcription,) but to the *incloſed lights*, i. e. her eyes: which though

To note the chamber:—I will write all down:—
Such, and ſuch, pictures:—There the window:—
Such
The adornment of her bed;—The arras, figures,
Why, ſuch, and ſuch:[5]—And the contents o'the
ſtory,—

now ſhut, Iachimo had ſeen before, and which are here ſaid in poetical language to be *blue*, and that blue celeſtial.

Dr. Warburton is of opinion that the eye-lid was meant, and according to his notion, the poet intended to praiſe its white ſkin, and blue veins.

Drayton, who has often imitated Shakſpeare, ſeems to have viewed this paſſage in the ſame light:

" And theſe ſweet *veins* by nature rightly plac'd,
" Wherewith ſhe ſeems the white *ſkin* to have *lac'd*,
" She ſoon doth alter." *The Mooncalf*, 1627.

MALONE.

We learn from a quotation in n. 3, that by *blue windows* were meant *blue eye-lids*; and indeed our author has dwelt on correſponding imagery in *The Winter's Tale*:

" ——— *violets*, dim,
" But ſweeter than the *lids* of Juno's *eyes*."

A particular deſcription, therefore, of the ſame objects, might, in the preſent inſtance, have been deſigned.

Thus, in Chapman's tranſlation of the twenty-third Book of Homer's *Odyſſey*, Minerva is the perſon deſcribed:

" —— the Dame
" That bears the *blue ſky* intermix'd with flame
" In her fair *eyes*," &c. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *The arras, figures,*
Why, ſuch, and ſuch:] We ſhould print, ſays Mr. M. Maſon, thus: " —the arras-figures; that is, the figures of the arras." But, I think, he is miſtaken. It appears from what Iachimo ſays afterwards, that he had noted, not only the figures of the arras, but the ſtuff of which the arras was compoſed:

" —— It was hang'd
" With *tapeſtry* of *ſilk* and *ſilver*; the ſtory
" Proud Cleopatra," &c.

Again, in Act V:

" —— averring notes
" Of chamber-*hanging, pictures*," &c. MALONE.

Ah, but ſome natural notes about her body,
Above ten thouſand meaner moveables
Would teſtify, to enrich mine inventory:
O ſleep, thou ape of death, lie dull upon her!
And be her ſenſe but as a monument,
Thus in a chapel lying![6]—Come off, come off;—

[*Taking off her Bracelet.*

As ſlippery, as the Gordian knot was hard!—
'Tis mine; and this will witneſs outwardly,
As ſtrongly as the conſcience does within,
To the madding of her lord. On her left breaſt
A mole cinque-ſpotted,[7] like the crimſon drops

[6] ——— *but as a monument,*
Thus in a chapel lying!] Shakſpeare was here thinking of the recumbent whole-length figures, which in his time were uſually placed on the tombs of conſiderable perſons. The head was always repoſed upon a pillow. He has again the ſame alluſion in his *Rape of Lucrece.* [See Mr. Malone's edition Vol. X. p. 109, n. 4.] See alſo Vol. VIII. p. 340, n. 6. MALONE.

[7] ——— *On her left breaſt*
A mole cinque-ſpotted,] Our author certainly took this circumſtance from ſome tranſlation of Boccacio's novel; for it does not occur in the imitation printed in *Weſtward for Smelts*, which the reader will find at the end of this play. In the DECAMERONE, *Ambrogiouolo*, (the Iachimo of our author,) who is concealed *in a cheſt* in the chamber of Madonna Gineura, (whereas in *Weſtward for Smelts* the contemner of female chaſtity hides himſelf *under the lady's bed,*) wiſhing to diſcover ſome particular mark about her perſon, which might help him to deceive her huſband, "at laſt eſpied a large *mole under her left breaſt*, with ſeveral hairs round it, of the colour of gold."
Though this mole is ſaid in the preſent paſſage to be *on* Imogen's breaſt, in the account that Iachimo afterwards gives to Poſthumus, our author has adhered cloſely to his original:
"——— *under* her breaſt
"(Worthy the preſſing) lies a mole, right proud
"Of that moſt delicate lodging." MALONE.

I'the bottom of a cowſlip:[8] Here's a voucher,
Stronger than ever law could make: this ſecret
Will force him think I have pick'd the lock, and ta'en
The treaſure of her honour. No more.—To what end?
Why ſhould I write this down, that's rivetted,
Screw'd to my memory? She hath been reading late
The tale of Tereus;[9] here the leaf's turn'd down,
Where Philomel gave up;—I have enough:
To the trunk again, and ſhut the ſpring of it.
Swift, ſwift, you dragons of the night![1]—that dawning

[8] —— *like the crimſon drops*
I'the bottom of a cowſlip:] This ſimile contains the ſmalleſt out of a thouſand proofs that Shakſpeare was an obſerver of nature, though, in this inſtance, no very accurate deſcriber of it, for the drops alluded to are of a deep yellow. STEEVENS.

[9] —— *She hath been reading late*
The tale of Tereus:] [See *Rape of Lucrece*, Mr. Malone's edit. Vol. X. p. 149, n. 1.] *Tereus and Progne* is the ſecond tale in *A Petite Palace of Pettie his Pleaſure*, printed in quarto, in 1576. The ſame tale is related in Gower's poem *De Confeſſione Amantis*, B. V. fol. 113, b. and in Ovid's *Metamorphoſes*, L. VI. MALONE.

[1] —— *you* dragons *of the night!*] The taſk of drawing the chariot of night was aſſigned to dragons, on account of their ſuppoſed watchfulneſs. Milton mentions *the dragon yoke of night* in *Il Penſeroſo*; and in his *Maſque at Ludlow Caſtle*:

" —— the *dragon womb*
" Of Stygian darkneſs."

Again, *In Obitum Præſulis Elienſis*:

" ——— ſub pedibus deam
" Vidi triformem, dum coërcebat ſuos
" Frænis *dracones* aureis."

It may be remarked, that the whole tribe of ſerpents ſleep with their eyes open, and therefore appear to exert a conſtant vigilance. See Vol. XIII. p. 309, n. 9. STEEVENS.

May bare the raven's eye :[2] I lodge in fear;
Though this a heavenly angel, hell is here.
[*Cloch ſtrikes.*
One, two, three,[3]—Time, time!
[*Goes into the Trunk. The Scene cloſes.*

[2] ——— *that dawning*
May bare *the raven's eye :*] The old copy has—*beare.* The correction was propoſed by Mr. Theobald: and I think properly adopted by Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Johnſon. MALONE.

The poet means no more than that the light might wake the raven; or, as it is poetically expreſſed, *bare his eye.* STEEVENS.

It is well known that the raven is a very early bird, perhaps earlier than the lark. Our poet ſays of the crow, (a bird whoſe properties reſemble very much thoſe of the raven,) in his *Troilus and Creſſida:*

" O Creſſida, but that the buſy day
" Wak'd by the lark, has rous'd the ribbald crows—."

HEATH.

[3] *One, two, three,*] Our author is hardly ever exact in his computation of time. Juſt before Imogen went to ſleep, ſhe aſked her attendant what hour it was, and was informed by her, it was *almoſt midnight.* Iachimo, immediately after ſhe has fallen aſleep, comes from the trunk, and the preſent ſoliloquy cannot have conſumed more than a few minutes:—yet we are now told that it is *three* o'clock. MALONE.

SCENE III.

An Ante-Chamber adjoining Imogen's *Apartment.*

Enter CLOTEN *and* Lords.

1 *Lord.* Your lordſhip is the moſt patient man in loſs, the moſt coldeſt that ever turned up ace.

Clo. It would make any man cold to loſe.

1 *Lord.* But not every man patient, after the noble temper of your lordſhip; You are moſt hot, and furious, when you win.

Clo. Winning would put any man into courage: If I could get this fooliſh Imogen, I ſhould have gold enough: It's almoſt morning, is't not?

1 *Lord.* Day, my lord.

Clo. I would this muſick would come: I am adviſed to give her muſick o' mornings; they ſay, it will penetrate.

Enter Muſicians.

Come on; tune: If you can penetrate her with your fingering, ſo; we'll try with tongue too: if none will do, let her remain; but i'll never give o'er. Firſt, a very excellent good-conceited thing; after, a wonderful ſweet air, with admirable rich words to it,—and then let her conſider.

SONG.

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate ſings,[4]
And Phœbus 'gins ariſe,
His ſteeds to water at thoſe ſprings
On chalic'd flowers that lies;[5]

[4] *Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate ſings,*] The ſame hyperbole occurs in Milton's *Paradiſe Loſt*, Book V:

" ——————— ye birds
" That ſinging up to *heaven's gate* aſcend."

Again, in Shakſpeare's 29th Sonnet:

" Like to the lark at break of day ariſing
" From ſullen earth, *ſings* hymns *at heaven's gate.*"

STEEVENS.

Perhaps Shakſpeare had Lyly's *Alexander and Campaſpe* in his mind, when he wrote this ſong:

" —— who is't now we hear;
" None but the lark ſo ſhril and clear;
" Now at *heaven's gates* ſhe claps her wings,
" The morn not waking till ſhe ſings.
" *Hark, hark*——." REED.

In this Song, Shakſpeare might have imitated ſome of the following paſſages:

" The beſy larke, the meſſager of day,
" Saleweth in hire ſong the morwe gray;
" And firy Phebus riſeth up ſo bright," &c.
Chaucer's *Knight's Tale*, v. 1493, Tyrwhitt's edit.

" Lyke as the larke upon the ſomers daye
" Whan Titan radiant burniſheth his bemes bright,
" Mounteth on hye, with her melodious laye
" Of the ſone ſhyne engladed with the lyght."
Skelton's *Crowne of Laurel.*

" Wake now my love, awake; for it is time,
" The roſy morne long ſince left Tithon's bed,
" Allready to her ſilver coach to clime;
" And Phœbus 'gins to ſhew his glorious head.
" Harke, how the cheerful birds do chaunt their layes,
" And carol of love's praiſe.
" The merry larke her mattins ſings aloft,—

And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes;[6]
With every thing that pretty bin:[7]
My lady ſweet, ariſe;
Ariſe, ariſe.

" Ah my deere love, why doe ye ſleepe thus long
" When meeter were they ye ſhould now awake."
Spenſer's *Epithalamium.*

Again, in our author's *Venus and Adonis:*

" Lo here the gentle lark, weary of reſt,
" From his moiſt cabinet mounts up on high,
" And wakes the morning, from whoſe ſilver breaſt
" The ſun ariſeth in his majeſty."

I am unable to decide whether the following lines in Du Bartas were written before Shakſpeare's ſong, or not:

" La gentille alouette avec ſon tire-lire,
" Tire-lire, à lirè, & tire-lirant tire,
" *Vers la voute du ciel,* puis ſon vol vers ce lieu
" Vire, & deſire dire adieu Dieu, adieu Dieu."

DOUCE.

Theſe lines of Du Bartas were certainly written before Shakſpeare's ſong. They are quoted in Elyot's *Orthoepia Gallica,* 4to. 1593, p. 146, with the following tranſlation:

" The pretie larke mans angrie mood doth charme with melodie
" Her Tee-ree-lee-ree, Tee ree lee ree chirppring in the ſkie
" *Up to the court of Jove,* ſweet bird mounting with flickering wings
" And downe againe, my Jove adieu, ſweet love adieu ſhe ſings." REED.

[5] *His ſteeds to water at thoſe ſprings*
On chalic'd flowers that lies;] i. e. the morning ſun dries up the dew which lies in the cups of flowers. WARBURTON.

It may be noted that the cup of a flower is called *calix,* whence *chalice.* JOHNSON.

——— *thoſe ſprings*
On chalic'd flowers that lies;] It may be obſerved, with regard to this apparent falſe concord, that in very old Engliſh, the the third perſon plural of the preſent tenſe endeth in *eth,* as well as the ſingular; and often familiarly in *es,* as might be ex-

So, get you gone: If this penetrate, I will conſider

emplified from Chaucer, &c. Nor was this antiquated idiom worn out in our author's time, as appears from the following paſſage in *Romeo and Juliet*:

" And bakes the elf-locks in foul fluttiſh *hairs*,
" Which once untangled, much misfortune *bodes*."

as well as from many others in the *Reliques of ancient Engliſh Poetry*. PERCY.

Dr. Percy might have added, that the third perſon plural of the *Anglo-Saxon* preſent tenſe ended in *eth*, and of the *Dano-Saxon* in *es*, which ſeems to be the original of ſuch very ancient Engliſh idioms. TOLLET.

Shakſpeare frequently offends in this manner againſt the rules of grammar. So, in *Venus and Adonis*:

" She lifts the coffer-lids that cloſe his eyes,
" Where lo, *two lamps*, burnt out, in darkneſs *lies*."

STEEVENS.

See alſo Vol. IV. p. 78, n. 9; and Vol. VII. p. 344, n. 7. There is ſcarcely a page of our author's works in which ſimilar falſe concords may not be found: nor is this inaccuracy peculiar to his works, being found in many other books of his time and of the preceding age. Following the example of all the former editors, I have ſilently corrected the error, in all places except where either the metre, or rhymes, rendered correction impoſſible. Whether it is to be attributed to the poet or his printer, it is ſuch a groſs offence againſt grammar, as no modern eye or ear could have endured, if from a wiſh to exhibit our author's writings with ſtrict fidelity it had been preſerved. The reformation therefore, it it hoped, will be pardoned, and conſidered in the ſame light as the ſubſtitution of modern for ancient orthography. MALONE.

[6] *And winking* Mary-buds *begin*
To ope their golden eyes;] The *marigold* is ſuppoſed to ſhut itſelf up at ſun-ſet. So, in one of Browne's Paſtorals:

" —— the day is waxen olde,
" And 'gins to ſhut up *with* the *marigold*."

A ſimilar idea is expreſſed more at large in a very ſcarce book entitled, *A Courtlie Controverſie of Cupid's Cautels: conteyning ſiue Tragicall Hiſtories* &c. *Tranſlated from the French, by H. W.* [Henry Wotton] 4to. 1578, p. 7: " —floures which unfolding their tender leaues, at the breake of the gray morning, ſeemed to *open their ſmiling eies, which were oppreſſed wyth the drouſineſſe* of the paſſed night" &c. STEEVENS.

your muſick the better:[8] if it do not, it is a vice in her ears, which horſe-hairs, and cats-guts,[9] nor the voice of unpaved eunuch to boot, can never amend. [*Exeunt* Muſicians.

Enter CYMBELINE *and* Queen.

2 *Lord.* Here comes the king.

Clo. I am glad, I was up ſo late; for that's the reaſon I was up ſo early: He cannot chooſe but take this ſervice I have done, fatherly.—Good morrow to your majeſty, and to my gracious mother.

Cym. Attend you here the door of our ſtern daughter?
Will ſhe not forth?

[7] ——*pretty* bin:] is very properly reſtored by Sir Thomas Hanmer, for *pretty is*; but he too grammatically reads:
With all the *things that pretty* bin. JOHNSON.

So, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, B. I. c. i:
" That which of them to take, in diverſe doubt they *been*."
Again, in *The Arraignment of Paris*, 1584:
" Sir, you may boaſt your flockes and herdes, that *bin* both freſh and fair."
Again:
" As freſh as *bin* the flowers in May."
Again:
" Oenone, while we *bin* diſpoſed to walk."
Kirkman aſcribes this piece to Shakſpeare. The real author was George Peele. STEEVENS.

[8] ——*I will* conſider *your muſick the better*:] i. e. I will pay you more amply for it. So, in *The Winter's Tale*, Act IV: " —being ſomething gently *conſidered*, I'll bring you" &c. STEEVENS.

[9] ——cats-*guts*,] The old copy reads—*calves*-guts. STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. In the preceding line *voice*, which was printed inſtead of *vice*, was corrected by the ſame editor. MALONE.

Clo. I have aſſailed her with muſick, but ſhe vouchſafes no notice.

Cym. The exile of her minion is too new;
She hath not yet forgot him: ſome more time
Muſt wear the print of his remembrance out,
And then ſhe's yours.

Queen. You are moſt bound to the king;
Who lets go by no vantages, that may
Prefer you to his daughter: Frame yourſelf
To orderly ſolicits;[1] and be friended[2]
With aptneſs of the ſeaſon: make denials
Increaſe your ſervices: ſo ſeem, as if
You were inſpir'd to do thoſe duties which
You tender to her; that you in all obey her,
Save when command to your diſmiſſion tends,
And therein you are ſenſeleſs.

Clo. Senſeleſs? not ſo.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Mess. So like you, ſir, ambaſſadors from Rome;
The one is Caius Lucius.

Cym. A worthy fellow,
Albeit he comes on angry purpoſe now;

[1] *To orderly* ſolicits;] i. e. regular courtſhip, courtſhip after the eſtabliſhed faſhion. Steevens.

The oldeſt copy reads—*ſolicity*. The correction was made by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[2] —— *and* be friended &c.] We ſhould read:
—— *and* befriended
With aptneſs of the ſeaſon.
That is, "with ſolicitations not only proper but well timed." So Terence ſays: "In tempore ad eam veni, quod omnium rerum eſt primum." M. Mason.

But that's no fault of his: We muſt receive him
According to the honour of his ſender;
And towards himſelf his goodneſs foreſpent on us
We muſt extend our notice.[3]—Our dear ſon,
When you have given good morning to your miſtreſs,
Attend the queen, and us; we ſhall have need
To employ you towards this Roman.—Come, our queen.

[*Exeunt* CYM. Queen, Lords, *and* Meſſ.

Clo. If ſhe be up, I'll ſpeak with her; if not,
Let her lie ſtill, and dream.—By your leave ho!—

[*Knocks.*

I know her women are about her; What
If I do line one of their hands? 'Tis gold
Which buys admittance; oft it doth; yea, and makes
Diana's rangers falſe themſelves,[4] yield up
Their deer to the ſtand of the ſtealer; and 'tis gold
Which makes the true man kill'd, and ſaves the thief;
Nay, ſometime, hangs both thief and true man: What

[3] *And towards himſelf his goodneſs foreſpent on us*
We muſt extend our notice.] i. e. The good offices done by him to us heretofore. WARBURTON.

That is, we muſt extend towards himſelf our notice *of* his goodneſs heretofore ſhown to us. Our author has many ſimilar ellipſes. So, in *Julius Cæſar*:

"Thine honourable metal may be-wrought
"From what it is diſpos'd [*to*]."

See Vol. XIV. p. 417, n. 2; and Vol. XV. p. 196, n. 4. MALONE.

[4] ——falſe *themſelves,*] Perhaps, in this inſtance *falſe* is not an *adjective*, but a *verb*; and as ſuch is uſed in *The Comedy of Errors*: "Nay, not ſure, in a thing *falſing*." Act II. ſc. ii. Spenſer often has it:

"Thou *falſed* haſt thy faith with perjury." STEEVENS.

Can it not do, and undo? I will make
One of her women lawyer to me; for
I yet not underſtand the caſe myſelf.
By your leave. [*Knocks.*

Enter a Lady.

Lady. Who's there, that knocks?

Clo. A gentleman.

Lady. No more?

Clo. Yes, and a gentlewoman's ſon.

Lady. That's more
Than ſome, whoſe tailors are as dear as yours,
Can juſtly boaſt of: What's your lordſhip's pleaſure?

Clo. Your lady's perſon: Is ſhe ready?

Lady. Ay,
To keep her chamber.

Clo. There's gold for you; ſell me your good report.

Lady. How! my good name? or to report of you
What I ſhall think is good?—The princeſs——

Enter Imogen.

Clo. Good-morrow, faireſt ſiſter: Your ſweet hand.

Imo. Good-morrow, ſir: You lay out too much pains
For purchaſing but trouble: the thanks I give,
Is telling you that I am poor of thanks,
And ſcarce can ſpare them.

Clo. Still, I ſwear, I love you.

Imo. If you but ſaid ſo, 'twere as deep with me:
If you ſwear ſtill, your recompenſe is ſtill
That I regard it not.

Clo. This is no anſwer.

Imo. But that you ſhall not ſay I yield, being ſilent,
I would not ſpeak. I pray you, ſpare me: i'faith,
I ſhall unfold equal diſcourteſy
To your beſt kindneſs; one of your great knowing
Should learn, being taught, forbearance.[5]

Clo. To leave you in your madneſs, 'twere my ſin:
I will not.

Imo. Fools are not mad folks.[6]

Clo. Do you call me fool?

Imo. As I am mad, I do:
If you'll be patient, I'll no more be mad;
That cures us both. I am much ſorry, ſir,
You put me to forget a lady's manners,
By being ſo verbal:[7] and learn now, for all,
That I, which know my heart, do here pronounce,
By the very truth of it, I care not for you;
And am ſo near the lack of charity,
(To accuſe myſelf) I hate you: which I had rather
You felt, than make't my boaſt.

Clo. You ſin againſt

[5] —— *one of your* great knowing
Should learn, being taught, *forbearance.*] i. e. A man *who is taught forbearance ſhould learn it.* JOHNSON.

[6] *Fools are not mad folks.*] This, as Cloten very well underſtands it, is a covert mode of calling him fool. The meaning implied is this: If I am mad, as you tell me, I am what you can never be, *Fools are not mad folks.* STEEVENS.

[7] ——*ſo* verbal:] is, ſo *verboſe*, ſo full of talk. JOHNSON.

Obedience, which you owe your father. For
The contract[8] you pretend with that baſe wretch,
(One, bred of alms, and foſter'd with cold diſhes,
With ſcraps o'the court,) it is no contract, none:
And though it be allow'd in meaner parties,
(Yet who, than he, more mean?) to knit their ſouls
(On whom there is no more dependency
But brats and beggary) in ſelf-figur'd knot;[9]
Yet you are curb'd from that enlargement by
The conſequence o'the crown; and muſt not ſoil[1]
The precious note of it with a baſe ſlave,
A hilding for a livery,[2] a ſquire's cloth,
A pantler, not ſo eminent.

Imo. Profane fellow!
Wert thou the ſon of Jupiter, and no more,
But what thou art, beſides, thou wert too baſe
To be his groom: thou wert dignified enough,
Even to the point of envy, if 'twere made

[8] *The contract* &c.] Here Shakſpeare has not preſerved, with his common nicety, the uniformity of character. The ſpeech of Cloten is rough and harſh, but certainly not the talk of one—

"Who can't take two from twenty, for his heart,
"And leave eighteen——".

His argument is juſt and well enforced, and its prevalence is allowed throughout all civil nations: as for rudeneſs, he ſeems not to be much undermatched. JOHNSON.

[9] ——*in* ſelf-figur'd *knot*;] This is nonſenſe. We ſhould read—ſelf-*finger'd knot*, i. e. A knot ſolely of their own tying, without any regard to parents, or other more publick conſiderations. WARBURTON.

But why nonſenſe? A *ſelf-figured knot* is a knot formed by yourſelf. JOHNSON.

[1] ——*ſoil*—] Old copy—*foil*. See Vol. XVII. p. 45, n. 8. STEEVENS.

[2] *A* hilding *for a livery*,] A low fellow, only fit to wear a livery, and ſerve as a lacquey. See Vol. IX. p. 72, n. 9; and Vol. XII. p. 13, n. 7; and p. 446, n. 4. MALONE.

Comparative for your virtues,[3] to be ſtyl'd
The under-hangman of his kingdom; and hated
For being preferr'd ſo well.

Clo. The ſouth-fog rot him!

Imo. He never can meet more miſchance, than come
To be but nam'd of thee. His meaneſt garment,
That ever hath but clipp'd his body, is dearer,
In my reſpect, than all the hairs above thee,
Were they all made ſuch men.—How now, Piſanio?[4]

Enter PISANIO.

Clo. His garment? Now, the devil—

Imo. To Dorothy my woman hie thee preſently:—

Clo. His garment?

Imo. I am ſprighted with a fool;[5]
Frighted, and anger'd worſe:—Go, bid my woman
Search for a jewel, that too caſually
Hath left mine arm;[6] it was thy maſter's: 'ſhrew me,

[3] ——— *if 'twere made*
Comparative *for your virtues,*] If it were conſidered as *a compenſation adequate* to your virtues, to be ſtyled, &c. MALONE.

[4] *Were they all made ſuch men.—How now, Piſanio?*] Sir T. Hanmer regulates this line thus:
——*all ſuch men.*
Clot. *How now?*
Imo. *Piſanio!* JOHNSON.

[5] *I am* ſprighted *with a fool;*] i. e, I am haunted by a fool, as by a *ſpright. Over-ſprighted* is a word that occurs in *Law Tricks*, &c. 1608. Again, in our author's *Antony and Cleopatra:*
" ——— Julius Cæſar,
" Who at Philippi the good Brutus *ghoſted.*" STEEVENS.

[6] —— *a jewel, that* too caſually
Hath left mine arm;] That hath *accidentally* fallen from my arm by my too great negligence. MALONE.

If I would loſe it for a revenue
Of any king's in Europe. I do think,
I ſaw't this morning: confident I am,
Laſt night 'twas on mine arm; I kiſs'd it:[7]
I hope, it be not gone, to tell my lord
That I kiſs aught but he.

Pis. 'Twill not be loſt.

Imo. I hope ſo: go, and ſearch. [*Exit.* Pis.

Clo. You have abus'd me:—
His meaneſt garment?

Imo. Ay; I ſaid ſo, ſir.
If you will make't an action, call witneſs to't.[8]

Clo. I will inform your father.

Imo. Your mother too:
She's my good lady;[9] and will conceive, I hope,
But the worſt of me. So I leave you, ſir,
To the worſt of diſcontent. [*Exit.*

Clo. I'll be reveng'd:—
His meaneſt garment?—Well. [*Exit.*

[7] *Laſt night 'twas on my arm; I kiſs'd it.*] *Arm* is here uſed by Shakſpeare as a diſſyllable. Malone.

I muſt on this occaſion repeat my proteſt againſt the whole tribe of ſuch unauthorized and unpronounceable diſſyllabifications. I would read the now imperfect line before us, as I ſuppoſe it came from our author:

Laſt night it was upon mine arm; I kiſs'd it.

Steevens.

[8] ——*call witneſs* to't.] I cannot help regarding the redundant—*to't*, as an interpolation. The ſenſe is obvious and the metre perfect without it. Steevens.

[9] *She's* my good lady;] This is ſaid ironically. *My good lady* is equivalent to—my good friend. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. II: "—— and when you come to court, ſtand *my good lord*, pray, in your good report." Malone.

SCENE IV.

Rome. *An Apartment in* Philario's *Houſe.*

Enter POSTHUMUS *and* PHILARIO.

Post. Fear it not, ſir: I would, I were ſo ſure
To win the king, as I am bold, her honour
Will remain hers.

Phi. What means do you make to him?

Post. Not any; but abide the change of time;
Quake in the preſent winter's ſtate, and wiſh
That warmer days would come:[1] In theſe fear'd hopes,
I barely gratify your love; they failing,
I muſt die much your debtor.

Phi. Your very goodneſs, and your company,
O'erpays all I can do. By this, your king
Hath heard of great Auguſtus: Caius Lucius
Will do his commiſſion throughly: And, I think,
He'll grant the tribute,[2] ſend the arrearages,
Or look[3] upon our Romans, whoſe remembrance

[1] *Quake in the preſent* winter's ſtate, *and wiſh*
That warmer days would come:] I believe we ſhould read *winter-ſtate*, not *winter's ſtate*. M. MASON.

[2] *He'll grant the tribute,*] See p. 407, n. 7. MALONE.

[3] Or *look*—] This the modern editors had changed into *E'er* look. *Or* is uſed for *e'er*. So, Gawin Douglas, in his tranſlation of *Virgil:*

" ——— ſufferit he alſo,
" *Or* he his goddes brocht in Latio."

See alſo Vol. IV. p. 11, n. 8; and Vol. X. p. 487, n. 7. STEEVENS.

Is yet freſh in their grief.

Poſt. I do believe,
(Statiſt[4] though I am none, nor like to be,)
That this will prove a war; and you ſhall hear
The legions,[5] now in Gallia, ſooner landed
In our not-fearing Britain, than have tidings
Of any penny tribute paid. Our countrymen
Are men more order'd, than when Julius Cæſar
Smil'd at their lack of ſkill, but found their courage
Worthy his frowning at: Their diſcipline
(Now mingled with their courages)[6] will make known
To their approvers,[7] they are people, ſuch
That mend upon the world.

[4] *Statiſt*—] i. e. Stateſman. See note on *Hamlet*, Act V. ſc. ii. STEEVENS.

[5] *The* legions,] Old copy—*legion*. Corrected by Mr. Theobald. So, afterwards:

" And that the *legions* now in Gallia are
" Full weak to undertake our war," &c. MALONE.

[6] —— mingled *with their courages*—] The old folio has this odd reading:

——— *Their diſcipline*
(*Now* wing-led *with their courages*) *will make known*—.
JOHNSON.

Their diſcipline (*now* wing-led *by their courages*) may mean their diſcipline borrowing wings from their courage; i. e. their military knowledge being animated by their natural bravery. STEEVENS.

The ſame error that has happened here being often found in theſe plays, I have not heſitated to adopt the emendation which was made by Mr. Rowe, and received by all the ſubſequent editors. Thus we have in the laſt Act of *King John*, *wind*, inſtead of *mind*; in *Antony and Cleopatra*, *winds*, inſtead of *minds*; in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, *flawes*, inſtead of *flames*, &c. See Vol. XVII, p. 23, n. 7. MALONE.

[7] *To their* approvers,] i. e. To thoſe who try them. WARBURTON.

Enter IACHIMO.

PHI. See! Iachimo?

POST. The ſwifteſt harts have poſted you by land:
And winds of all the corners kiſs'd your ſails,
To make your veſſel nimble.[8]

PHI. Welcome, ſir.

POST. I hope, the briefneſs of your anſwer made
The ſpeedineſs of your return.

IACH. Your lady
Is one the faireſt that I have look'd upon.[9]

POST. And, therewithal, the beſt; or let her beauty
Look through a caſement to allure falſe hearts,[1]
And be falſe with them.

IACH. Here are letters for you.

POST. Their tenour good, I truſt.

IACH. 'Tis very like.

[8] *The ſwifteſt harts have poſted you by land,*
And winds of all the corners kiſs'd your ſails,
To make your veſſel nimble.] From this remark our author appears to have been conſcious of his glaring offence againſt one of the unities, in the precipitate return of Iachimo from the court of Cymbeline. STEEVENS.

[9] *Is* one the *faireſt* &c.] So, p. 460:
" —— And he is *one*
" *The* trueſt manner'd —."
The interpolated old copy, however, reads, to the injury of the metre:
Is one of *the faireſt*, &c. STEEVENS.

[1] ——— *or let her beauty*
Look through a caſement to allure falſe hearts,] So, in *Timon of Athens*:
" Let not thoſe milk paps,
" That through the window bars bore at men's eyes,
" Make ſoft thy trenchant ſword." MALONE.

Phi. Was Caius Lucius[2] in the Britain court,
When you were there?

Iach. He was expected then,
But not approach'd.[3]

Post. All is well yet.—
Sparkles this ſtone as it was wont? or is't not
Too dull for your good wearing?

Iach. If I have loſt it,
I ſhould have loſt the worth of it in gold.
I'll make a journey twice as far, to enjoy
A ſecond night of ſuch ſweet ſhortneſs, which
Was mine in Britain; for the ring is won.

Post. The ſtone's too hard to come by.

Iach. Not a whit,
Your lady being ſo eaſy.

Post. Make not, ſir,
Your loſs your ſport: I hope, you know that we
Muſt not continue friends.

Iach. Good ſir, we muſt,
If you keep covenant: Had I not brought
The knowledge[4] of your miſtreſs home, I grant
We were to queſtion further: but I now
Profeſs myſelf the winner of her honour,
Together with your ring; and not the wronger

[2] Phi. *Was Caius Lucius* &c.] This ſpeech in the old copy is given to Poſthumus. I have transferred it to Philario, to whom it certainly belongs, on the ſuggeſtion of Mr. Steevens, who juſtly obſerves that "Poſthumus was employed in reading his letters." Malone.

[3] *But not approach'd.*] Sir Thomas Hanmer ſupplies the apparent defect in this line by reading:
But was *not* yet *approach'd.* Steevens.

[4] —— *knowledge* —] This word is here uſed in its ſcriptural acceptation: "And Adam *knew* Eve his wife:—." Steevens.

Of her, or you, having proceeded but
By both your wills.

Post. If you can make't apparent
That you have taſted her in bed, my hand,
And ring, is yours: If not, the foul opinion
You had of her pure honour, gains, or loſes,
Your ſword, or mine; or maſterleſs leaves both
To who ſhall find them.

Iach. Sir, my circumſtances,
Being ſo near the truth, as I will make them,
Muſt firſt induce you to believe: whoſe ſtrength
I will confirm with oath; which, I doubt not,
You'll give me leave to ſpare, when you ſhall find
You need it not.

Post. Proceed.

Iach. Firſt, her bed-chamber,
(Where, I confeſs, I ſlept not; but, profeſs,
Had that was well worth watching,[5]) It was hang'd
With tapeſtry of ſilk and ſilver; the ſtory
Proud Cleopatra, when ſhe met her Roman,
And Cydnus ſwell'd above the banks, or for
The preſs of boats, or pride:[6] A piece of work
So bravely done, ſo rich, that it did ſtrive
In workmanſhip, and value; which, I wonder'd,
Could be ſo rarely and exactly wrought,

[5] *Had that was well worth watching,*] i. e. that which was well worth watching, or lying awake *for*. See p. 479, n. 3. Malone.

[6] *And Cydnus ſwell'd above the banks, or for*
The preſs of boats, or pride:] Iachimo's language is ſuch as a ſkilful villain would naturally uſe, a mixture of airy triumph and ſerious depoſition. His gaiety ſhows his ſerioufneſs to be without anxiety, and his ſerioufneſs proves his gaiety to be without art. Johnson.

Since the true life on't was——[7]

Post. This is true;[8]
And this you might have heard of here, by me,
Or by ſome other.

Iach. More particulars
Muſt juſtify my knowledge.

Post. So they muſt,
Or do your honour injury.

Iach. The chimney
Is ſouth the chamber; and the chimney-piece,
Chaſte Dian, bathing: never ſaw I figures
So likely to report themſelves:[9] the cutter
Was as another nature, dumb;[1] outwent her,
Motion and breath left out.

Post. This is a thing,
Which you might from relation likewiſe reap;
Being, as it is, much ſpoke of.

[7] ——— *which, I wonder'd,*
Could be ſo rarely and exactly wrought,
Since *the true life on't was*—] This paſſage is nonſenſe as it ſtands, and therefore the editors have ſuppoſed to be an imperfect ſentence. But I believe we ſhould amend it by reading—
Such *the true life on't was,*
inſtead of *ſince*. We frequently ſay the life of a picture, or of a ſtatue; and without alteration the ſentence is not complete. M. Mason.

[8] *This is true;*] The preſent deficiency in the metre, ſhows that ſome word has been accidentally omitted in this or in the preceding hemiſtich. Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:
Why *this is true.* Steevens.

[9] *So likely to report themſelves:*] So near to ſpeech. The Italians call a portrait, when the likeneſs is remarkable, a *ſpeaking picture.* Johnson.

[1] *Was as another nature,* dumb;] The meaning is this: The *ſculptor* was as *nature,* but as *nature dumb*; he gave every thing that nature gives, but *breath* and *motion*. In *breath* is included *ſpeech.* Johnson.

Iach. The roof o'the chamber
With golden cherubins is fretted:[2] Her andirons
(I had forgot them,) were two winking Cupids
Of ſilver, each on one foot ſtanding, nicely
Depending on their brands.[3]

[2] *With* golden cherubins *is* fretted:] The ſame tawdry image occurs again in *King Henry VIII:*

" —— their dwarfiſh pages were
" As *cherubins, all gilt.*"

The ſole recommendation of this Gothick idea, which is tritically repeated by modern artiſts, ſeems to be, that it occupies but little room on canvas or marble; for chubby unmeaning faces, with ducks' wings tucked under them, are all the circumſtances that enter into the compoſition of ſuch infantine and abſurd repreſentatives of the choirs of heaven. STEEVENS.

——*fretted:*] So again, in *Hamlet:* " —this majeſtical *roof, fretted* with golden fire—." So, Spenſer's *Fairy Queen,* B. II. ch. ix:

" In a long purple pall, whoſe ſkirt with *gold*
" *Was fretted* all about, ſhe was array'd." MALONE.

[3] ——— *nicely*
Depending on their brands.] I am not ſure that I underſtand this paſſage. Perhaps Shakſpeare meant that the figures of the Cupids were *nicely poiſed on their inverted torches,* one of the legs of each being taken off the ground, which might render ſuch a ſupport neceſſary. STEEVENS.

I have equal difficulty with Mr. Steevens in explaining this paſſage. Here ſeems to be a kind of tautology. I take *brands* to be a part of the *andirons,* on which the wood for the fire was ſupported, as the upper part, in which was a kind of rack to carry a ſpit, is more properly termed the andiron. Theſe irons, on which the wood lies acroſs, generally called *dogs,* are here termed *brands.* WHALLEY.

It ſhould ſeem from a paſſage in *The Black Book,* a pamphlet publiſhed in 1604, that andirons in our author's time were ſometimes formed in the ſhape of human figures: " —ever and anon turning about to the chimney, where he ſawe a paire of corpulent gigantick *andirons,* that ſtood like *two burgomaſters* at both corners." Inſtead of theſe corpulent *burgomaſters,* Imogen had *Cupids.*

Post. This is her honour!—
Let it be granted,[4] you have ſeen all this,[5] (and praiſe
Be given to your remembrance,) the deſcription
Of what is in her chamber, nothing ſaves
The wager you have laid.

Iach. Then, if you can,
[*Pulling out the Bracelet.*
Be pale;[6] I beg but leave to air this jewel: See!—
And now 'tis up again: It muſt be married
To that your diamond; I'll keep them.

Post. Jove!—
Once more let me behold it: Is it that
Which I left with her?

Iach. Sir, (I thank her,) that:
She ſtripp'd it from her arm; I ſee her yet;
Her pretty action did outſell her gift,
And yet enrich'd it too:[7] She gave it me, and ſaid,
She priz'd it once.

The author of the pamphlet might, however, only have meant that the andirons he deſcribes were uncommonly large. Malone.

[4] *Let it be granted,* &c.] Surely, for the ſake of metre, we ſhould read, with ſome former editor:
Be it granted. Steevens.

[5] *This is her honour!——*
Let it be granted, you have ſeen all this, &c.] The expreſſion is ironical. Iachimo relates many particulars, to which Poſthumus anſwers with impatience:
"This is her honour!"——
That is, And the attainment of this knowledge is to paſs for the corruption of her honour. Johnson.

[6] ——— *if you can,*
Be pale;] If you can forbear to fluſh your cheek with rage. Johnson.

[7] *And yet enrich'd it* too:] The adverb—*too*, which hurts the metre, might ſafely be omitted, the expreſſion being ſufficiently forcible without it. Steevens.

Post. May be, ſhe pluck'd it off,
To ſend it me.

Iach. She writes ſo to you? doth ſhe?

Post. O, no, no, no; 'tis true. Here, take this too; [*Gives the Ring.*
It is a baſiliſk unto mine eye,
Kills me to look on't:—Let there be no honour,
Where there is beauty; truth, where ſemblance; love,
Where there's another man: The vows of women [8]
Of no more bondage be, to where they are made,
Than they are to their virtues; which is nothing:—
O, above meaſure falſe!

Phi. Have patience, ſir,
And take your ring again; 'tis not yet won:
It may be probable, ſhe loſt it; or,
Who knows if one of her women,[9] being corrupted,
Hath ſtolen it from her.[1]

Post. Very true;
And ſo, I hope, he came by't:—Back my ring;—
Render to me ſome corporal ſign about her,
More evident than this; for this was ſtolen.

Iach. By Jupiter, I had it from her arm.

Post. Hark you, he ſwears; by Jupiter he ſwears.
'Tis true;—nay, keep the ring—'tis true: I am ſure,

[8] —— *The vows of women*—] The love vowed by women no more abides with him to whom it is vowed, than women adhere to their virtue. Johnson.

[9] —— *if one* of *her women,*] *Of* was ſupplied by the editor of the ſecond folio. Malone.

[1] *Hath ſtolen it from her.*] Sir Thomas Hanmer (for ſome words are here deficient) has perfected the metre by reading:
Might not *have ſtolen it from her.* Steevens.

She would not loſe it: her attendants are
All ſworn, and honourable:[2]—They induc'd to ſteal it!
And by a ſtranger?—No, he hath enjoy'd her:
The cognizance[3] of her incontinency
Is this,—ſhe hath bought the name of whore thus dearly.—
There, take thy hire; and all the fiends of hell
Divide themſelves between you!

PHI. Sir, be patient:
This is not ſtrong enough to be believ'd
Of one perſuaded well of——

POST. Never talk on't;
She hath been colted by him.

IACH. If you ſeek
For further ſatisfying, under her breaſt

[2] —— *her attendants are*
All ſworn, *and honourable:*] It was anciently the cuſtom for the attendants on our nobility and other great perſonages (as it is now for the ſervants of the king) to take an oath of fidelity, on their entrance into office. In the houſehold book of the 5th Earl of Northumberland (compiled A. D. 1512) it is expreſsly ordered [p. 49] that "what perſon ſoever he be that commyth to my Lordes ſervice, that incontynent after he be intred in the chequyrroull [check-roll] that he be *ſworn* in the countynge-hous by a gentillman-uſher or yeman-uſher in the preſence of the hede officers; and on theire abſence before the clerke of the kechynge either by ſuch an oath as is in the *Book of Othes*, yff any ſuch [oath] be, or ells by ſuch an oth as thei ſhall ſeyme beſte by their diſcretion."
Even now every *ſervant* of the king's, at his firſt appointment is ſworn in, before a gentleman uſher, at the lord chamberlain's office. PERCY.

[3] *The* cognizance —] The badge; the token; the viſible proof. JOHNSON.
So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I:
"As *cognizance* of my blood-drinking hate."
STEEVENS.

(Worthy the preſſing,)[4] lies a mole, right proud
Of that moſt delicate lodging: By my life,
I kiſs'd it; and it gave me preſent hunger
To feed again, though full. You do remember
This ſtain upon her?

Post. Ay, and it doth confirm
Another ſtain, as big as hell can hold,
Were there no more but it.

Iach. Will you hear more?

Post. Spare your arithmetick: never count the turns;
Once, and a million!

Iach. I'll be ſworn,——

Post. No ſwearing.
If you will ſwear you have not done't, you lie;
And I will kill thee, if thou doſt deny
Thou haſt made me cuckold.

Iach. I will deny nothing.

Post. O, that I had her here, to tear her limb-meal!
I will go there, and do't; i'the court; before
Her father:—I'll do ſomething—— [*Exit.*

Phi. Quite beſides
The government of patience!—You have won:
Let's follow him, and pervert the preſent wrath[5]

[4] (*Worthy* the *preſſing,*)] Thus the modern editions. The old folio reads:

(*Worthy* her *preſſing,*)——. Johnson.

The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. The compoſitor was probably thinking of the word *her* in the preceding line, which he had juſt compoſed. Malone.

[5] ——pervert *the preſent wrath*—] i. e. *turn* his wrath to another courſe. Malone.

To *pervert*, I believe, only ſignifies to *avert* his wrath from

He hath againſt himſelf.

Iach. With all my heart.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

The ſame. Another Room in the ſame.

Enter Posthumus.

Post. Is there no way for men to be, but women
Muſt be half-workers?[6] We are baſtards all;[7]
And that moſt venerable man, which I
Did call my father, was I know not where
When I was ſtamp'd; ſome coiner with his tools

himſelf, without any idea of turning it againſt another perſon. To what *other courſe* it could have been diverted by the advice of Philario and Iachimo, Mr. Malone has not informed us.

Steevens.

[6] *Is there no way* &c.] Milton was very probably indebted to this ſpeech for one of the ſentiments which he has imparted to Adam, *Paradiſe Loſt*, Book X:

" ——O, why did God,
" Creator wiſe, that peopled higheſt heaven
" With ſpirits maſculine, create at laſt
" This novelty on earth, this fair defect
" Of nature, and not fill the world at once
" With men, as angels, without feminine,
" *Or find ſome other way to generate*
" *Mankind?*"

See alſo, *Rhodomont's* invective againſt women, in the *Orlando Furioſo*; and above all, a ſpeech which Euripides has put into the mouth of Hippolytus, in the tragedy that bears his name.

Steevens.

[7] —— *We are baſtards all*;] Old copies—*We are* all *baſtards*. The neceſſary tranſpoſition of the word—*all*, was Mr. Pope's.

Steevens.

Made me a counterfeit:[8] Yet my mother ſeem'd
The Dian of that time: ſo doth my wife
The nonpareil of this.—O vengeance, vengeance!
Me of my lawful pleaſure ſhe reſtrain'd,
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance: did it with
A pudency ſo roſy, the ſweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn;[9] that I thought her

[8] —— *was I know not where*
When I was ſtamp'd; *ſome* coiner *with his tools*
Made me a counterfeit:] We have again the ſame image in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:
" ——— It were as good
" To pardon him, that hath from nature ſtolen
" A man already made, as to remit
" Their ſaucy ſweetneſs, *that do coin heaven's image*
" *In ſtamps* that are forbid." MALONE.

This image is by no means uncommon. It particularly occurs in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, Part III. ſect. 3: "Severus the Emperor in his time made lawes for the reſtraint of this vice; and as Dion Caſſius relates in his life, *tria millia moechorum*, three-thouſand cuckold-makers, or *naturæ monetam adulterantes*, as Philo calls them, *falſe coiners* and clippers of nature's mony, were ſummoned into the court at once."
STEEVENS.

[9] *Me of my lawful pleaſure ſhe reſtrain'd,*
And pray'd me, oft, forbearance: did it *with*
A pudency ſo roſy, the ſweet view on't
Might well have warm'd old Saturn;] It certainly carries with it a very elegant ſenſe, to ſuppoſe the lady's denial was ſo modeſt and delicate as even to inflame his deſires: But may we not read it thus?
And pray'd me oft forbearance: Did *it* &c.
i. e. complied with his deſires in the ſweeteſt reſerve; taking *did* in the acceptation in which it is uſed by Jonſon and Shakſpeare in many other places. WHALLEY.

See Vol. VI. p. 203, n. 5.—The more obvious interpretation is in my opinion the true one.

Admitting Mr. Whalley's notion to be juſt, the latter part of this paſſage may be compared with one in Juvenal, Sat. IV. though the *pudency* will be found wanting:

As chaſte as unſunn'd ſnow:—O, all the devils!—
This yellow Iachimo, in an hour,—was't not?—
Or leſs,—at firſt: Perchance he ſpoke not; but,
Like a full-acorn'd boar, a German one,[1]
Cry'd, *oh!* and mounted:[2] found no oppoſition
But what he look'd for ſhould oppoſe, and ſhe
Should from encounter guard.[3] Could I find out

" ——————— omnia fient
" Ad verum, quibus incendi jam frigidus ævo
" Laomedontiades, et Neſtoris hernia poſſit."

MALONE.

[1] ——*a German* one,] Here, as in many other places, we have—*on* in the old copy, inſtead of—*one*. See Vol. X. p. 443, n. 6.

In *King Henry IV.* P. II. Falſtaff aſſures Mrs. Quickly, that —" the *German hunting* in water-work is worth a thouſand of theſe bed-hangings." In other places, where our author has ſpoken of the *hunting* of the *boar*, a *German one* muſt have been in his thoughts, for the boar was never, I apprehend, hunted in England.

Mr. Pope and Dr. Warburton read—a *churning on*; and, what is ſtill more extraordinary, this ſtrange ſophiſtication has found its way into Dr. Johnſon's moſt valuable Dictionary.

MALONE.

[2] ——*and* mounted:] Let Homer, on this occaſion, keep our author in countenance:

" Ἀρνειὸν, ταῦρόν τε, συῶν τ' ἐπιβήτορα καπρον."

Odyſſ. XXIII. 278.

Thus tranſlated by Chapman:

" A lambe, a bull, and *ſow-aſcending* bore."

STEEVENS.

[3] ——*found no oppoſition*
But *what he look'd for ſhould oppoſe, and ſhe*
Should from encounter guard.] Sir T. Hanmer and Dr. Warburton read:

——*found no oppoſition*
From *what he look'd for ſhould oppoſe*, &c.

This alteration probably eſcaped the obſervation of the late Mr. Edwards, or it would have afforded occaſion for ſome pleaſant commentary. T. C.

Thomas Harvey in his Epiſtle to Sir T. H. and Thomas Potter, his Epigram on Dr. W. ſufficiently demonſtrate how little theſe

The woman's part in me! For there's no motion
That tends to vice in man, but I affirm
It is the woman's part: Be it lying, note it,
The woman's; flattering, hers; deceiving, hers;
Ambitions, covetings, change of prides, diſdain,
Nice longings, ſlanders, mutability,
All faults that may be nam'd,[4] nay, that hell knows,
Why, hers, in part, or all; but, rather, all:
For ev'n to vice
They are not conſtant, but are changing ſtill
One vice, but of a minute old, for one
Not half ſo old as that. I'll write againſt them,
Deteſt them, curſe them:—Yet 'tis greater ſkill
In a true hate, to pray they have their will:
The very devils cannot plague them better.[5] [*Exit.*

criticks were at home, when they preſumed on any circumſtance touching the premiſes which our author hath, in this place, ſomewhat obſcurely figured. AMNER.

[4] —— *that* may be nam'd,] Thus the ſecond folio. The firſt, with its uſual diſpoſition to blundering:

All faults that name.

I have met with no inſtance in the Engliſh language, even tending to prove that the verb—to *name*, ever ſignified—*to have a name*. STEEVENS.

[5] —— *to pray they have their will:*

The very devils cannot plague them better.] So, in Sir Thomas More's *Comfort againſt Tribulation*: "God could not lightly do a man more vengeance, than in this world to grant him his own fooliſh wiſhes." STEEVENS.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Britain. *A Room of State in* Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, *and* Lords, *at one Door; and at another,* CAIUS LUCIUS, *and Attendants.*

Cym. Now ſay, what would Auguſtus Cæſar with us?[6]

Luc. When Julius Cæſar (whoſe remembrance yet
Lives in men's eyes; and will to ears, and tongues,
Be theme, and hearing ever,) was in this Britain,
And conquer'd it, Caſſibelan, thine uncle,[7]
(Famous in Cæſar's praiſes, no whit leſs
Than in his feats deſerving it,) for him,
And his ſucceſſion, granted Rome a tribute,
Yearly three thouſand pounds; which by thee lately
Is left untender'd.

Queen. And, to kill the marvel,
Shall be ſo ever.

Clo. There be many Cæſars,
Ere ſuch another Julius. Britain is
A world by itſelf; and we will nothing pay,
For wearing our own noſes.

[6] *Now ſay, what would Auguſtus Cæſar with us?*] So, in *King John*:

"Now ſay, Chatillon, what would France with us?"

STEEVENS.

[7] —— *thine uncle,*] Caſſibelan was great uncle to Cymbeline, who was ſon to Tenantius, the nephew of Caſſibelan. See p. 407, n. 7. MALONE.

Queen. That opportunity,
Which then they had to take from us, to reſume
We have again.—Remember, ſir, my liege,
The kings your anceſtors; together with
The natural bravery of your iſle; which ſtands
As Neptune's park, ribbed and paled in
With rocks unſcaleable,[8] and roaring waters;
With ſands, that will not bear your enemies' boats,
But ſuck them up to the top-maſt. A kind of conqueſt
Cæſar made here; but made not here his brag
Of, *came*, and *ſaw*, and *overcame:* with ſhame
(The firſt that ever touch'd him,) he was carried
From off our coaſt, twice beaten; and his ſhipping,
(Poor ignorant baubles![9]) on our terrible ſeas,
Like egg-ſhells mov'd upon their ſurges, crack'd
As eaſily 'gainſt our rocks: For joy whereof,
The fam'd Caſſibelan, who was once at point
(O, giglot fortune![1]) to maſter Cæſar's ſword,[2]

[8] *With* rocks *unſcaleable,*] This reading is Sir T. Hanmer's. The old editions have:
With oaks *unſcaleable.* Johnson.

"The ſtrength of our land conſiſts of our ſeamen in their wooden forts and caſtles; our *rocks,* ſhelves, and *firtes,* that lye along our coaſts; and our trayned bands." From chapter 109 of Bariffe's *Military Diſcipline,* 1639, ſeemingly from Tooke's *Legend of Britomart.* Tollet.

[9] (*Poor* ignorant *baubles!*)] *Unacquainted* with the nature of our boiſterous ſeas. Johnson.

[1] (*O,* giglot *fortune!*] O falſe and inconſtant fortune! A *giglot* was a ſtrumpet. See Vol. VI. p. 404, n. 7; and Vol. XIII. p. 143, n. 9. So, in *Hamlet:*
"Out, out, thou *ſtrumpet fortune!*" Malone.

[2] *The fam'd Caſſibelan, who was once at point*
——*to maſter Cæſar's ſword,*] Shakſpeare has here tranſferred to Caſſibelan an adventure which happened to his brother Nennius. "The ſame hiſtorie (ſays Holinſhed) alſo maketh

Made Lud's town with rejoicing fires bright,
And Britons ſtrut with courage.

Clo. Come there's no more tribute to be paid: Our kingdom is ſtronger than it was at that time; and, as I ſaid, there is no more ſuch Cæſars: other of them may have crooked noſes; but, to owe ſuch ſtraight arms, none.

Cym. Son, let your mother end.

Clo. We have yet many among us can gripe as hard as Caſſibelan: I do not ſay, I am one; but I have a hand.—Why tribute? why ſhould we pay tribute? If Cæſar can hide the ſun from us with a blanket, or put the moon in his pocket, we will pay him tribute for light; elſe, ſir, no more tribute, pray you now.

Cym. You muſt know,
Till the injurious Romans did extort
This tribute from us,[3] we were free: Cæſar's ambition,
(Which ſwell'd ſo much, that it did almoſt ſtretch
The ſides o'the world,) againſt all colour,[4] here

mention of *Nennius*, brother to Caſſibellane, who in fight happened to get Cæſar's ſword faſtened in his ſhield by a blow which Cæſar ſtroke at him.—But Nennius died within 15 dayes after the battel, of the hurt received at Cæſar's hand, although after he was hurt he ſlew Labienus one of the Roman tribunes." Book III. ch. xiii. Nennius, we are told by Geffrey of Monmouth, was buried with great funeral pomp, and Cæſar's ſword placed in his tomb. MALONE.

[3] *This tribute* from us,] The unneceſſary words—*from us*, only derange the metre, and are certainly an interpolation. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*againſt all* colour,] Without any pretence of right. JOHNSON.

So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

" For, of no right, nor *colour* like to right,—." STEEVENS.

Did put the yoke upon us; which to ſhake off,
Becomes a warlike people, whom we reckon
Ourſelves to be. We do ſay then to Cæſar,
Our anceſtor was that Mulmutius, which
Ordain'd our laws; (whoſe uſe the ſword of Cæſar
Hath too much mangled; whoſe repair, and franchiſe,
Shall, by the power we hold, be our good deed,
Though Rome be therefore angry;) Mulmutius,[5]
Who was the firſt of Britain, which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himſelf a king.[6]

[5] *Mulmutius,*] Here the old copy (in contempt of metre, and regardleſs of the preceding words—

" ——— *Mulmutius, which*
" Ordain'd our laws;")

moſt abſurdly adds:

——— *made our laws,*——.

I have not ſcrupled to drop theſe words; nor can ſuppoſe our readers will diſcover that the omiſſion of them has created the ſmalleſt chaſm in our author's ſenſe or meaſure. The length of the parenthetical words (which were not then conſidered as ſuch, or encloſed, as at preſent, in a parentheſis,) was the ſource of this interpolation. Read the paſſage without them, and the whole is clear: Mulmutius, which ordained our laws; *Mulmutius, who was the firſt of Britain,* &c. STEEVENS.

[6] ——— *Mulmutius,*
Who was the firſt of Britain, which did put
His brows within a golden crown, and call'd
Himſelf a king.] The title of the firſt chapter of Holinſhed's third book of the Hiſtory of England is—" Of Mulmucius, the firſt king of Britaine who was *crowned with a golden crown, his lawes, his foundations,* &c.

" Mulmucius,—the ſonne of *Cloten,* got the upper hand of the other dukes or rulers; and after his father's deceaſe began his reigne over the whole monarchie of Britaine in the yeare of the world—3529.—He made manie good lawes, which were long after uſed, called *Mulmucius lawes,* turned out of the Britiſh ſpeech into Latin by Gildas Priſcus, and long time after tranſlated out of Latin into Engliſh, by Alfred king of England,

Luc. I am ſorry, Cymbeline,
That I am to pronounce Auguſtus Cæſar
(Cæſar, that hath more kings his ſervants, than
Thyſelf domeſtick officers,) thine enemy:
Receive it from me, then:—War, and confuſion,
In Cæſar's name pronounce I 'gainſt thee: look
For fury not to be reſiſted:—Thus defied,
I thank thee for myſelf.

Cym. Thou art welcome, Caius.
Thy Cæſar knighted me; my youth I ſpent
Much under him;[7] of him I gather'd honour;
Which he, to ſeek of me again, perforce,

and mingled in his ſtatutes. After he had eſtabliſhed his land,—he ordeined him, by the advice of his lords, a crowne of golde, and cauſed himſelf with great ſolemnity to be crowned;—and becauſe he was the firſt that bare a crowne here in Britaine, after the opinion of ſome writers, he is named the firſt king of Britaine, and all the other before-rehearſed are named rulers, dukes, or governours.

"Among other of his ordinances, he appointed weights and meaſures, with the which men ſhould buy and ſell. And further he cauſed ſore and ſtreight orders for the puniſhment of theft." *Holinſhed, ubi ſupra.* MALONE.

[7] *Thou art welcome, Caius.*
Thy Cæſar knighted me; my youth I ſpent
Much under him;] Some few hints for this part of the play are taken from Holinſhed:

"Kymbeline, ſays he, (as ſome write,) was brought up at Rome, and there was made knight by Auguſtus Cæſar, under whom he ſerved in the wars, and was in ſuch favour with him, that he was at liberty to pay his tribute or not."

"——Yet we find in the Roman writers, that after Julius Cæſar's death, when Auguſtus had taken upon him the rule of the empire, the Britons refuſed to pay that tribute."

"——But whether the controverſy, which appeared to fall forth betwixt the Britons and Auguſtus, was occaſioned by Kymbeline, I have not a vouch."

"——Kymbeline reigned thirty-five years, leaving behind him two ſons, Guiderius and Arviragus." STEEVENS.

Behoves me keep at utterance;[8] I am perfect,[9]
That the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for
Their liberties, are now in arms:[1] a precedent
Which, not to read, would ſhow the Britons cold:
So Cæſar ſhall not find them.

Luc. Let proof ſpeak.

Clo. His majeſty bids you welcome. Make paſtime with us a day, or two, longer: If you ſeek us afterwards in other terms, you ſhall find us in our ſalt-water girdle: if you beat us out of it, it is yours; if you fall in the adventure, our crows ſhall fare the better for you; and there's an end.

[8] —— *keep* at utterance;] means to keep at the extremity of defiance. *Combat à outrance* is a deſperate fight, that muſt conclude with the life of one of the combatants. So, in *The Hiſtory of Helyas Knight of the Swanne*, bl. l. no date: "—Here is my gage to ſuſtaine it *to the utteraunce*, and befight it to the death." STEEVENS.

So, in *Macbeth:*

"Rather than ſo, come, fate, into the liſt,
"And champion me *to the utterance.*"

Again, in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

"—— will you, the knights
"Shall to the *edge of all the extremity*
"Purſue each other," &c.

Again, *ibidem:*

"So be it, either *to the uttermoſt,*
"Or elſe a breath."

See Vol. X. p. 151, n. 8. MALONE.

[9] —— *I am perfect,*] I am well informed. So, in *Macbeth:*

"—— in your ſtate of honour *I am perfect.*"

JOHNSON.

See Vol. X. p. 226, n. 6. STEEVENS.

[1] —— *the Pannonians and Dalmatians, for Their liberties, are* now *in arms:*] The inſurrection of the Pannonians and Dalmatians for the purpoſe of throwing off the Roman yoke, happened not in the reign of Cymbeline, but in that of his father, Tenantius. MALONE.

Luc. So, ſir.

Cym. I know your maſter's pleaſure, and he mine:
All the remain is, welcome. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Another Room in the ſame.

Enter PISANIO.

Pis. How! of adultery? Wherefore write you not
What monſter's her accuſer?[1]—Leonatus!
O, maſter! what a ſtrange infection
Is fallen into thy ear? What falſe Italian
(As poiſonous tongue'd, as handed,[2]) hath prevail'd
On thy too ready hearing?—Diſloyal? No:
She's puniſh'd for her truth; and undergoes,
More goddeſs-like than wife-like, ſuch aſſaults
As would take in ſome virtue.[3]—O, my maſter!

[1] *What* monſter's *her* accuſer?] The old copy has—What *monſters* her *accuſe?* The correction was ſuggeſted by Mr. Steevens. The order of the words, as well as the ſingle perſon named by Piſanio, fully ſupport the emendation. *What monſters her accuſe*, for *What monſters accuſe her?* could never have been written by Shakſpare in a ſoliloquy like the preſent. Mr. Pope and the three ſubſequent editors read—What monſters *have accus'd her?* MALONE.

[2] —— *What falſe Italian*
(*As poiſonous tongue'd, as handed,*)] About Shakſpeare's time the practice of poiſoning was very common in Italy, and the ſuſpicion of Italian poiſons yet more common. JOHNSON.

[3] ——take in *ſome virtue.*] To *take in* a town, is to *conquer* it. JOHNSON.

Thy mind to her is now as low,[4] as were
Thy fortunes.—How! that I ſhould murder her?
Upon the love, and truth, and vows, which I
Have made to thy command?—I, her?—her blood?
If it be ſo to do good ſervice, never
Let me be counted ſerviceable. How look I,
That I ſhould ſeem to lack humanity,
So much as this fact comes too? *Do't: The letter*
[Reading.
That I have ſent her, by her own command
Shall give thee opportunity:[5]—O damn'd paper!
Black as the ink that's on thee! Senſeleſs bauble,
Art thou a feodary for this act,[6] and look'ſt

So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" —— cut the Ionian ſeas,
" And *take in* Toryne—."

See alſo, Vol. XVI. p. 27, n. 9. STEEVENS.

[4] *Thy mind to* her *is now as low.*] That is, thy mind *compared* to hers is now as low, as thy condition was, compared to hers. Our author ſhould rather have written—thy mind to *hers*; but the text, I believe, is as he gave it. MALONE.

[5] —— *Do't:—The letter*
That I have ſent her, by her own command,
Shall give thee opportunity:] Here we have another proof of what I have obſerved in The Diſſertation at the end of *King Henry VI.* that our poet from negligence ſometimes make words change their form under the eye of the ſpeaker; who in different parts of the ſame play recites them differently, though he has a paper or letter in his hand, and actually reads from it. A former inſtance of this kind has occurred in *All's well that ends well.* See Vol. V. p. 327, n. 6.

The *words* here read by Piſanio from his maſter's letter, (which is afterwards given at length, and in *proſe*,) are not found there, though the *ſubſtance* of them is contained in it. This is one of many proofs that Shakſpeare had no view to the publication of his pieces. There was little danger that ſuch an inaccuracy ſhould be detected by the ear of the ſpectator, though it could hardly eſcape an attentive reader. MALONE.

[6] *Art thou a* feodary *for this act,*] A *feodary* is one who

So virgin-like without? Lo, here ſhe comes.

Enter IMOGEN.

I am ignorant in what I am commanded.[7]

Imo. How now, Piſanio?

holds his eſtate under the tenure of ſuit and ſervice to a ſuperior lord. HANMER.

How a letter could be conſidered as a *feudal vaſſal*, according to Hanmer's interpretation, I am at a loſs to know. *Feodary* means, here, a *confederate*, or *accomplice*. So, Leontes ſays of Hermione, in *The Winter's Tale*:

" More, ſhe's a traitor, and Camillo is
" A *federary* with her."

I alſo think that the word *feodary* has the ſame ſignification in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, though the other commentators do not, and have there aſſigned my reaſons for being of that opinion. M. MASON.

Art thou a feodary *for this act*,] Art thou too *combined*, art thou a *confederate*, in this act?—A *feodary* did not ſignify a feudal vaſſal, as Sir Thomas Hanmer and the ſubſequent editors have ſuppoſed, (though if the word had borne that ſignification, it certainly could not bear it here,) but was an officer appointed by the Court of Wards, by virtue of the Statute 32 Henry VIII. c. 46, to be *preſent with*, and *aſſiſtant* to the Eſcheators in every county at the finding of offices, and to give in evidence for the king. His duty was to ſurvey the lands of the ward after office found, [i. e. after an inquiſition had been made to the king's uſe,] and to return the true value thereof to the court, &c. " In cognoſcendis rimandiſque feudis (ſays Spelman) ad regem pertinentibus, et ad tenuras pro rege manifeſtandas tuendaſque, operam navat; Eſcaetori ideo *adjunctus*, omnibuſque nervis regiam promovens utilitatem." He was therefore, we ſee, the Eſcheator's *aſſociate*, and hence Shakſpeare, with his uſual licence, uſes the word for a confederate or aſſociate in general. The feudal vaſſal was not called a *feodary*, but a *feodatary* and *feudatory*. In Latin, however, *feudatarius* ſignified both. MALONE.

[7] *I am ignorant in what I am commanded.*] i. e. I am unpractiſed in the arts of murder. STEEVENS.

So, in *King Henry IV.* Part I:

" O, I am ignorance itſelf in this." MALONE.

Pis. Madam, here is a letter from my lord.

Imo. Who? thy lord? that is my lord? Leonatus?
O, learn'd indeed were that aſtronomer,
That knew the ſtars, as I his characters;
He'd lay the future open.—You good gods,
Let what is here contain'd reliſh of love,
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet not,
That we two are aſunder, let that grieve him,[8]—
(Some griefs are med'cinable;) that is one of them,
For it doth phyſick love;[9]—of his content,
All but in that!—Good wax, thy leave:—Bleſs'd be,
You bees, that make theſe locks of counſel! Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;
Though forfeiters you caſt in priſon, yet
You claſp young Cupid's tables.[1]—Good news, gods!
[*Reads.*

[8] ——*let that grieve him,*] I ſhould wiſh to read:
Of my lord's health, of his content,—yet no;
That we two are aſunder, let that grieve him!
TYRWHITT.

Tyrwhitt wiſhes to amend this paſſage by reading *no*, inſtead of *not*, in the firſt line; but it is right as it ſtands, and there is nothing wanting to make it clear, but placing a ſtop longer than a comma, after the word *aſunder*. The ſenſe is this:—"Let the letter bring me tidings of my lord's health, and of his content; not of his content that we are aſunder—let that circumſtance grieve him; but of his content in every ſhape but that.
M. MASON.

The text is ſurely right. Let what is here contained reliſh of my huſband's content, *in every thing except our being ſeparate from each other*. Let that one circumſtance afflict him! MALONE.

[9] *For it doth* phyſick *love*;] That is, grief for abſence keeps love in health and vigour. JOHNSON.

So, in *The Winter's Tale*: "It is a gallant child; one that, indeed, *phyſicks* the ſubject, makes old hearts freſh."
STEEVENS.

[1] ——*Bleſs'd be,*
You bees, that make theſe locks of counſel! Lovers,
And men in dangerous bonds, pray not alike;
Though forfeiters you caſt in priſon, yet
You claſp young Cupid's tables.] The meaning of this,

Juſtice, and your father's wrath, ſhould he take me in his dominion, could not be ſo cruel to me, as you, O the deareſt of creatures, would not even renew me with your eyes.[2] *Take notice, that I am in Cambria, at Milford-Haven: What your own love will, out of this, adviſe you, follow. So, he wiſhes you all happineſs, that remains loyal to his vow,*[3] *and your, increaſing in love,*[4]

LEONATUS POSTHUMUS.

which had been obſcured by printing *forfeitures* for *forfeiters*, is no more than that the bees are not bleſſed by the man who forfeiting a bond is ſent to priſon, as they are by the lover for whom they perform the more pleaſing office of ſealing letters.

STEEVENS.

[2] *Juſtice*, &c.] Old copy—*Juſtice, and your father's wrath*, &c. *could not be ſo cruel to me* as *you, O, the deareſt of creatures, would even renew me with your eyes.* This paſſage, which is probably erroneous, is nonſenſe, unleſs we ſuppoſe that the word *as* has the force of *but*. "Your father's wrath could not be ſo cruel to me, but you could renew me with your eyes." M. MASON.

I know not what idea this paſſage preſented to the late editors, who have paſſed it in ſilence. As it ſtands in the old copy, it appears to me unintelligible. The word *not* was, I think, omitted at the preſs, after *would*. By its inſertion a clear ſenſe is given: Juſtice and the anger of your father, ſhould I be diſcovered here, could not be ſo cruel to me, *but that you*, O thou deareſt of creatures, *would be able* to renovate my ſpirits by giving me the happineſs of ſeeing you. Mr. Pope obtained the ſame ſenſe by a leſs juſtifiable method; by ſubſtituting *but* inſtead of *as*; and the three ſubſequent editors adopted that reading.

MALONE.

Mr. Malone reads—"would *not*," and I have followed him.

STEEVENS.

[3] ——*that remains* loyal to his vow, &c.] This ſubſcription to the ſecond letter of Poſthumus, affords ample countenance to Mr. M. Maſon's conjecture concerning the concluſion of a former one. See p. 447, n. 4. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*and* your, *increaſing* &c.] We ſhould, I think, read thus:—*and* your, *increaſing in love*, Leonatus Poſthumus,—to make it plain, that *your* is to be joined in conſtruction with *Leo-*

O, for a horſe with wings!—Hear'ſt thou, Piſanio?
He is at Milford-Haven: Read, and tell me
How far 'tis thither. If one of mean affairs
May plod it in a week, why may not I
Glide thither in a day?—Then, true Piſanio,
(Who long'ſt, like me, to ſee thy lord; who long'ſt,—
O, let me 'bate,—but not like me:—yet long'ſt,—
But in a fainter kind:—O, not like me;
For mine's beyond beyond,[5] ſay, and ſpeak thick,[6]
(Love's counſellor ſhould fill the bores of hearing,
To the ſmothering of the ſenſe,) how far it is
To this ſame bleſſed Milford: And, by the way,
Tell me how Wales was made ſo happy, as
To inherit ſuch a haven: But, firſt of all,
How we may ſteal from hence; and, for the gap
That we ſhall make in time, from our hence-going,
And our return,[7] to excuſe:—but firſt, how get
hence:

natus, and not with *increaſing*; and that the latter is *a participle preſent*, and not a *noun*. TYRWHITT.

[5] *For mine's beyond beyond,*)] The comma, hitherto placed after the firſt *beyond*, is improper. The ſecond is uſed as a ſubſtantive; and the plain ſenſe is, that her longing is *further than beyond*; beyond any thing that deſire can be ſaid to be beyond. RITSON.

So, in *King Lear*:

"*Beyond* all manner of ſo much I love you."

STEEVENS.

[6] ——*ſpeak thick,*] i. e. croud one word on another, as faſt as poſſible. So, in *King Henry IV.* Part II:

"And *ſpeaking thick*, which nature made his blemiſh,
"Became the accents of the valiant."

See Vol. XII. p. 73, n. 9. Again, in *Macbeth*:

"——— as *thick* as tale
"Came poſt with poſt——."

See Vol. X. p. 44, n. 3. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*from our hence-going,*
And *our return,*] i. e. in conſequence of our going hence

Why ſhould excuſe be born or e'er begot?[8]
We'll talk of that hereafter. Pr'ythee, ſpeak,
How many ſcore of miles may we well ride
'Twixt hour and hour?

Pis. One ſcore, 'twixt ſun and ſun,
Madam, 's enough for you; and too much too.

Imo. Why, one that rode to his execution, man,
Could never go ſo ſlow: I have heard of riding wagers,[9]
Where horſes have been nimbler than the ſands
That run i'the clock's behalf:'——But this is foolery:—
Go, bid my woman feign a ſickneſs; ſay
She'll home to her father: and provide me, preſently,
A riding ſuit; no coſtlier than would fit
A franklin's houſewife.[2]

Pis. Madam, you're beſt conſider.[3]

and returning back. All the modern editors, adopting an alteration made by Mr. Pope,—*Till* our return.

In ſupport of the reading of the old copy, which has been here reſtored, ſee Vol. XVI. p. 80, n. 5. MALONE.

[8] *Why ſhould excuſe be born or e'er begot?*] Why ſhould I contrive an excuſe, before the act is done, for which excuſe will be neceſſary? MALONE.

[9] ——*of* riding *wagers,*] Of wagers to be determined by the ſpeed of horſes. MALONE.

[1] *That run i'the clock's behalf:*] This fantaſtical expreſſion means no more than ſand in an hour-glaſs, uſed to meaſure time. WARBURTON.

[2] *A* franklin's *houſewife.*] A *franklin* is literally a *freeholder*, with a ſmall eſtate, neither *villain* nor *vaſſal*. JOHNSON.

See Vol. XI. p. 244, n. 6. STEEVENS.

[3] *Madam,* you're *beſt conſider.*] That is, "*you'd* beſt conſider." M. MASON.

So afterwards, in ſc. vi: "*I were* beſt not call." MALONE.

Imo. I ſee before me, man, nor here, nor here,
Nor what enſues; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through.[4] Away, I pr'ythee;
Do as I bid thee: There's no more to ſay;
Acceſſible is none but Milford way. [*Exeunt.*

[4] *I ſee before me, man, nor here, nor here,*
Nor what enſues; but have a fog in them,
That I cannot look through.] The lady ſays: "I can ſee neither one way nor other, before me nor behind me, but all the ways are covered with an impenetrable fog." There are objections inſuperable to all that I can propoſe, and ſince reaſon can give me no counſel, I will reſolve at once to follow my inclination. JOHNSON.

When Imogen ſpeaks theſe words, ſhe is ſuppoſed to have her face turned towards Milford; and when ſhe pronounces the words, *nor here, nor here,* ſhe points to the right and to the left. This being premiſed, the ſenſe is evidently this:—"I ſee clearly the way before me; but that to the right, that to the left, and that behind me, are all covered with a fog that I cannot penetrate. There is no more therefore to be ſaid, ſince there is no way acceſſible but that to Milford."—The paſſage, however, ſhould be pointed thus:

"I ſee before me, man;—nor here, nor here,
"Nor what enſues, but have a fog in them
"That I cannot look through."

What enſues means *what follows*; and Shakſpeare uſes it here, ſomewhat licentiouſly, to expreſs what is behind. M. MASON.

Dr. Johnſon's paraphraſe is not, I think, perfectly correct. I believe Imogen means to ſay, "I ſee neither *on this ſide,* nor *on that,* nor *behind* me; but find a fog in each of thoſe quarters that my eye cannot pierce. The way to Milford is alone clear and open: Let us therefore inſtantly ſet *forward:*

"Acceſſible is none but Milford way."

By "*what enſues,*" which Dr. Johnſon explains perhaps rightly, by the words—*behind me,* Imogen means, what will be the *conſequence* of the ſtep I am going to take. MALONE.

SCENE III.

Wales. *A mountainous Country, with a Cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

BEL. A goodly day not to keep houſe, with ſuch
Whoſe roof's as low as ours! Stoop, boys:[5] This gate
Inſtructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows you
To morning's holy office: The gates of monarchs
Are arch'd ſo high, that giants may jet[6] through
And keep their impious turbands on,[7] without
Good morrow to the ſun.—Hail, thou fair heaven!
We houſe i'the rock, yet uſe thee not ſo hardly
As prouder livers do.

GUI. Hail, heaven!

ARV. Hail, heaven!

[5] —— Stoop *boys:*] The old copy reads—*Sleep,* boys:—from whence Sir T. Hanmer conjectured that the poet wrote—*Stoop,* boys—as that word affords an appoſite introduction to what follows. Mr. Rowe reads—*See,* boys,—which (as uſual) had been ſilently copied. STEEVENS.

Perhaps Shakſpeare wrote—*Sweet boys;* which is more likely to have been confounded by the ear with "*Sleep,* boys," than what Sir T. Hanmer has ſubſtituted. MALONE.

[6] —— *may* jet—] i. e. ſtrut, walk proudly. So, in *Twelfth Night:* "——how he *jets* under his advanced plumes." STEEVENS.

[7] —— *Their impious turbands on,*] The idea of a *giant* was, among the readers of romances, who were almoſt all the readers of thoſe times, always confounded with that of a Saracen. JOHNSON.

Bel. Now, for our mountain ſport: Up to yon hill,
Your legs are young; I'll tread theſe flats. Conſider,
When you above perceive me like a crow,
That it is place, which leſſens, and ſets off.
And you may then revolve what tales I have told you,
Of courts, of princes, of the tricks in war:
This ſervice is not ſervice, ſo being done,
But being ſo allow'd:[8] To apprehend thus,
Draws us a profit from all things we ſee:
And often, to our comfort, ſhall we find
The ſharded beetle[9] in a ſafer hold

[8] This *ſervice is not ſervice*, &c.] In war it is not ſufficient to do duty well; the advantage riſes not from the act, but the acceptance of the act. JOHNSON.

As this ſeems to be intended by Belarius as a general maxim, not merely confined to ſervices in war, I have no doubt but we ſhould read:

That *ſervice is not ſervice*, &c. M. MASON.

This ſervice means, any particular ſervice. The obſervation relates to the court, as well as to war. MALONE.

[9] *The* ſharded *beetle*—] i. e. the beetle whoſe wings are encloſed within two dry *huſks* or *ſhards*. So, in Gower, *De Confeſſione Amantis*, Lib. V. fol. 103, b:

" That with his ſwerd, and with his ſpere,
" He might not the ſerpent dere:
" He was ſo *ſherded* all aboute,
" It held all edge toole withoute."

Gower is here ſpeaking of the dragon ſubdued by Jaſon.

STEEVENS.

See Vol. X. p. 164, n. 8. Cole, in his Latin Dict. 1679, has—" A *ſhard* or cruſt—*Cruſta*;" which in the Latin part he interprets—" a cruſt or ſhell, a *rough caſing*; ſhards." " The caſes (ſays Goldſmith) which beetles have to their wings, are the more neceſſary, as they often live *under the ſurface of the earth, in holes*, which they dig out by their own induſtry." Theſe are undoubtedly the *ſafe holds* to which Shakſpeare alludes.

MALONE.

Than is the full-wing'd eagle. O, this life
Is nobler, than attending for a check;[1]
Richer, than doing nothing for a babe;[2]

The epithet *full-wing'd* applied to the eagle, ſufficiently marks the contraſt of the poet's imagery; for whilſt the bird can ſoar towards the ſun beyond the reach of the human eye, the inſect can but juſt riſe above the ſurface of the earth, and that at the cloſe of day. HENLEY.

[1] —— *attending for a* check;] *Check* may mean, in this place, a *reproof*; but I rather think it ſignifies *command, controul.* Thus, in *Troilus and Creſſida*, the reſtrictions of Ariſtotle are called Ariſtotle's *checks.* STEEVENS.

[2] —— *than doing nothing for a* babe;] [Dr. Warburton reads —*bauble.*] i. e. vain titles of honour gained by an idle attendance at court. But the Oxford editor reads—for a *bribe.*
WARBURTON.

The Oxford editor knew the reaſon of this alteration, though his cenſurer knew it not.

Of *babe* ſome corrector made *bauble*; and Sir Thomas Hanmer thought himſelf equally authoriſed to make *bribe.* I think *babe* can hardly be right. It ſhould be remembered, however, that *bauble* was anciently ſpelt *bable*; ſo that Dr. Warburton in reality has added but one letter. A *bauble* was part of the inſignia of a fool. So, in *All's well that ends well,* Act IV. ſc. v. the Clown ſays:

"I would give his wife my *bauble,* ſir,"

It was a kind of truncheon (ſays Sir John Hawkins,) with a head carved on it. To this Belarius may allude, and mean that honourable poverty is more precious than *a ſinecure* at court, *of which the badge is a truncheon or a wand.* So, in Middleton's *Game at Cheſs,* 1623:

"Art thou ſo cruel for an honour's *bable?*"

As, however, it was once the cuſtom in England for favourites at court to beg the wardſhip of *infants* who were born to great riches, our author may allude to it on this occaſion. Frequent complaints were made that *nothing was done* towards the education of theſe neglected orphans. STEEVENS.

I have always ſuſpected that the right reading of this paſſage is what I had not in a former edition the confidence to propoſe:

Richer than doing nothing for a brabe;——.

Brabium is a badge of honour, or the enſign of an honour, or any thing worn as a mark of dignity. The word was ſtrange to

Prouder, than ruſtling in unpaid-for ſilk:
Such gain the cap of him, that makes them fine,
Yet keeps his book uncroſs'd:[3] no life to ours.[4]

Gui. Out of your proof you ſpeak: we, poor unfledg'd,
Have never wing'd from view o'the neſt; nor know not
What air's from home. Haply, this life is beſt,
If quiet life be beſt; ſweeter to you,
That have a ſharper known; well correſponding
With your ſtiff age: but, unto us, it is
A cell of ignorance; travelling abed;
A priſon for a debtor, that not dares
To ſtride a limit.[5]

the editors, as it will be to the reader; they therefore changed it to *babe*; and I am forced to propoſe it without the ſupport of any authority. *Brabium* is a word found in Holyoak's Dictionary, who terms it a *reward*. Cooper, in his *Theſaurus*, defines it to be a *prize*, or *reward for any game*. JOHNSON.

A *babe* and *baby* are ſynonymous. A *baby* being a puppet or *play-thing* for children, perhaps, if there be no corruption, a *babe* here means a puppet:—but I think with Dr. Johnſon that the text is corrupt. For *babe* Mr. Rowe ſubſtituted *bauble*.

Doing nothing in this paſſage means, I think, being *buſy* in petty and unimportant employments: in the ſame ſenſe as when we ſay, melius eſt *otioſum* eſſe quam nihil agere.

The following lines in Drayton's *Owle*, 4to. 1604, may add, however, ſome ſupport to Rowe's emendation, *bable* or *bauble*:

" Which with much ſorrow brought into my mind
" Their wretched ſoules, ſo ignorantly blinde,
" When even the greateſt things, in the world unſtable,
" Clyme but to fall, and *damned for a bable*."

MALONE.

[3] *Yet keeps his book* uncroſs'd:] So, in *Skialetheia*, a collection of Epigrams, &c. 1598:

" Yet ſtands he in the *debet book uncroſt*." STEEVENS.

[4] —— *no life* to *ours*.] i. e. *compared* with ours. So, p. 507:

" Thy mind *to* her is now as low," &c. STEEVENS.

[5] *To ſtride a limit*.] To overpaſs his bound. JOHNSON.

Arv. What ſhould we ſpeak of,[6]
When we are old as you? when we ſhall hear
The rain and wind beat dark December, how,
In this our pinching cave, ſhall we diſcourſe
The freezing hours away? We have ſeen nothing:
We are beaſtly; ſubtle as the fox, for prey;
Like warlike as the wolf, for what we eat:
Our valour is, to chace what flies; our cage
We make a quire, as doth the priſon bird,
And ſing our bondage freely.

Bel. How you ſpeak![7]
Did you but know the city's uſuries,
And felt them knowingly: the art o'the court,
As hard to leave, as keep; whoſe top to climb
Is certain falling, or ſo ſlippery, that
The fear's as bad as falling: the toil of the war,
A pain that only ſeems to ſeek out danger
I'the name of fame, and honour; which dies i'the ſearch;
And hath as oft a ſlanderous epitaph,
As record of fair act; nay, many times,
Doth ill deſerve by doing well; what's worſe,
Muſt court'ſey at the cenſure:—O, boys, this ſtory
The world may read in me: My body's mark'd
With Roman ſwords; and my report was once

In the preceding line the old copy reads—A priſon, *or a* debtor, &c. The correction was made by Mr. Pope.

Malone.

[6] *What ſhould we ſpeak of,*] This dread of an old age, unſupplied with matter for diſcourſe and meditation, is a ſentiment natural and noble. No ſtate can be more deſtitute than that of him, who, when the delights of ſenſe forſake him, has no pleaſures of the mind. Johnson.

[7] *How you ſpeak!*] Otway ſeems to have taken many hints for the converſation that paſſes between Acaſto and his ſons, from the ſcene before us. Steevens.

Firſt with the beſt of note: Cymbeline lov'd me;
And when a ſoldier was the theme, my name
Was not far off: Then was I as a tree,
Whoſe boughs did bend with fruit: but, in one night,
A ſtorm, or robbery, call it what you will,
Shook down my mellow hangings, nay, my leaves,
And left me bare to weather.[8]

Gui. Uncertain favour!

Bel. My fault being nothing (as I have told you oft,)
But that two villains, whoſe falſe oaths prevail'd
Before my perfect honour, ſwore to Cymbeline,
I was confederate with the Romans: ſo,
Follow'd my baniſhment; and, this twenty years,
This rock, and theſe demeſnes, have been my world:
Where I have liv'd at honeſt freedom; paid
More pious debts to heaven, than in all
The fore-end of my time.—But, up to the mountains;
This is not hunters' language:—He, that ſtrikes
The veniſon firſt, ſhall be the lord o'the feaſt;
To him the other two ſhall miniſter;
And we will fear no poiſon, which attends
In place of greater ſtate.[9] I'll meet you in the valleys. [*Exeunt* Gui. *and* Arv.

[8] *And left me bare to weather.*] So, in *Timon of Athens*:
" That numberleſs upon me ſtuck, as leaves
" Do on the oak, have with one winter's bruſh,
" Fallen from their boughs, and *left me, open, bare,*
" *For every ſtorm that blows.*" Steevens.

[9] *And we will fear no poiſon, which attends*
In place of greater *ſtate.*] The comparative—*greater*, which violates the meaſure, is ſurely an abſurd interpolation; the *low-brow'd* cave in which the princes are *meanly* educated, being a place of *no ſtate at all.* Steevens.

How hard it is, to hide the ſparks of nature!
Theſe boys know little, they are ſons to the king;
Nor Cymbeline dreams that they are alive.
They think, they are mine: and, though train'd up thus meanly
I'the cave, wherein they bow,[1] their thoughts do hit
The roofs of palaces; and nature prompts them,
In ſimple and low things, to prince it, much
Beyond the trick of others. This Polydore,[2]—

" —— nulla aconita bibuntur
" Fictilibus; tunc illa time, cum pocula fumes
" Gemmata, et lato Setinum ardebit in auro." *Juv.*
MALONE.

[1] —— *though train'd up thus meanly*
I'the cave, wherein they bow,] The old editions read:
I'the cave, whereon the bowe;
which, though very corrupt, will direct us to the true reading, [as it ſtands in the text.]—In this very cave, which is ſo low that they muſt bow or bend in entering it, yet are their thoughts ſo exalted, &c. This is the antitheſis. Belarius had ſpoken before of the lowneſs of this cave:
" A goodly day! not to keep houſe, with ſuch
" Whoſe *roof's as low* as ours! Stoop, boys: This gate
" Inſtructs you how to adore the heavens; and bows you
" To morning's holy office." WARBURTON.

[2] —— *This* Polydore,] The old copy of the play (except here, where it may be only a blunder of the printer,) calls the eldeſt ſon of Cymbeline, Polidore, as often as the name occurs; and yet there are ſome who may aſk whether it is not more likely that the printer ſhould have blundered in the other places, than that he ſhould have hit upon ſuch an uncommon name as *Paladour* in this firſt inſtance. *Paladour* was the ancient name for *Shaftsbury.* So, in *A Meeting Dialogue-wiſe betweene Nature, the Phœnix, and the Turtle-dove,* by R. Cheſter, 1601:
" This noble king builded fair Caerguent,
" Now cleped Wincheſter of worthie fame;
" And at mount *Paladour* he built his tent,
" That after-ages *Shaftsburie* hath to name."
STEEVENS.

I believe, however, *Polydore* is the true reading. In the pages of Holinſhed, which contain an account of Cymbeline, *Polydore*

The heir of Cymbeline and Britain, whom
The king his father call'd Guiderius,—Jove!
When on my three-foot ſtool I ſit, and tell
The warlike feats I have done, his ſpirits fly out
Into my ſtory: ſay,—*Thus mine enemy fell*;
And thus I ſet my foot on his neck; even then
The princely blood flows in his cheek, he ſweats,
Strains his young nerves, and puts himſelf in poſture
That acts my words. The younger brother, Cadwal,[3]
(Once, Arvirágus,) in as like a figure,
Strikes life into my ſpeech, and ſhows much more
His own conceiving. Hark! the game is rous'd!—
O Cymbeline! heaven, and my conſcience, knows,
Thou didſt unjuſtly baniſh me: whereon,
At three, and two years old, I ſtole theſe babes;[4]

[i. e. Polydore Virgil] is often quoted in the margin; and this probably ſuggeſted the name to Shakſpeare. MALONE.

Otway (ſee p. 518, n. 7,) was evidently of the ſame opinion, as he has ſo denominated one of the ſons of Acaſto in *The Orphan*.

The tranſlations, however, of both Homer and Virgil, would have afforded Shakſpeare the name of *Polydore*. STEEVENS.

[3] *The younger brother,* Cadwal,] This name is found in an ancient poem, entitled *King Arthur*, which is printed in the ſame collection with the *Meeting Dialogue-wife*, &c. quoted in the preceding note:

" —— Augiſell, king of ſtout Albania,
" And *Caduall*, king of Vinedocia——."

In this collection one of our author's own poems was originally printed. MALONE.

See Mr. Malone's edition of our author's works, Vol. X. p. 341, n. 9. STEEVENS.

[4] —— *I ſtole theſe babes*;] Shakſpeare ſeems to intend Belarius for a good character, yet he makes him forget the injury which he has done to the young princes, whom he has robbed of a kingdom only to rob their father of heirs.—The latter part of this ſoliloquy is very inartificial, there being no particular reaſon

Thinking to bar thee of ſucceſſion, as
Thou reft'ſt me of my lands. Euriphile,
Thou waſt their nurſe; they took thee for their mother,
And every day do honour to her grave:[5]
Myſelf, Belarius, that am Morgan call'd,
They take for natural father. The game is up.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Near Milford-Haven.

Enter PISANIO *and* IMOGEN.

Imo. Thou told'ſt me, when we came from horſe, the place
Was near at hand:—Ne'er long'd my mother ſo
To ſee me firſt, as I have now:—Piſanio! Man!
Where is Poſthúmus?[6] What is in thy mind,

why Belarius ſhould now tell to himſelf what he could not know better by telling it. JOHNSON.

[5] ——*to* her *grave:*] i. e. to the grave of Euriphile; or, to the grave of *their mother, as they ſuppoſe it to be.* The poet ought rather to have written—to *thy* grave. MALONE.

Perhaps he did write ſo, and the preſent reading is only a corruption introduced by his printers or publiſhers. STEEVENS.

[6] *Where is Poſthúmus?*] Shakſpeare's apparent ignorance of quantity is not the leaſt among many proofs of his want of learning. Almoſt throughout this play he calls *Poſthŭmus, Poſthūmus,* and *Arvirăgus,* always *Arvirāgus.* It may be ſaid that quantity in the age of our author did not appear to have been much regarded. In the tragedy of *Darius,* by William Alexander of Menſtrie, (lord Sterline) 1603, *Darius* is always called *Darĭus,* and *Euphrātes, Euphrătes:*

That makes thee ſtare thus? Wherefore breaks that figh
From the inward of thee? One, but painted thus,
Would be interpreted a thing perplex'd
Beyond ſelf-explication: Put thyſelf
Into a haviour[7] of leſs fear, ere wildneſs
Vanquiſh my ſtaider ſenſes. What's the matter?
Why tender'ſt thou that paper to me, with
A look untender? If it be ſummer news,

" The diadem that *Darĭus* erſt had borne——
" The famous *Euphrătes* to be your border—."

Again, in the 21ſt Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

" That gliding go in ſtate like ſwelling *Euphrătes*."

Throughout Sir Arthur Gorges' tranſlation of Lucan, *Euphrătes* is likewiſe given inſtead of *Euphrātes*. STEEVENS.

Shakſpeare's ignorance of the quantity of *Poſthumus* is the rather remarkable, as he gives it rightly both when the name firſt occurs, and in another place:

" To his protection; calls him *Poſthŭmus*. ——
" Struck the main-top!—O, *Poſthŭmus!* alas."

RITSON.

In *A Meeting Dialogue-wiſe between Nature, the Phœnix, and the Turtle-dove*, by R. Cheſter, 1601, *Arviragus* is introduced with the ſame neglect of quantity as in this play:

" Windſor, a caſtle of exceeding ſtrength,
" Firſt built by Arvirágus, Britaine's king."

Again, by Heywood, in his *Britaynes Troy*:

" Now Arvirágus reigns, and takes to wife
" The emperor Claudius's daughter."

It ſeems to have been the general rule, adopted by ſcholars as well as others, to pronounce Latin names like Engliſh words: Shakſpeare's neglect of quantity therefore proves nothing.

MALONE.

The propriety of the foregoing remark, is not altogether confirmed by the practice of our ancient tranſlators from claſſick authors. STEEVENS.

[7] ——*haviour*—] This word, as often as it occurs in Shakſpeare, ſhould not be printed as an abbreviation of *behaviour*. *Haviour* was a word commonly uſed in his time. See Spenſer, Æglogue, IX:

" Their ill *haviour* garres men miſſay." STEEVENS.

Smile to't before :[8] if winterly, thou need'ſt
But keep that countenance ſtill.—My huſband's hand!
That drug-damn'd[9] Italy hath out-craftied him,[1]
And he's at ſome hard point.—Speak, man; thy tongue
May take off ſome extremity, which to read
Would be even mortal to me.

Pis. Pleaſe you, read;
And you ſhall find me, wretched man, a thing
The moſt diſdain'd of fortune.

Imo. [Reads.] *Thy miſtreſs*, Piſanio, *hath played the ſtrumpet in my bed; the teſtimonies whereof lie bleeding in me. I ſpeak not out of weak ſurmiſes; from proof as ſtrong as my grief, and as certain as I expect my revenge. That part, thou*, Piſanio, *muſt act for me, if thy faith be not tainted with the breach of hers. Let thine own hands take away her life: I ſhall give thee opportunities at* Milford-Haven: *ſhe hath my letter for the purpoſe: Where, if thou fear to ſtrike, and to make me certain it is done, thou art the pandar to her diſhonour, and equally to me diſloyal.*

[8] —— *If it be* ſummer news,
Smile to't before:] So, in our author's 98th Sonnet:
"Yet not the lays of birds, nor the ſweet ſmell
"Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
"Could make me any *ſummer's ſtory* tell." MALONE.

[9] —— *drug-damn'd*—] This is another alluſion to Italian poiſons. JOHNSON.

[1] —— *out*-craftied *him*,] Thus the old copy, and ſo Shakſpeare certainly wrote. So, in *Coriolanus*:
"—— chaſte as the icicle,
"That's *curdied* by the froſt from pureſt ſnow."
Mr. Pope and all the ſubſequent editors read—out-*crafted* here, and *curdled* in *Coriolanus*. MALONE.

Pis. What ſhall I need to draw my ſword? the paper
Hath cut her throat already.[2]—No, 'tis ſlander;
Whoſe edge is ſharper than the ſword; whoſe tongue
Outvenoms all the worms of Nile;[3] whoſe breath
Rides on the poſting winds,[4] and doth belie
All corners of the world: kings, queens, and ſtates,[5]
Maids, matrons, nay, the ſecrets of the grave,
This viperous ſlander enters.—What cheer, madam?

Imo. Falſe to his bed! What is it, to be falſe?
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?[6]
To weep 'twixt clock and clock? if ſleep charge nature,
To break it with a fearful dream of him,
And cry myſelf awake? that's falſe to his bed?
Is it?

[2] *What ſhall I need to draw my ſword? the paper Hath cut her throat already.*] So, in *Venus and Adonis*:
" Struck dead at firſt, what needs a ſecond ſtriking?"
MALONE.

[3] *Outvenoms all the worms of Nile*; &c.] So, in Churchyard's *Diſcourſe of Rebellion* &c. 1570:
" Hit venom caſtes as far as Nilus flood, [brood]
" Hit poyſoneth all it toucheth any wheare."
Serpents and dragons by the old writers were called *worms*. Of this, ſeveral inſtances are given in the laſt Act of *Antony and Cleopatra*. STEEVENS.

[4] *Rides on the* poſting winds,] So, in *King Henry V*:
" —— making the *wind* my *poſt-horſe*." MALONE.

[5] ——*ſtates*,] Perſons of higheſt rank. JOHNSON.
See Vol. XV. p. 319, n. 6. MALONE.
So, in Chapman's verſion of the ſecond *Iliad*:
" The other ſcepter-bearing *ſtates* aroſe too and obey'd
" The people's rector." STEEVENS.

[6] —— *What is it, to be falſe?*
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?] This paſſage ſhould be pointed thus:
——— *What! is it to be falſe,*
To lie in watch there, and to think on him?
M. MASON.

Pis. Alas, good lady!

Imo. I falſe? Thy conſcience witneſs:—Iachimo,
Thou didſt accuſe him of incontinency;
Thou then look'dſt like a villain; now, methinks,
Thy favour's good enough.[7]—Some jay of Italy,[8]
Whoſe mother was her painting,[9] hath betray'd him:
Poor I am ſtale, a garment out of faſhion;[1]
And, for I am richer than to hang by the walls,
I muſt be ripp'd:[2]—to pieces with me!—O,

[7] *Thou then look'dſt like a villain; now, methinks, Thy favour's good enough.*] So, in *King Lear:*

"Thoſe wicked creatures yet do look well favour'd,
"When others are more wicked." MALONE.

[8] —— *Some* jay *of Italy,*] There is a prettineſs in this expreſſion; *putta,* in Italian, ſignifying both a *jay* and a *whore:* I ſuppoſe from the gay feathers of that bird. WARBURTON.

So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor:* "Teach him to know turtles from *jays.*" STEEVENS.

[9] *Whoſe* mother *was her* painting,] *Some jay of Italy,* made by art; the creature, not of nature, but of painting. In this ſenſe *painting* may be not improperly termed her *mother.* JOHNSON.

I met with a ſimilar expreſſion in one of the old comedies, but forgot to note the date or name of the piece: "—a parcel of conceited feather-caps, *whoſe fathers were their garments.*" STEEVENS.

In *All's well that ends well,* we have—

"—— whoſe judgments are
"Mere *fathers of their garments.*" MALONE.

Whoſe mother was her painting,] i. e. her likeneſs. HARRIS.

[1] *Poor I am ſtale,* a garment out of faſhion;] This image occurs in *Weſtward for Smelts,* 1620, immediately at the concluſion of the tale on which our play is founded: "But (ſaid the Brainford fiſh-wife) I like her *as a garment out of faſhion.*" STEEVENS.

[2] *And, for I am* richer *than to* hang by the walls,
I muſt be ripp'd:] To *hang by the walls,* does not mean, to be converted into *hangings for a room,* but to be *hung up,* as uſeleſs, among the neglected contents of a *wardrobe.* So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

"That have, like unſcour'd armour, *hung by the wall.*"

Men's vows are women's traitors! All good ſeeming,
By thy revolt, O huſband, ſhall be thought
Put on for villainy; not born, where't grows;
But worn, a bait for ladies.

Pis. Good madam, hear me.

Imo. True honeſt men being heard, like falſe Æneas,
Were, in his time, thought falſe: and Sinon's weeping
Did ſcandal many a holy tear; took pity
From moſt true wretchedneſs: So, thou, Poſthúmus,
Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;[3]

When, a boy, at an ancient manſion-houſe in Suffolk, I ſaw one of theſe repoſitories, which (thanks to a ſucceſſion of old maids!) had been preſerved, with ſuperſtitious reverence, for almoſt a century and a half.

Clothes were not formerly, as at preſent, made of ſlight materials, were not kept in drawers, or given away as ſoon as lapſe of time or change of faſhion had impaired their value. On the contrary, they were hung up on wooden pegs in a room appropriated to the ſole purpoſe of receiving them; and though ſuch caſt-off things as were compoſed of *rich* ſubſtances, were occaſionally *ripped* for domeſtick uſes, (viz. mantles for infants, veſts for children, and counterpanes for beds,) articles of inferior quality were ſuffered to *hang by the walls*, till age and moths had deſtroyed what pride would not permit to be worn by ſervants or poor relations.

"Comitem horridulum tritâ donare lacerna,"

ſeems not to have been cuſtomary among our anceſtors.—When Queen Elizabeth died, ſhe was found to have left above three thouſand dreſſes behind her; and there is yet in the wardrobe of Covent-Garden Theatre, a rich ſuit of clothes that once belonged to King James I. When I ſaw it laſt, it was on the back of Juſtice Greedy, a character in Maſſinger's *New Way to pay old Debts*. STEEVENS.

[3] *Wilt lay the leaven on all proper men;* &c.] i. e. ſays Mr. Upton, "wilt infect and corrupt their good name, (like ſour dough that leaveneth the whole maſs,) and wilt render them ſuſpected." In the line below he would read—*fall*, inſtead of *fail*. So, in *King Henry V.*

Goodly, and gallant, ſhall be falſe, and perjur'd,
From thy great fail.—Come, fellow, be thou honeſt:
Do thou thy maſter's bidding: When thou ſee'ſt him,
A little witneſs my obedience: Look!
I draw the ſword myſelf: take it; and hit
The innocent manſion of my love, my heart:
Fear not; 'tis empty of all things, but grief:
Thy maſter is not there; who was, indeed,
The riches of it: Do his bidding; ſtrike.
Thou may'ſt be valiant in a better cauſe;
But now thou ſeem'ſt a coward.

Pis. Hence, vile inſtrument!
Thou ſhalt not damn my hand.

Imo. Why, I muſt die;
And if I do not by thy hand, thou art
No ſervant of thy maſter's: Againſt ſelf-ſlaughter[4]
There is a prohibition ſo divine,
That cravens my weak hand.[5] Come, here's my heart;

" And thus thy *fall* hath left a kind of blot
" To mark the full-fraught man, and beſt-indued,
" With ſome ſuſpicion."
I think the text is right. MALONE.

So, in *The Winter's Tale*:
" ——— for the *fail*
" Of any point" &c. STEEVENS.

[4] *Againſt ſelf-ſlaughter* &c.] So again, in *Hamlet*:
" ——— the Everlaſting —— fix'd
" His canon 'gainſt ſelf-ſlaughter." STEEVENS.

[5] *That* cravens *my weak hand.*] i. e. makes me a coward. POPE.

That makes me *afraid* to put an end to my own life. See Vol. IX. p. 85, n. 4. MALONE.

Something's afore't :[6]—Soft, ſoft; we'll no defence;
Obedient as the ſcabbard.—What is here?
The ſcriptures[7] of the loyal Leonatus,
All turn'd to hereſy? Away, away,
Corrupters of my faith! you ſhall no more
Be ſtomachers to my heart! Thus may poor fools
Believe falſe teachers: Though thoſe that are betray'd
Do feel the treaſon ſharply, yet the traitor
Stands in worſe caſe of woe.
And thou, Poſthúmus, thou that[8] did'ſt ſet up
My diſobedience 'gainſt the king my father,
And make me put into contempt the ſuits
Of princely fellows, ſhalt hereafter find
It is no act of common paſſage, but
A ſtrain of rareneſs: and I grieve myſelf,
To think, when thou ſhalt be diſedg'd[9] by her
That now thou tir'ſt on,[1] how thy memory
Will then be pang'd by me.—Pr'ythee, deſpatch:
The lamb entreats the butcher: Where's thy knife?

[6] *Something's* afore't:] The old copy reads—Something's *a-foot*. JOHNSON.

The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. MALONE.

[7] *The* ſcriptures—] So, Ben Jonſon, in *The Sad Shepherd*:
" The lover's *ſcriptures*, Heliodore's, or Tatius'."
Shakſpeare, however, means in this place, an oppoſition between *ſcripture*, in its common ſignification, and *hereſy*. STEEVENS.

[8] —— thou *that*—] The ſecond *thou*, which is not in the old copies, has been added for the ſake of recovering metre. STEEVENS.

[9] —— *diſedg'd*,] So, in *Hamlet*: " It would coſt you a groaning, to *take off mine edge*." STEEVENS.

[1] *That now thou* tir'ſt *on*,] A hawk is ſaid to *tire* upon that which ſhe pecks; from *tirer*, French. JOHNSON.

See Vol. IX. p. 276, n. 2. STEEVENS.

Thou art too ſlow to do thy maſter's bidding,
When I deſire it too.

Pis. O gracious lady,
Since I receiv'd command to do this buſineſs,
I have not ſlept one wink.

Imo. Do't, and to bed then.

Pis. I'll wake mine eye-balls blind firſt.[2]

Imo. Wherefore then
Didſt undertake it? Why haſt thou abus'd
So many miles, with a pretence? this place?
Mine action, and thine own? our horſes' labour?
The time inviting thee? the perturb'd court,
For my being abſent; whereunto I never
Purpoſe return? Why haſt thou gone ſo far,
To be unbent,[3] when thou haſt ta'en thy ſtand,

[2] *I'll* wake *mine eye-balls* blind *firſt.*] [In the old copies, the word—*blind* is wanting.] The modern editions for *wake* read *break,* and ſupply the deficient ſyllable by—*Ah* wherefore. I read—I'll wake mine eye-balls *out* firſt, or, *blind* firſt.
JOHNSON.

Sir Thomas Hanmer had made the ſame emendation.
MALONE.

Dr. Johnſon's conjecture (which I have inſerted in the text,) may receive ſupport from the following paſſage in *The Bugbears,* a MS. comedy more ancient than the play before us:

" ——— I doubte
" Leaſt for lacke of my ſlepe I ſhall *watche my eyes oute.*"

Again, in *The Revenger's Tragedy,* 1608:

" —— A piteous tragedy! able to *wake*
" An old man's eyes blood-ſhot."

Again, in *The Roaring Girl,* 1611: " —— I'll ride to Oxford, and *watch out mine eyes,* but I'll hear the brazen head ſpeak."
STEEVENS.

Again, as Mr. Steevens has obſerved in a note on *The Rape of Lucrece:*

" Here ſhe exclaims againſt *repoſe* and *reſt;*
" And bids her *eyes* hereafter ſtill be *blind.*" MALONE.

[3] *To be unbent,*] To have thy bow unbent, alluding to an hunter. JOHNSON.

The elected deer before thee?[4]

Pis. But to win time
To loſe ſo bad employment: in the which
I have conſider'd of a courſe; Good lady,
Hear me with patience.

Imo. Talk thy tongue weary; ſpeak:
I have heard, I am a ſtrumpet; and mine ear,
Therein falſe ſtruck, can take no greater wound,
Nor tent to bottom that. But ſpeak.

Pis. Then, madam,
I thought you would not back again.

Imo. Moſt like;
Bringing me here to kill me.

Pis. Not ſo, neither:
But if I were as wiſe as honeſt, then
My purpoſe would prove well. It cannot be,
But that my maſter is abus'd:
Some villain, ay, and ſingular in his art,
Hath done you both this curſed injury.

Imo. Some Roman courtezan.

Pis. No, on my life.
I'll give but notice you are dead, and ſend him
Some bloody ſign of it; for 'tis commanded
I ſhould do ſo: You ſhall be miſs'd at court,
And that will well confirm it.

Imo. Why, good fellow,
What ſhall I do the while? Where bide? How live?
Or in my life what comfort, when I am

[4] —— *when* thou haſt ta'en thy ſtand,
The elected deer *before thee?*] So, in one of our author's poems, *Paſſionate Pilgrim*, 1599:
"When as thine eye hath choſe the dame,
"And *ſtall'd the deer that thou ſhould'ſt ſtrike.*"
MALONE.

Dead to my huſband?

Pis. If you'll back to the court,—

Imo. No court, no father; nor no more ado
With that harſh, noble, ſimple, nothing:[5]
That Cloten, whoſe love-ſuit hath been to me
As fearful as a ſiege.

Pis. If not at court,
Then not in Britain muſt you bide.

Imo. Where then?[6]
Hath Britain all the ſun that ſhines?[7] Day, night,

[5] *With that harſh, noble,* &c.] Some epithet of two ſyllables has here been omitted by the compoſitor; for which, having but one copy, it is now vain to ſeek. MALONE.

Perhaps the poet wrote:
With that harſh, noble, ſimple, nothing, Cloten;
That Cloten, &c. STEEVENS.

[6] *Where then?*] Hanmer has added theſe two words to Piſanio's ſpeech. MALONE.

[7] Where *then?*
Hath Britain all the ſun that ſhines?] The reſt of Imogen's ſpeech induces me to think that we ought to read "*What* then?" inſtead of "*Where* then?" The reaſon of the change is evident. M. MASON.

Perhaps Imogen ſilently anſwers her own queſtion: "*any where.* Hath Britain" &c.

Shakſpeare ſeems here to have had in his thoughts a paſſage in Lyly's *Euphues,* 1580, which he has imitated in *K. Richard II:* "Nature hath given to man a country no more than ſhe hath houſe, or lands, or living. Plato would never account him baniſhed, that had the *ſunne,* ayre, water, and earth, that he had before; where he felt the winter's blaſt, and the ſummer's blaze; where the ſame ſunne and the ſame moone ſhined; whereby he noted, that every place was a country to a wiſe man, and all parts a palace to a quiet mind. But thou art driven out of Naples: that is nothing. All the Athenians dwell not in Colliton, nor every Corinthian in Greece, nor all the Lacedemonians in Pitania. How can any part of the world be diſtant far from the other, when as the mathematicians ſet downe that the earth is but a point compared to the heavens?" MALONE.

Are they not but in Britain? I'the world's volume
Our Britain ſeems as of it, but not in it;
In a great pool, a ſwan's neſt; Pr'ythee, think
There's livers out of Britain.[8]

Pis. I am moſt glad
You think of other place. The embaſſador,
Lucius the Roman, comes to Milford-Haven
To-morrow: Now, if you could wear a mind
Dark as your fortune is;[9] and but diſguiſe
That, which, to appear itſelf, muſt not yet be,
But by ſelf-danger; you ſhould tread a courſe
Pretty, and full of view:[1] yea, haply, near
The reſidence of Poſthumus: ſo nigh, at leaſt,
That though his actions were not viſible, yet
Report ſhould render him hourly to your ear,
As truly as he moves.

Imo. O, for ſuch means!
Though peril to my modeſty,[2] not death on't,
I would adventure.

[8] *There's livers out of Britain.*] So, in *Coriolanus*:
"There is a world elſewhere." STEEVENS.

[9] —— *Now, if you could wear a* mind
Dark as your fortune is;] To wear a *dark mind*, is to carry a mind impenetrable to the ſearch of others. *Darkneſs*, applied to the *mind*, is *ſecrecy*; applied to the *fortune*, is *obſcurity*. The next lines are obſcure. *You muſt*, ſays Piſanio, *diſguiſe that* greatneſs, *which, to appear* hereafter *in its proper form*, cannot yet appear without great *danger to itſelf*. JOHNSON.

[1] ——*full of view*:] With opportunities of examining your affairs with your own eyes. JOHNSON.

Full of view may mean—affording an *ample proſpect*, a *complete* opportunity of diſcerning circumſtances which it is your intereſt to know. Thus, in *Pericles*, "*Full of face*" appears to ſignify—*amply beautiful*; and Duncan aſſures Banquo that he will labour to make him "*full of growing*," i. e. of *ample growth*. STEEVENS.

[2] Though *peril to my modeſty*,] I read—*Through* peril. *I*

Pis. Well then, here's the point:
You muſt forget to be a woman; change
Command into obedience; fear, and niceneſs,
(The handmaids of all women, or, more truly,
Woman its pretty ſelf,) to[3] a waggiſh courage;
Ready in gibes, quick-anſwer'd, ſaucy, and
As quarrellous as the weaſel;[4] nay, you muſt
Forget that rareſt treaſure of your cheek,
Expoſing it (but, O, the harder heart!
Alack no remedy![5]) to the greedy touch
Of common-kiſſing Titan;[6] and forget

would for ſuch means adventure through *peril of modeſty*; I would riſque every thing but real diſhonour. JOHNSON.

[3] —— *to* —] Old copies, unmetrically,—*into*. STEEVENS.

[4] *As quarrellous as the* weaſel:] So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

" A *weaſel* hath not ſuch a deal of ſpleen
" As you are toſs'd with."

This character of the *weaſel* is not warranted by naturaliſts. *Weaſels*, however, were formerly kept in houſes inſtead of cats, for the purpoſe of killing vermin. So, Phædrus, IV. i. 10:

" *Muſtela*, quum annis et ſenecta debilis,
" *Mures* veloces non valeret adſequi."

Again, Lib. IV. 5. 3.

" Quum victi *mures muſtelarum exercitu*—
" Fugerent," &c.

Our poet, therefore, while a boy, might have had frequent opportunities to aſcertain their diſpoſition. In Congreve's *Love for Love*, (the ſcene of which is in London,) old *Foreſight* talks of having " met a *weaſel*." It would now be difficult to find one at liberty throughout the whole county of Middleſex. " Frivola hæc fortaſſis cuipiam et nimis levia eſſe videantur, ſed curioſitas nihil recuſat." *Vopiſcus in Vita Aureliani*, c. x. STEEVENS.

[5] *Expoſing it (but, O, the harder* heart!
Alack, no remedy!)] I think it very natural to reflect in this diſtreſs on the cruelty of Poſthumus. Dr. Warburton propoſes to read:

—— *the harder* hap! JOHNSON.

[6] —— common-kiſſing *Titan*;] Thus, in *Othello*:

" The bawdy wind that *kiſſes all it meets* ——."

Your labourſome and dainty trims, wherein
You made great Juno angry.

Imo. Nay, be brief:
I ſee into thy end, and am almoſt
A man already.

Pis. Firſt, make yourſelf but like one.
Fore-thinking this, I have already fit,
('Tis in my cloak-bag,) doublet, hat, hoſe, all
That anſwer to them: Would you, in their ſerving,
And with what imitation you can borrow
From youth of ſuch a ſeaſon, 'fore noble Lucius
Preſent yourſelf, deſire his ſervice, tell him
Wherein you are happy,[7] (which you'll make him know,[8]
If that his head have ear in muſick,) doubtleſs,
With joy he will embrace you; for he's honourable,
And, doubling that, moſt holy. Your means abroad[9]

Again, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Lib. III: "—— and beautifull might have been, if they had not ſuffered greedy *Phœbus*, over-often and hard, to *kiſſe* them." STEEVENS.

[7] *Wherein you are* happy,] i. e. wherein you are *accompliſhed*. STEEVENS.

[8] —— *which* you'll *make him* know,] This is Sir T. Hanmer's reading. The common books have it:

——*which* will *make him* know,——.

Mr. Theobald, in one of his long notes, endeavours to prove that it ſhould be:

——*which* will *make him ſo*,——

He is followed by Dr. Warburton. JOHNSON.

The words were probably written at length in the manuſcript, *you will*, and *you* omitted at the preſs: or *will* was printed for *we'll*. MALONE.

[9] —— *your means abroad* &c.] As for your ſubſiſtence abroad, you may rely on me. So, in ſc. v: "—— thou ſhould'ſt neither want my *means* for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment." MALONE.

You have me, rich; and I will never fail
Beginning, nor ſupplyment.

Imo. Thou art all the comfort
The gods will diet me with.[1] Pr'ythee, away:
There's more to be conſider'd; but we'll even
All that good time will give us:[2] This attempt
I'm ſoldier to,[3] and will abide it with
A prince's courage. Away, I pr'ythee.

Pis. Well, madam, we muſt take a ſhort farewell;
Leſt, being miſs'd, I be ſuſpected of
Your carriage from the court. My noble miſtreſs,
Here is a box: I had it from the queen;[4]
What's in't is precious; if you are ſick at ſea,
Or ſtomach-qualm'd at land, a dram of this
Will drive away diſtemper.—To ſome ſhade,

[1] —— diet *me with.*] Alluding to the ſpare regimen preſcribed in ſome diſeaſes. So, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*: "—— to faſt, like one that takes *diet.*" STEEVENS.

[2] —————— *we'll* even
All that good time will give us:] We'll make our work *even* with our *time*; we'll do what time will allow. JOHNSON.

[3] —————— *This attempt*
I'm ſoldier to,] i. e. I have inliſted and bound myſelf to it. WARBURTON.

Rather, I think, I am equal to this attempt; I have enough of *ardour* to undertake it. MALONE.

Mr. Malone's explanation is undoubtedly juſt. *I'm ſoldier to,* is equivalent to the modern cant phraſe—*I am up to it,* i. e. I have ability for it. STEEVENS.

[4] *Here is a* box; *I had it from the queen*;] Inſtead of this box, the modern editors have in a former ſcene made the Queen give Piſanio a *vial,* which is dropped on the ſtage, without being broken. See Act I. ſc. vi.

In *Pericles,* Cerimon, in order to recover Thaiſa, calls for all *the boxes* in his cloſet. MALONE.

And fit you to your manhood:—May the gods
Direct you to the beſt!

Imo. Amen: I thank thee.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

A Room in Cymbeline's *Palace.*

Enter CYMBELINE, Queen, CLOTEN, LUCIUS, *and* Lords.

Cym. Thus far; and ſo farewell.

Luc. Thanks, royal ſir.
My emperor hath wrote; I muſt from hence;
And am right ſorry, that I muſt report ye
My maſter's enemy.

Cym. Our ſubjects, ſir,
Will not endure his yoke; and for ourſelf
To ſhow leſs ſovereignty than they, muſt needs
Appear unkinglike.

Luc. So, ſir, I deſire of you[5]
A conduct over land, to Milford-Haven.—
Madam, all joy befal your grace, and you![6]

[5] *So, ſir, I deſire* of you—] The two laſt words are, in my opinion, very properly omitted by Sir Thomas Hanmer, as they only ſerve to derange the metre. STEEVENS.

[6] —— *all joy befal* your *grace, and you!*] I think we ſhould read—*his* grace, and you. MALONE.

Perhaps our author wrote:

——— *your grace, and* yours!

i. e. your relatives. So, in *Macbeth:*

"And beggar'd *yours* for ever." STEEVENS.

Cym. My lords, you are appointed for that office;
The due of honour in no point omit:—
So, farewell, noble Lucius.

Luc. Your hand, my lord.

Clo. Receive it friendly: but from this time forth
I wear it as your enemy.

Luc. Sir, the event
Is yet to name the winner: Fare you well.

Cym. Leave not the worthy Lucius, good my lords,
Till he have croſs'd the Severn.—Happineſs!
[*Exeunt* Lucius, *and* Lords.

Queen. He goes hence frowning: but it honours us,
That we have given him cauſe.

Clo. 'Tis all the better;
Your valiant Britons have their wiſhes in it.

Cym. Lucius hath wrote already to the emperor
How it goes here. It fits us therefore, ripely,
Our chariots and our horſemen be in readineſs:
The powers that he already hath in Gallia
Will ſoon be drawn to head, from whence he moves
His war for Britain.

Queen. 'Tis not ſleepy buſineſs;
But muſt be look'd to ſpeedily, and ſtrongly.

Cym. Our expectation that it would be thus,
Hath made us forward. But, my gentle queen,
Where is our daughter? She hath not appear'd
Before the Roman, nor to us hath tender'd
The duty of the day: She looks us like
A thing more made of malice, than of duty;

We have noted it.—Call her before us; for
We have been too ſlight in ſufferance.

[*Exit an* Attendant.

Queen. Royal ſir,
Since the exile of Poſthumus, moſt retir'd
Hath her life been; the cure whereof, my lord,
'Tis time muſt do. 'Beſeech your majeſty,
Forbear ſharp ſpeeches to her: She's a lady
So tender of rebukes, that words are ſtrokes,
And ſtrokes death to her.

Re-enter an Attendant.

Cym. Where is ſhe, ſir? How
Can her contempt be anſwer'd?

Atten. Pleaſe you, ſir,
Her chambers are all lock'd; and there's no anſwer
That will be given to the loud'ſt of noiſe we make.

Queen. My lord, when laſt I went to viſit her,
She pray'd me to excuſe her keeping cloſe;
Whereto conſtrain'd by her infirmity,
She ſhould that duty leave unpaid to you,
Which daily ſhe was bound to proffer: this
She wiſh'd me to make known; but our great court
Made me to blame in memory.

Cym. Her doors lock'd?
Not ſeen of late? Grant, heavens, that, which I fear,
Prove falſe! [*Exit.*

Queen. Son, I ſay, follow the king.[7]

[7] *Son, I ſay, follow the king.*] Some word neceſſary to the metre, is here omitted. We might read:
Go, *ſon, I ſay; follow the king* Steevens.

Clo. That man of hers, Piſanio, her old ſervant,
I have not ſeen theſe two days.

Queen. Go, look after.—
[*Exit* Cloten.
Piſanio, thou that ſtand'ſt ſo for Poſthúmus!—
He hath a drug of mine: I pray, his abſence
Proceed by ſwallowing that; for he believes
It is a thing moſt precious. But for her,
Where is ſhe gone? Haply, deſpair hath ſeiz'd her;
Or, wing'd with fervour of her love, ſhe's flown
To her deſir'd Poſthúmus: Gone ſhe is
To death, or to diſhonour; and my end
Can make good uſe of either: She being down,
I have the placing of the Britiſh crown.

Re-enter Cloten.

How now, my ſon?

Clo. 'Tis certain, ſhe is fled:
Go in, and cheer the king; he rages; none
Dare come about him.

Queen. All the better: May
This night foreſtall him of the coming day![8]
[*Exit* Queen.

Clo. I love, and hate her: for ſhe's fair and royal;
And that ſhe hath all courtly parts more exquiſite
Than lady, ladies, woman;[9] from every one

[8] ——— *May*
This night foreſtall *him of the coming day!*] i. e. May his grief this night prevent him from ever ſeeing another day, by an anticipated and premature deſtruction! So, in Milton's *Maſque:*
"Perhaps *fore-ſtalling night* prevented them."
Malone.

[9] *And that ſhe hath all courtly parts more exquiſite*
Than lady, ladies, woman;] *She has all courtly parts,* ſays

The beſt ſhe hath,[1] and ſhe, of all compounded,
Outſells them all: I love her therefore; But,
Diſdaining me, and throwing favours on
The low Poſthúmus, ſlanders ſo her judgment,
That what's elſe rare, is chok'd; and, in that point,
I will conclude to hate her, nay, indeed,
To be reveng'd upon her. For, when fools

Enter PISANIO.

Shall—Who is here? What! are you packing, ſirrah?
Come hither: Ah, you precious pandar! Villain,
Where is thy lady! In a word; or elſe
Thou art ſtraightway with the fiends.

PIS. O, good my lord!

CLO. Where is thy lady? or, by Jupiter
I will not aſk again. Cloſe villain,[2]
I'll have this ſecret from thy heart, or rip
Thy heart to find it. Is ſhe with Poſthúmus?
From whoſe ſo many weights of baſeneſs cannot
A dram of worth be drawn.

PIS. Alas, my lord,

he, *more exquiſite than* any *lady,* than all *ladies,* than all *womankind.* JOHNSON.

There is a ſimilar paſſage in *All's well that ends well,* Act II. ſc. iii: "To any count; to all counts; to what is man."
TOLLET.

[1] ——— *from every one*
The beſt ſhe hath,] So, in *The Tempeſt:*
"——— but you, O you,
"So perfect and ſo peerleſs, are created
"Of every creature's beſt." MALONE.

[2] —— *Cloſe villain,*] A ſyllable being here wanting to complete the meaſure, perhaps we ought to read:
——— *Cloſe villain,* thou,——. STEEVENS.

How can ſhe be with him? When was ſhe miſs'd?
He is in Rome.

Clo. Where is ſhe, ſir? Come nearer;
No further halting: ſatisfy me home,
What is become of her?

Pis. O, my all-worthy lord!

Clo. All-worthy villain!
Diſcover where thy miſtreſs is, at once,
At the next word,—No more of worthy lord,—
Speak, or thy ſilence on the inſtant is
Thy condemnation and thy death.

Pis. Then, ſir,
This paper is the hiſtory of my knowledge
Touching her flight. [*Preſenting a Letter.*

Clo. Let's ſee't:—I will purſue her
Even to Auguſtus' throne.

Pis. Or this, or periſh.[3] *Aſide.*
She's far enough; and what he learns by this,
May prove his travel, not her danger.

[3] *Or this, or periſh.*] Theſe words, I think, belong to Cloten, who requiring the paper, ſays:

Let's ſee't:—I will purſue her
Even to Auguſtus' throne. Or this, or periſh.

Then Piſanio giving the paper, ſays to himſelf:

She's far enough; &c. JOHNSON.

I own I am of a different opinion. *Or this, or periſh*, properly belongs to Piſanio, who ſays to himſelf, as he gives the paper into the hands of Cloten, *I muſt either give it him freely, or periſh in my attempt to keep it*; or elſe the words may be conſidered as a reply to Cloten's boaſt of following her to the throne of Auguſtus, and are added ſlily: *You will either do what you ſay, or periſh, which is the more probable of the two.*—The ſubſequent remark, however, of Mr. Henley, has taught me diffidence in my attempt to juſtify the arrangement of the old copies. STEEVENS.

Clo. Humph!

Pis. I'll write to my lord ſhe's dead. O Imogen, Safe may'ſt thou wander, ſafe return again!

[*Aſide.*

Clo. Sirrah, is this letter true?

Pis. Sir, as I think.

Clo. It is Poſthumus' hand; I know't.—Sirrah, if thou would'ſt not be a villain, but do me true ſervice; undergo thoſe employments, wherein I ſhould have cauſe to uſe thee, with a ſerious induſtry,—that is, what villainy ſo'er I bid thee do, to perform it, directly and truly,—I would think thee an honeſt man: thou ſhouldeſt neither want my means for thy relief, nor my voice for thy preferment.

Pis. Well, my good lord.

Clo. Wilt thou ſerve me? For ſince patiently

I cannot but think Dr. Johnſon in the right, from the account of this tranſaction Piſanio afterwards gave:

" ——————— Lord Cloten,
" Upon my lady's miſſing, came to me,
" With his ſword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and ſwore
" If I diſcovered not which way ſhe was gone,
" *It was my inſtant death:* By accident,
" I had a *feigned letter* of my maſter's
" Then in my pocket, which directed him
" To ſeek her on the mountains near to Milford."

But if the words, *Or this, or periſh,* belong to Piſanio, as the letter was *feigned,* they muſt have been ſpoken out, not aſide.

HENLEY.

Cloten knew not, till it was tendered, that Piſanio had ſuch a letter as he now preſents; there could therefore be no queſtion concerning his giving it *freely* or *with-holding* it.

Theſe words, in my opinion, relate to Piſanio's preſent conduct, and they mean, I think, "I muſt either *practiſe this deceit* upon Cloten, or periſh by his fury." MALONE.

and conſtantly thou haſt ſtuck to the bare fortune of that beggar Poſthumus, thou canſt not in the courſe of gratitude but be a diligent follower of mine. Wilt thou ſerve me?

Pis. Sir, I will.

Clo. Give me thy hand, here's my purſe. Haſt any of thy late maſter's garments in thy poſſeſſion?

Pis. I have, my lord, at my lodging, the ſame ſuit he wore when he took leave of my lady and miſtreſs.

Clo. The firſt ſervice thou doſt me, fetch that ſuit hither: let it be thy firſt ſervice; go.

Pis. I ſhall, my lord. [*Exit.*

Clo. Meet thee at Milford-Haven:—I forgot to aſk him one thing; I'll remember't anon:—Even there thou villain, Poſthumus, will I kill thee.—I would, theſe garments were come. She ſaid upon a time, (the bitterneſs of it I now belch from my heart,) that ſhe held the very garment of Poſthumus in more reſpect than my noble and natural perſon, together with the adornment of my qualities. With that ſuit upon my back, will I raviſh her: Firſt kill him, and in her eyes; there ſhall ſhe ſee my valour, which will then be a torment to her contempt. He on the ground, my ſpeech of inſultment ended on his dead body,—and when my luſt hath dined, (which, as I ſay, to vex her, I will execute in the clothes that ſhe ſo praiſed,) to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again. She hath deſpiſed me rejoicingly, and I'll be merry in my revenge.

Re-enter PISANIO, *with the Clothes.*

Be thoſe the garments?

Pis. Ay, my noble lord.

Clo. How long is't ſince ſhe went to Milford-Haven?

Pis. She can ſcarce be there yet.

Clo. Bring this apparel to my chamber; that is the ſecond thing that I have commanded thee: the third is, that thou ſhalt be a voluntary mute to my deſign. Be but duteous, and true preferment ſhall tender itſelf to thee.—My revenge is now at Milford; 'Would I had wings to follow it!—Come, and be true. [*Exit.*

Pis. Thou bidd'ſt me to my loſs: for, true to thee,
Were to prove falſe, which I will never be,
To him that is moſt true.[4]—To Milford go,
And find not her whom thou purſu'ſt. Flow, flow,
You heavenly bleſſings, on her! This fool's ſpeed
Be croſs'd with flowneſs; labour be his meed!
[*Exit.*

[4] *To him that is* moſt true.] Piſanio, notwithſtanding his maſter's letter, commanding the murder of Imogen, conſiders him as *true*, ſuppoſing, as he has already ſaid to her, that Poſthumus was abuſed by ſome villain, equally an enemy to them both. MALONE.

SCENE VI.

Before the Cave of Belarius.

Enter IMOGEN, *in Boy's Clothes.*

Imo. I ſee, a man's life is a tedious one:
I have tir'd myſelf; and for two nights together
Have made the ground my bed. I ſhould be ſick,
But that my reſolution helps me.—Milford,
When from the mountain-top Piſanio ſhow'd thee,
Thou waſt within a ken: O Jove! I think,
Foundations fly the wretched:[5] ſuch, I mean,
Where they ſhould be reliev'd. Two beggars told me,
I could not miſs my way: Will poor folks lie,
That have afflictions on them; knowing 'tis
A puniſhment, or trial? Yes; no wonder,
When rich ones ſcarce tell true: To lapſe in fulneſs
Is ſorer,[6] than to lie for need; and falſehood
Is worſe in kings, than beggars.—My dear lord!
Thou art one o'the falſe ones: Now I think on thee,
My hunger's gone; but even before, I was
At point to ſink for food.—But what is this?
Here is a path to it: 'Tis ſome ſavage hold:
I were beſt not call;[7] I dare not call: yet famine,

[5] *Foundations fly the wretched:*] Thus, in the fifth *Æneid*: "Italiam ſequimur *fugientem*." STEEVENS.

[6] *Is* ſorer,] Is a *greater*, or *heavier* crime. JOHNSON.

[7] I were *beſt not call*;] Mr. Pope was ſo little acquainted with the language of Shakſpeare's age, that inſtead of this the original reading, he ſubſtituted—*'Twere* beſt not call. MALONE.

Ere clean it o'erthrow nature, makes it valiant.
Plenty, and peace, breeds cowards; hardneſs ever
Of hardineſs is mother.—Ho! who's here?
If any thing that's civil,[8] ſpeak; if ſavage,
Take, or lend.[9]—Ho!—No anſwer? then I'll enter.

[8] *If any thing that's* civil,] *Civil,* for human creature. WARBURTON.

[9] *If any thing that's civil, ſpeak; if ſavage,*
Take, *or* lend.] I queſtion whether, after the words, *if ſavage,* a line be not loſt. I can offer nothing better than to read:

——— *Ho! who's here?*
If any thing that's civil, take *or* lend,
If ſavage, ſpeak.

If you are *civiliſed* and *peaceable, take* a price for what I want, or *lend* it for a future recompenſe; if you are *rough inhoſpitable* inhabitants of the mountain, *ſpeak,* that I may know my ſtate. JOHNSON.

It is by no means neceſſary to ſuppoſe that *ſavage hold* ſignifies the habitation of *a beaſt.* It may as well be uſed for the cave of a *ſavage,* or *wild man,* who, in the romances of the time, were repreſented as reſiding in the woods, like the famous *Orſon, Bremo* in the play of *Mucedorus,* or the ſavage in the ſeventh canto of the fourth Book of Spenſer's *Fairy Queen,* and the ſixth B. c. 4. STEEVENS.

Steevens is right in ſuppoſing that the word *ſavage* does not mean, in this place, a *wild beaſt,* but a *brutiſh man,* and in that ſenſe it is oppoſed to *civil:* in the former ſenſe, the word *human* would have been oppoſed to it, not *civil.* So, in the next Act, Imogen ſays:

" Our courtiers ſay, all's *ſavage* but at court."

And in *As you like it,* Orlando ſays:

" I thought that all things had been *ſavage* here."

M. MASON.

The meaning, I think, is, If any one reſides here that is accuſtomed to the modes of civil life, anſwer me; but if this be the habitation of a wild and uncultivated man, or of one baniſhed from ſociety, that will enter into no converſe, let him at leaſt *ſilently* furniſh me with enough to ſupport me, accepting a price for it, or giving it to me without a price, in conſideration of future recompenſe. Dr. Johnſon's interpretation of the words *take,* or *lend,* is ſupported by what Imogen ſays afterwards:

Beſt draw my ſword[1] and if mine enemy
But fear the ſword like me, he'll ſcarcely look on't.
Such a foe, good heavens!

[*She goes into the Cave.*

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

BEL. You, Polydore, have prov'd beſt woodman,[2] and
Are maſter of the feaſt: Cadwal, and I,
Will play the cook and ſervant; 'tis our match:[3]
The ſweat of induſtry would dry, and die,
But for the end it works to. Come; our ſtomachs
Will make what's homely, ſavoury: Wearineſs
Can ſnore upon the flint, when reſtive ſloth[4]

" Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
" To have *begg'd*, or *bought*, what I have took."

but ſuch licentious alterations as transferring words from one line to another, and tranſpoſing the words thus transferred, ought, in my apprehenſion, never to be admitted. MALONE.

[1] Beſt draw, *my ſword*;] As elliptically, Milton, where the 2nd brother in *Comus* ſays:

" *Beſt draw*, and ſtand upon our guard." STEEVENS.

[2] ——*woodman*,] A *woodman*, in its common acceptation (as in the preſent inſtance) ſignifies a *hunter*. For the particular and original meaning of the word, ſee Mr. Reed's note in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, Vol. VI. p. 372, n. 8. STEEVENS.

So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

" He is no *woodman* that doth bend his bow
" Againſt a poor unſeaſonable doe." MALONE.

[3] ——*'tis our* match:] i. e. our compact. See p. 519, l. 19. STEEVENS.

[4] ——*when* reſtive *ſloth*—] *Reſty* ſignified, mouldy, rank. See Minſheu, in v. The word is yet uſed in the North. Perhaps, however, it is here uſed in the ſame ſenſe in which it is applied to a horſe. MALONE.

Reſtive, in the preſent inſtance, I believe, means unquiet, ſhifting its poſture, like a reſtive horſe. STEEVENS.

Finds the down pillow hard.—Now, peace be here,
Poor houſe, that keep'ſt thyſelf!

Gui. I am throughly weary.

Arv. I am weak with toil, yet ſtrong in appetite.

Gui. There is cold meat i'the cave; we'll browze on that,
Whilſt what we have kill'd be cook'd.

Bel. Stay; come not in: [*Looking in.*
But that it eats our victuals, I ſhould think
Here were a fairy.

Gui. What's the matter, ſir?

Bel. By Jupiter, an angel! or, if not,
An earthly paragon![5]—Behold divineneſs
No elder than a boy!

Enter Imogen.

Imo. Good maſters, harm me not:
Before I enter'd here, I call'd; and thought
To have begg'd, or bought, what I have took: Good troth,
I have ſtolen nought; nor would not, though I had found
Gold ſtrew'd o'the floor.[6] Here's money for my meat:
I would have left it on the board, ſo ſoon
As I had made my meal; and parted[7]

[5] *An earthly paragon!*] The ſame phraſe has already occurred in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona:*

"No; but ſhe is *an earthly paragon.*" Steevens.

[6] ——o'the *floor.*] Old copy—*i'the* floor. Corrected by Sir T. Hanmer. Malone.

[7] —— *and parted*—] A ſyllable being here wanting to the

With prayers for the provider.

Gui. Money, youth?

Arv. All gold and ſilver rather turn to dirt!
As 'tis no better reckon'd, but of thoſe
Who worſhip dirty gods.

Imo. I ſee, you are angry:
Know, if you kill me for my fault, I ſhould
Have died, had I not made it.

Bel. Whither bound?

Imo. To Milford-Haven, ſir.[8]

Bel. What is your name?

Imo. Fidele, ſir: I have a kinſman, who
Is bound for Italy; he embark'd at Milford;
To whom being going, almoſt ſpent with hunger,
I am fallen in this offence.[9]

Bel. Pr'ythee, fair youth,
Think us no churls; nor meaſure our good minds
By this rude place we live in. Well encounter'd!
'Tis almoſt night: you ſhall have better cheer
Ere you depart; and thanks, to ſtay and eat it.—
Boys, bid him welcome.

Gui. Were you a woman, youth,
I ſhould woo hard, but be your groom.—In honeſty,

meaſure, we might read, with Sir Thomas Hanmer—and parted *thence*. Steevens.

[8] ——*ſir.*] This word, which is deficient in the old copies, has been ſupplied by ſome modern editor, for the ſake of metre. Steevens.

[9] *I am fallen* in *this offence.*] *In*, according to the ancient mode of writing, is here uſed inſtead of in*to*. Thus, in *Othello*:

"Fallen *in* the practice of a curſed ſlave."

Again, in *King Richard III*:

"But firſt, I'll turn yon fellow *in* his grave."

Steevens.

I bid for you, as I'd buy.[1]

Arv. I'll make't my comfort,
He is a man; I'll love him as my brother:—
And ſuch a welcome as I'd give to him,
After long abſence, ſuch as yours:—Moſt welcome!
Be ſprightly, for you fall 'mongſt friends.

Imo. 'Mongſt friends!
If brothers?—'Would it had been ſo, that they
Had been my father's ſons! then had my prize
Been leſs; and ſo more equal ballaſting[2]
To thee, Poſthúmus. *Aſide.*

[1] *I ſhould woo hard, but be your groom.—In honeſty,*
I bid for you, as I'd buy.] The old copy reads—as *I do* buy. The correction was made by Sir T. Hanmer. He reads unneceſſarily, *I'd* bid for you, &c. In the folio the line is thus pointed:

I ſhould woo hard, but be your groom in honeſty:
I bid for you," &c. MALONE.

I think this paſſage might be better read thus:

I ſhould woo hard, but be your groom.—In honeſty,
I bid for you, as I'd buy.

That is, I ſhould woo hard, but *I would* be your bridegroom. [And when I ſay that I ſhould *woo hard*, be aſſured tha.] in honeſty I bid for you, *only at the rate at which* I would purcha' you.
THIRWHITT.

[2] ——— *then had my* prize
Been leſs and ſo more equal ballaſting—] Sir T. Hanmer reads plauſibly, but without neceſſity, *price* for *prize*, and *la ncing* for *ballaſting*. He is followed by Dr. Warburton. The meaning is,—Had I been leſs a prize, I ſhould not have been too heavy for Poſthumus. JOHNSON.

The old reading is undoubtedly the true one. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. III.

" It is war's *prize* to take all vantages."

Again, *Ibidem:*

" Methinks, 'tis *prize* enough to be his ſon."

The ſame word occurs again in this play of *Cymbeline*, as well as in *Hamlet*. STEEVENS.

Bel. He wrings at ſome diſtreſs.[3]

Gui. 'Would, I could free't!

Arv. Or I; whate'er it be,
What pain it coſt, what danger! Gods!

Bel. Hark, boys.
[*Whiſpering.*

Imo. Great men,
That had a court no bigger than this cave,
That did attend themſelves, and had the virtue
Which their own conſcience ſeal'd them, (laying by
That nothing gift of differing multitudes,)[4]

Between *price* and *prize* the diſtinction was not always obſerved in our author's time, nor is it at this day; for who has not heard perſons above the vulgar confound them, and talk of high-*priz'd* and low-*priz'd* goods? Malone.

The ſenſe is, then had the prize thou haſt maſtered in me been leſs, and not have ſunk thee, as I have done, by over-lading thee. Heath.

[3] He *wrings* at ſome diſtreſs.] i. e. writhes with anguiſh. So, in our author's *Much Ado about Nothing:*

"To thoſe that *wring* under the load of ſorrow."

Again, in *Tom Tyler and his Wife*, bl. l.

"I think I have made the cullion to *wring*." Steevens.

[4] *That* nothing gift *of* differing *multitudes,*] The poet muſt mean, that court, that obſequious adoration, which the ſhifting vulgar pay to the great, is a tribute of no price or value. I am perſuaded therefore our poet coined this participle from the French verb, and wrote:

That nothing gift of defering *multitudes*:

i. e. obſequious, paying deference.——Deferer, *Ceder, par reſpect a quelqu'un, obeir, condeſcendre,* &c.—Deferent, *civil, reſpectueux,* &c. Richelet. Theobald.

He is followed by Sir Thomas Hanmer and Dr. Warburton; but I do not ſee why *differing* may not be a general epithet, and the expreſſion equivalent to the *many-headed* rabble. Johnson.

It certainly may; but then nothing is predicated of the many-headed multitude, unleſs we ſupply words that the text does not exhibit, "That worthleſs boon of the *differing* or many-headed multitude, [*attending upon them, and paying their court to*

Could not out-peer theſe twain. Pardon me, gods!
I'd change my ſex to be companion with them,
Since Leonatus falſe.[5]

Bel. It ſhall be ſo:
Boys, we'll go dreſs our hunt.—Fair youth, come in:
Diſcourſe is heavy, faſting; when we have ſupp'd,

them;]" or ſuppoſe the whole line to be a periphraſis for *adulation* or *obeiſance*.

There was no ſuch word as *defering* or *deferring* in Shakſpeare's time. "*Deferer* a une compaigne," Cotgrave, in his *Dictionary*, 1611, explains thus: "To yeeld, *referre*, or attribute much, unto a companie." Malone.

That *nothing gift* which the multitude are ſuppoſed to beſtow, is glory, reputation, which is a preſent of little value from their hands; as they are neither unanimous in giving it, nor conſtant in continuing it. Heath.

I believe the old to be the right reading. *Differing multitudes* means *unſteady multitudes*, who are continually changing their opinions, and condemn to-day what they yeſterday applauded.
M. Mason.

Mr. M. Maſon's explanation is juſt. So, in the Induction to *The Second Part of King Henry IV*:

"The ſtill *diſcordant, wav'ring* multitude."
Steevens.

[5] *Since Leonatus falſe.*] Mr. M. Maſon would read:

Since Leonatus is *falſe.*

but this conjecture is injurious to the metre. If we are to connect the words in queſtion with the preceding line, and ſuppoſe that Imogen has completed all ſhe meant to ſay, we might read:

Since Leonate is falſe.

Thus, for the convenience of verſification, Shakſpeare ſometimes calls Proſpero, Proſper, and Enobarbus, Enobarbe.
Steevens.

As Shakſpeare has uſed "thy *miſtreſs'* ear," and "*Menelaus'* tent," for thy *miſtreſſes* ear, and *Menelauſes* tent, ſo, with ſtill greater licence, he uſes—Since *Leonatus falſe*, for—Since Leonatus *is* falſe. Malone.

Of ſuch a licence, I believe, there is no example either in the works of Shakſpeare, or of any other author. Steevens.

We'll mannerly demand thee of thy ſtory,
So far as thou wilt ſpeak it.

Gui. Pray, draw near.

Arv. The night to the owl, and morn to the lark, leſs welcome.

Imo. Thanks, ſir.

Arv. I pray, draw near. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.

Rome.

Enter Two Senators *and* Tribunes.

1 *Sen.* This is the tenour of the emperor's writ;
That ſince the common men are now in action
'Gainſt the Pannonians and Dalmatians;
And that[6] the legions now in Gallia are
Full weak to undertake our wars againſt
The fallen-off Britons; that we do incite
The gentry to this buſineſs: He creates
Lucius pro-conſul: and to you the tribunes,
For this immediate levy, he commands
His abſolute commiſſion.[7] Long live Cæſar!

[6] *That ſince the common men are now in action*
'Gainſt the Pannonians and Dalmatians;
And that &c.] Theſe facts are hiſtorical. Steevens.

See p. 505, n. 9. Malone.

[7] ——— *and to you the tribunes,*
For this immediate levy, he commands
His abſolute commiſſion.] He *commands* the commiſſion to be given to you. So we ſay, I *ordered* the materials to the workmen. Johnson.

Tri. Is Lucius general of the forces?

2 *Sen.* Ay.

Tri. Remaining now in Gallia?

1 *Sen.* With thoſe legions
Which I have ſpoke of, whereunto your levy
Muſt be ſupplyant: The words of your commiſſion
Will tie you to the numbers, and the time
Of their deſpatch.

Tri. We will diſcharge our duty.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

The Foreſt, near the Cave.

Enter Cloten.

Clo. I am near to the place where they ſhould meet, if Piſanio have mapped it truly. How fit his garments ſerve me! Why ſhould his miſtreſs, who was made by him that made the tailor, not be fit too? the rather (ſaving reverence of the word) for[8] 'tis ſaid, a woman's fitneſs comes by fits. Therein I muſt play the workman. I dare ſpeak it to myſelf, (for it is not vain-glory, for a man and his glaſs to confer; in his own chamber, I mean,) the lines of my body are as well drawn as his; no leſs young, more ſtrong, not beneath him

[8] ——*for*—] i. e. becauſe. See p. 568, n. 4. Steevens.

in fortunes, beyond him in the advantage of the time, above him in birth, alike converſant in general ſervices, and more remarkable in ſingle oppoſitions :[9] yet this imperſeverant[1] thing loves him in my deſpite. What mortality is! Poſthumus, thy head, which now is growing upon thy ſhoulders, ſhall within this hour be off; thy miſtreſs enforced; thy garments cut to pieces before thy face:[2] and all this done, ſpurn her home to her father:[3] who may, haply, be a little angry for my ſo rough uſage: but my mother, having power of his teſtineſs, ſhall turn all into my commendations. My horſe is tied

[9] ——*in ſingle* oppoſitions :] In ſingle combat. So, in *King Henry IV.* P. I:

" In *ſingle oppoſition,* hand to hand,
" He did confound the beſt part of an hour,
" In changing hardiment with great Glendower."

An *oppoſite* was in Shakſpeare the common phraſe for an adverſary, or antagoniſt. See Vol. XIV. p. 521, n. 4. MALONE.

[1] ——*imperſeverant*—] Thus the former editions. Sir T. Hanmer reads—*ill-perſeverant.* JOHNSON.

Imperſeverant may mean no more than *perſeverant,* like *im*boſomed, *im*paſſioned, *im*-marked. STEEVENS.

[2] ——*before* thy *face*:] Poſthumus was to have his head ſtruck off, and then his garments cut to pieces before his face! We ſhould read—*her* face, i. e. Imogen's: done to deſpite her, who had ſaid, ſhe eſteemed Poſthumus's garment above the perſon of Cloten. WARBURTON.

Shakſpeare, who in *The Winter's Tale,* makes a Clown ſay: " If thou'lt ſee a thing to talk on after thou art dead," would not ſcruple to give the expreſſion in the text to ſo fantaſtick a character as Cloten. The garments of Poſthumus might indeed be cut to pieces *before his face,* though his head were off; no one, however, but Cloten, would conſider this circumſtance as any aggravation of the inſult. MALONE.

[3] ——*ſpurn her home to her father*;] Cloten ſeems to delight in rehearſing to himſelf his brutal intentions; for all this he has already ſaid in a former ſcene: " —and when my luſt hath dined,—to the court I'll knock her back, foot her home again." STEEVENS.

up ſafe: Out, ſword, and to a ſore purpoſe! Fortune, put them into my hand! This is the very deſcription of their meeting-place; and the fellow dares not deceive me. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Before the Cave.

Enter, from the Cave, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, *and* IMOGEN.

BEL. You are not well: [*To* IMOGEN.] remain here in the cave;
We'll come to you after hunting.

ARV. Brother, ſtay here: [*To* IMOGEN.
Are we not brothers?

IMO. So man and man ſhould be;
But clay and clay differs in dignity,
Whoſe duſt is both alike. I am very ſick.

GUI. Go you to hunting, I'll abide with him.

IMO. So ſick I am not;—yet I am not well:
But not ſo citizen a wanton, as
To ſeem to die, ere ſick: 'So pleaſe you, leave me;
Stick to your journal courſe: the breach of cuſtom
Is breach of all.[4] I am ill; but your being by me
Cannot amend me: Society is no comfort

[4] *Stick to your* journal *courſe: the breach of cuſtom Is breach of all.*] Keep your *daily* courſe uninterrupted; if the ſtated plan of life is once broken, nothing follows but confuſion. JOHNSON.

To one not ſociable: I'm not very ſick,
Since I can reaſon of it. Pray you, truſt me here:
I'll rob none but myſelf; and let me die,
Stealing ſo poorly.

Gui. I love thee; I have ſpoke it:
How much the quantity,[5] the weight as much,
As I do love my father.

Bel. What? how? how?

Arv. If it be ſin to ſay ſo, ſir, I yoke me
In my good brother's fault: I know not why
I love this youth; and I have heard you ſay,
Love's reaſon's without reaſon; the bier at door,
And a demand who is't ſhall die, I'd ſay,
My father, not this youth.

Bel. O noble ſtrain! [*Aſide.*
O worthineſs of nature! breed of greatneſs!
Cowards father cowards, and baſe things ſire baſe:
Nature hath meal, and bran; contempt, and grace.
I am not their father; yet who this ſhould be,
Doth miracle itſelf, lov'd before me.—
'Tis the ninth hour o'the morn.

Arv. Brother, farewell.

Imo. I wiſh ye ſport.

Arv. You health.—So pleaſe you, ſir.[6]

Imo. [*Aſide.*] Theſe are kind creatures. Gods, what lies I have heard!

[5] How *much the quantity,*] I read—*As* much the quantity. Johnson.

Surely the preſent reading has exactly the ſame meaning. *How* much ſoever the maſs of my affection to my father may be, ſo much preciſely is my love for thee: and as much as my filial love weighs, ſo much alſo weighs my affection for thee. Malone.

[6] —— *So pleaſe you, ſir.*] I cannot reliſh this *courtly phraſe* from the mouth of Arviragus. It ſhould rather, I think, begin Imogen's ſpeech. Tyrwhitt.

Our courtiers ſay, all's ſavage, but at court:
Experience, O, thou diſprov'ſt report!
The imperious ſeas[7] breed monſters; for the diſh,
Poor tributary rivers as ſweet fiſh.
I am ſick ſtill; heart-ſick:—Piſanio,
I'll now taſte of thy drug.

Gui. I could not ſtir him:[8]
He ſaid, he was gentle, but unfortunate;[9]
Dishoneſtly afflicted, but yet honeſt.

Arv. Thus did he anſwer me: yet ſaid, hereafter
I might know more.

Bel. To the field, to the field:—
We'll leave you for this time; go in, and reſt.

Arv. We'll not be long away.

Bel. Pray, be not ſick,
For you muſt be our houſewife.

Imo. Well, or ill,
I am bound to you.

Bel. And ſo ſhalt be ever.[1]

[*Exit* IMOGEN.

This youth, howe'er diſtreſs'd,[2] appears, he hath had
Good anceſtors.

[7] *The* imperious *ſeas*—] *Imperious* was uſed by Shakſpeare for *imperial*. See Vol. XV. p. 416, n. 8. MALONE.

[8] *I could not* ſtir *him*:] Not *move* him to tell his ſtory. JOHNSON.

[9] ——gentle, *but unfortunate*;] *Gentle*, is *well-born*, of birth above the vulgar. JOHNSON.

Rather, of rank above the vulgar. So, in *King Henry V.*:

"——— be he ne'er ſo vile,
"This day ſhall *gentle* his condition." STEEVENS.

[1] *And ſo ſhall be ever.*] The ſecond—*ſo*, was ſupplied by Sir Thomas Hanmer for the ſake of metre. STEEVENS.

[2] Imo. *Well, or ill,*
I am bound to you.
Bel. *And ſo ſhalt be ever.*—
This youth, howe'er diſtreſs'd, &c.] Theſe ſpeeches are

Arv. How angel-like he ſings!

Gui. But his neat cookery![3] He cut our roots in characters;[4]
And ſauc'd our broths, as Juno had been ſick,
And he her dieter.

Arv. Nobly he yokes
A ſmiling with a ſigh: as if the ſigh
Was that it was, for not being ſuch a ſmile;
The ſmile mocking the ſigh, that it would fly
From ſo divine a temple, to commix
With winds that ſailors rail at.

Gui. I do note,
That grief and patience, rooted in him both,[5]
Mingle their ſpurs together.[6]

improperly diſtributed between Imogen and Belarius; and I flatter myſelf that every reader of attention will approve of my amending the paſſage, and dividing them in the following manner:

Imo. *Well, or ill,*
I am bound to you; and ſhall be ever.
Bel. *This youth, howe'er diſtreſs'd,* &c. M. Mason.

And ſhalt be ever.] That is, you ſhall ever receive from me the ſame kindneſs that you do at preſent: you ſhall *thus* only be *bound* to me for ever. Malone.

[3] Gui. *But his neat cookery!* &c.] Only the firſt four words of this ſpeech are given in the old copy to Guiderius: The name of Arviragus is prefixed to the remainder, as well as to the next ſpeech. The correction was made by Mr. Steevens. Malone.

[4] —— *He* cut *our roots* in characters;] So, in Fletcher's *Elder Brother*, Act IV:

"And how to *cut* his meat *in characters.*" Steevens.

[5] —— *rooted in* him *both,*] Old copy—in *them.* Corrected by Mr. Pope. Malone.

[6] *Mingle their* ſpurs *together.*] *Spurs,* an old word for the fibres of a tree. Pope.

Spurs are the longeſt and largeſt leading roots of trees. Our poet has again uſed the ſame word in *The Tempeſt*:

Arv. Grow, patience!
And let the ſtinking elder, grief, untwine
His periſhing root, with the increaſing vine![7]

Bel. It is great morning.[8] Come; away.—Who's there?

Enter Cloten.

Clo. I cannot find thoſe runagates; that villain
Hath mock'd me:—I am faint.

Bel. Thoſe runagates!

" ——— the ſtrong baſ'd promontory
" Have I made ſhake, and by the *ſpurs*
" Pluck'd up the pine and cedar."

Hence probably the *ſpur* of a poſt; the ſhort wooden buttreſs affixed to it, to keep it firm in the ground. Malone.

[7] *And let the ſtinking* elder, grief, untwine
His periſhing root, with the increaſing vine!] Shakſpeare had only ſeen *Engliſh vines* which grow againſt walls, and therefore may be ſometimes entangled with the *elder*. Perhaps we ſhould read—*untwine—from the vine*. Johnson.

Surely this is the meaning of the words without any change. May patience increaſe, and may the ſtinking elder, grief, *no longer twine* his decaying [or deſtructive, if *periſhing* is uſed actively,] root *with* the vine, patience, thus increaſing!—As *to untwine* is here uſed for *to ceaſe to twine*, ſo, in *King Henry VIII.* the word *uncontemned* having been uſed, the poet has conſtructed the remainder of the ſentence as if he had written *not contemned*. See Vol. XV. p. 115, n. 6. Malone.

Sir John Hawkins propoſes to read—*entwine*. He ſays " Let the ſtinking elder [*Grief*] *entwine* his root with the vine [*Patience*] and in the end Patience muſt outgrow Grief."
Steevens.

There is no need of alteration. The elder is a plant whoſe roots are much ſhorter lived than the vine's, and as thoſe of the vine ſwell and outgrow them, they muſt of neceſſity looſen their hold. Henley.

[8] *It is great morning.*] A Galliciſm. *Grand jour*. See Vol. XV. p. 391, n. 4. Steevens.

Means he not us? I partly know him; 'tis
Cloten, the ſon o'the queen. I fear ſome ambuſh.
I ſaw him not theſe many years, and yet
I know 'tis he:—We are held as outlaws:—Hence.

Gui. He is but one: You and my brother ſearch
What companies are near: pray you, away;
Let me alone with him.

[*Exeunt* Belarius *and* Arviragus.

Clo. Soft! What are you
That fly me thus? ſome villain mountaineers?
I have heard of ſuch.—What ſlave art thou?

Gui. A thing
More ſlaviſh did I ne'er, than anſwering
A ſlave without a knock.[9]

Clo. Thou art a robber,
A law-breaker, a villain: Yield thee, thief.

Gui. To who? to thee? What art thou? Have not I
An arm as big as thine? a heart as big?
Thy words, I grant, are bigger; for I wear not
My dagger in my mouth.[1] Say, what thou art;
Why I ſhould yield to thee?

Clo. Thou villain baſe,
Know'ſt me not by my clothes?

[9] ——— *than anſwering*
A ſlave *without a knock.*] Than anſwering that abuſive word *ſlave*. *Slave* ſhould be printed in Italicks. M. Mason.

Mr. M. Maſon's interpretation is ſupported by a paſſage in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"Now, Tybalt, take *the villain* back again."

Malone.

[1] ——*for I wear not*
My dagger in my mouth,] So, in *Solyman and Perſeda*, 1599:

"*I fight not with my tongue*: this is my oratrix."

Malone.

Gui. No,[2] nor thy tailor, raſcal,
Who is thy grandfather; he made thoſe clothes,
Which, as it ſeems, make thee.[3]

Clo. Thou precious varlet,
My tailor made them not.

Gui. Hence then, and thank
The man that gave them thee. Thou art ſome fool;
I am loath to beat thee.

Clo. Thou injurious thief,
Hear but my name, and tremble.

Gui. What's thy name?

Clo. Cloten, thou villain.

Gui. Cloten, thou double villain, be thy name,
I cannot tremble at it; were't toad, or adder, ſpider,
'Twould move me ſooner.

Clo. To thy further fear,
Nay, to thy mere confuſion, thou ſhalt know
I'm ſon to the queen.

Gui. I'm ſorry for't; not ſeeming
So worthy as thy birth.

Clo. Art not afeard?

Gui. Thoſe that I reverence, thoſe I fear; the wiſe:
At fools I laugh, not fear them.

Clo. Die the death:[4]
When I have ſlain thee with my proper hand,

[2] *No,*] This negation is at once ſuperfluous and injurious to the metre. Steevens.

[3] *No, nor thy* tailor, *raſcal,*
Who is thy grandfather; *he made thoſe clothes,*
Which, as it ſeems, make thee.] See a note on a ſimilar paſſage in a former ſcene, p. 526, n. 9. Steevens.

[4] *Die the death:*] See Vol. VI. p. 286, n. 1. Steevens.

I'll follow thoſe that even now fled hence,
And on the gates of Lud's town ſet your heads:
Yield, ruſtick mountaineer.[5] [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter BELARIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.

BEL. No company's abroad.

ARV. None in the world: You did miſtake him, ſure.

BEL. I cannot tell: Long is it ſince I ſaw him,
But time hath nothing blurr'd thoſe lines of favour
Which then he wore; the ſnatches in his voice,
And burſt of ſpeaking,[6] were as his: I am abſolute,

[5] *Yield, ruſtick mountaineer.*] I believe, upon examination, the character of Cloten will not prove a very conſiſtent one. Act I. ſc. iv. the Lords who are converſing with him on the ſubject of his rencontre with Poſthumus, repreſent the latter as having neither put forth his ſtrength or courage, but ſtill advancing forwards to the prince, who retired before him; yet at this his laſt appearance, we ſee him fighting gallantly, and falling by the hand of Guiderius. The ſame perſons afterwards ſpeak of him as of a mere aſs or ideot; and yet, Act III. ſc. i. he returns one of the nobleſt and moſt reaſonable anſwers to the Roman envoy: and the reſt of his converſation on the ſame occaſion, though *it may lack form a little,* by no means reſembles the language of folly. He behaves with proper dignity and civility at parting with Lucius, and yet is ridiculous and brutal in his treatment of Imogen. Belarius deſcribes him as not having ſenſe enough to know what fear is (which he defines as being ſometimes the effect of judgment); and yet he forms very artful ſchemes for gaining the affection of his miſtreſs, by means of her attendants; to get her perſon into his power afterwards; and ſeems to be no leſs acquainted with the character of his father, and the aſcendancy the Queen maintained over his uxorious weakneſs. We find Cloten, in ſhort, repreſented at once as brave and daſtardly, civil and brutiſh, ſagacious and fooliſh, without that ſubtilty of diſtinction, and thoſe ſhades of gradation between ſenſe and folly, virtue and vice, which conſtitute the excellence of ſuch mixed characters as Polonius in *Hamlet,* and the Nurſe in *Romeo and Juliet.* STEEVENS.

[6] —— *the ſnatches in his voice,*
And burſt of ſpeaking,] This is one of our author's ſtrokes

'Twas very Cloten.

ARV. In this place we left them:
I wish my brother make good time with him,
You say he is so fell.

BEL. Being scarce made up,
I mean, to man, he had not apprehension
Of roaring terrors; for the effect of judgment
Is oft the cause of fear:[7] But see, thy brother.

of observation. An abrupt and tumultuous utterance very frequently accompanies a confused and cloudy understanding. JOHNSON.

[7] ——*for* the effect *of judgment*
Is oft the cause *of fear* :] [Old copy—*defect* of judgement—] If I understand this passage, it is mock reasoning as it stands, and the text must have been slightly corrupted. Belarius is giving a description of what Cloten formerly was; and in answer to what Arviragus says of *his being so fell*. "Ay, (says Belarius) he was so fell; and being scarce then at man's estate, he had no apprehension of roaring terrors, i. e. of any thing that could check him with fears." But then, how does the inference come in, built upon this? *For* defect *of* judgment *is oft the cause of fear*. I think the poet meant to have said the mere contrary. Cloten was defective in judgment, and therefore did not fear. Apprehensions of fear grow from a judgment in weighing dangers. And a very easy change, from the traces of the letters, gives us this sense, and reconciles the reasoning of the whole passage:

——*for* th' effect *of judgment*
Is oft the cause of fear,——. THEOBALD.

Sir T. Hanmer reads with equal justness of sentiment:

——*for defect of judgment*
Is oft the cure *of fear,*——.

But, I think, the play of *effect* and *cause* more resembling the manner of our author. JOHNSON.

If *fear*, as in other passages of Shakspeare, be understood in an active signification for what may cause fear, it means that Cloten's defect of judgment caused him to commit actions to the terror of others, without due consideration of his own danger therein. Thus, in *King Henry IV.* Part II:

" ——all these bold *fears*,
" Thou see'st with peril I have answered." TOLLET.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS, *with* CLOTEN'S *Head.*

Gui. This Cloten was a fool; an empty purſe,
There was no money in't: not Hercules
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:[8]
Yet I not doing this, the fool had borne
My head, as I do his.

Bel. What haſt thou done?

Gui. I am perfect, what:[9] cut off one Cloten's head,

The objection to this interpretation is, that in this clauſe of the ſentence it was evidently the poet's intention to aſſign a reaſon for Cloten's being *himſelf free from apprehenſion*, not to account for his *terrifying others.*

It is undoubtedly true, that defect of judgment, or not rightly eſtimating the degree of danger and the means of reſiſtance, is often the cauſe of fear: the being poſſeſſed of judgment alſo may occaſion fear, as he who maturely weighs all circumſtances will know preciſely his danger; while the inconſiderate is raſh and fool-hardy: but neither of theſe aſſertions, however true, can account for Cloten's having *no apprehenſion* of roaring terrors; and therefore the paſſage muſt be corrupt. Mr. Theobald amends the text by reading:

——*for* the effect *of judgment*
Is oft the cauſe of fear.

but, though Shakſpeare has in *King Richard III.* uſed *effect* and *cauſe* as ſynonymous, I do not think it probable he would ſay the *effect* was the *cauſe*; nor do I think *the effect* and *the defect* likely to have been confounded: beſides, the paſſage thus amended is liable to the objection already ſtated. I have therefore adopted Sir Thomas Hanmer's emendation. MALONE.

[8] ——— *not Hercules*
Could have knock'd out his brains, for he had none:] This thought had occurred before in *Troilus and Creſſida:*

"—if he knock out either of your brains, a' were as good crack a fuſty nut with no kernel." STEEVENS.

[9] *I am* perfect, *what:*] I am *well informed,* what. So, in this play:

"I am *perfect,* the Pannonians are in arms."

JOHNSON.

Son to the queen, after his own report;
Who call'd me traitor, mountaineer; and ſwore,
With his own ſingle hand he'd take us in,[1]
Diſplace our heads, where (thank the gods!)[2] they grow,
And ſet them on Lud's town.

Bel. We are all undone.

Gui. Why, worthy father, what have we to loſe,
But, that he ſwore, to take our lives? The law
Protects not us:[3] Then why ſhould we be tender,
To let an arrogant piece of fleſh threat us;
Play judge, and executioner, all himſelf;

[1] —— *take us in,*] To *take in,* was the phraſe in uſe for to *apprehend* an out-law, or to make him amenable to publick juſtice. JOHNSON.

To *take in* means, ſimply, to conquer, to ſubdue. So, in *Antony and Cleopatra:*

" —— cut the Ionian ſeas,
" And *take in* Toryne." STEEVENS.

That Mr. Steevens's explanation of this phraſe is the true one, appears from the preſent alluſion to Cloten's ſpeech, and alſo from the ſpeech itſelf in the former part of this ſcene. He had not threatened to render theſe outlaws amenable to juſtice, but to kill them with his own hand:

" *Die the death:*
" When I have *ſlain thee with my proper hand,*" &c.

" He'd *fetch us in,*" is uſed a little lower by Belarius, in the ſenſe aſſigned by Dr. Johnſon to the phraſe before us. MALONE.

[2] —— (*thank the gods!*)] The old copies have—(*thanks the gods.*) Mr. Rowe, and other editors after him,—*thanks* to *the gods.* But by the preſent omiſſion of the letter *s,* and the reſtoration of the parentheſis, I ſuppoſe this paſſage, as it now ſtands in the text, to be as our author gave it. STEEVENS.

[3] —— *The law*
Protects not us:] We meet with the ſame ſentiment in *Romeo and Juliet:*

" The world is not thy friend, *nor the world's law.*"
STEEVENS.

For we do fear the law?[4] What company
Diſcover you abroad?

Bel. No ſingle ſoul
Can we ſet eye on, but, in all ſafe reaſon,
He muſt have ſome attendants. Though his humour
Was nothing but mutation;[5] ay, and that

[4] For *we do fear the law?*] *For* is here uſed in the ſenſe of *becauſe*. So, in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta*, 1633:

" See the ſimplicity of theſe baſe ſlaves!
" Who, *for* the villains have no faith themſelves,
" Think me to be a ſenſeleſs lump of clay."

Again, in *Othello*:

" And, *for* I know thou art full of love," &c.

Malone.

[5] ——*Though his* humour
Was nothing but mutation; &c.] [Old copy—his *honour*.] What has his *honour* to do here, in his being changeable in this ſort? in his acting as a madman, or not? I have ventured to ſubſtitute *humour*, againſt the authority of the printed copies: and the meaning ſeems plainly this: " Though he was always fickle to the laſt degree, and governed by *humour*, not ſound ſenſe; yet not madneſs itſelf could make him ſo hardy to attempt an enterprize of this nature alone, and unſeconded."

Theobald.

The text is right, and means, that the only notion he had of honour, was the faſhion, which was perpetually changing.

Warburton.

This would be a ſtrange deſcription of honour; and appears to me in its preſent form to be abſolute nonſenſe. The ſenſe indeed abſolutely requires that we ſhould adopt Theobald's amendment, and read *humour* inſtead of *honour*.

Belarius is ſpeaking of the diſpoſition of Cloten, not of his principles:—and this account of him agrees with what Imogen ſays in the latter end of the ſcene, where ſhe calls him " that *irregulous* devil Cloten." M. Mason.

I am now convinced that the poet wrote—his *humour*, as Mr. Theobald ſuggeſted. The context ſtrongly ſupports the emendation; but what deciſively entitles it to a place in the text is, that the editor of the folio has, in like manner printed *honour* inſtead of *humour* in *The Merry Wives of Windſor*, Act I. ſc. iii:

" Falſtaff will learn the *honour* of the age."

The quarto reads rightly—" the *humour* of the age."

From one bad thing to worſe; not frenzy, not
Abſolute madneſs could ſo far have rav'd,
To bring him here alone: Although, perhaps,
It may be heard at court, that ſuch as we
Cave here, hunt here, are outlaws, and in time
May make ſome ſtronger head: the which he hearing,
(As it is like him,) might break out, and ſwear
He'd fetch us in; yet is't not probable
To come alone, either he ſo undertaking,
Or they ſo ſuffering: then on good ground we fear,
If we do fear this body hath a tail
More perilous than the head.

Arv. Let ordinance
Come as the gods foreſay it: howſoe'er,
My brother hath done well.

Bel. I had no mind
To hunt this day: the boy Fidele's ſickneſs
Did make my way long forth.[6]

Gui. With his own ſword,
Which he did wave againſt my throat, I have ta'en
His head from him: I'll throw't into the creek
Behind our rock; and let it to the ſea,
And tell the fiſhes, he's the queen's ſon, Cloten:
That's all I reck. [*Exit.*

Bel. I fear, 'twill be reveng'd:
'Would, Polydore, thou had'ſt not done't! though valour

On the other hand in the quarto, ſignat. A 3, we find, "—Sir, my *honour* is not for many words," inſtead of "—Sir, my *humour*," &c. Malone.

[6] *Did make my way long forth.*] Fidele's ſickneſs made my *walk forth* from the cave *tedious*. Johnson.

So, in *King Richard III:*

"——our croſſes on the way,
"Have made it tedious" &c. Steevens.

Becomes thee well enough.

Arv. 'Would I had done't,
So the revenge alone purſued me!—Polydore,
I love thee brotherly; but envy much,
Thou haſt robb'd me of this deed: I would, revenges,
That poſſible ſtrength might meet,[7] would ſeek us through,
And put us to our anſwer.

Bel. Well, 'tis done:—
We'll hunt no more to-day, nor ſeek for danger
Where there's no profit. I pr'ythee, to our rock;
You and Fidele play the cooks: I'll ſtay
Till haſty Polydore return, and bring him
To dinner preſently.

Arv. Poor ſick Fidele!
I'll willingly to him: To gain his colour,[8]
I'd let a pariſh of ſuch Clotens blood,[9]
And praiſe myſelf for charity. [*Exit.*

[7] ——— *revenges,*
That poſſible ſtrength might meet,] Such purſuit of vengeance as fell within any poſſibility of oppoſition. JOHNSON.

[8] —— *To gain his colour,*] i. e. to reſtore him to the bloom of health, to recall the colour of it into his cheeks. STEEVENS.

[9] *I'd let a* pariſh *of ſuch Clotens blood,*] I would, ſays the young prince, to recover Fidele, kill as many Clotens as would fill a *pariſh*. JOHNSON.

"His viſage, (ſays Fenner of a *catchpole,*) was almoſt eaten through with pock-holes, ſo that half a *pariſh* of children might have played at cherry-pit in his face." FARMER.

Again, in *The Wits*, by Davenant, fol. 1673, p. 222:
"Heaven give you joy ſweet maſter Palatine
"And to you ſir a whole *pariſh* of children." REED.

The ſenſe of the paſſage is, I would let blood (or bleed) a whole pariſh, or any number, of ſuch fellows as Cloten; not, "I would let out a pariſh of blood." EDWARDS.

Mr. Edwards is, I think, right. In the fifth Act we have:

Bel. O thou goddeſs,
Thou divine Nature, how thyſelf thou blazon'ſt
In theſe two princely boys![1] They are as gentle
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his ſweet head: and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rud'ſt wind,[2]
That by the top doth take the mountain pine,
And make him ſtoop to the vale. 'Tis wonderful,[3]
That an inviſible inſtinct ſhould frame them[4]

" This man——hath
" More of thee merited, than a *band* of Clotens
" Had ever ſcar for." Malone.

[1] *O thou goddeſs,*
Thou divine Nature, how *thyſelf thou blazon'ſt*
In theſe two princely boys!] The firſt folio has:
Thou divine Nature; thou *thyſelf thou blazon'ſt*——.
The ſecond folio omits the firſt *thou.* Reed.

Read:
——how *thyſelf thou blazon'ſt*——. M. Mason.

I have received this emendation, which is certainly judicious. Steevens.

[2] —— *They are as gentle*
As zephyrs, blowing below the violet,
Not wagging his ſweet head; and yet as rough,
Their royal blood enchaf'd, as the rud'ſt wind, &c.] So, in our author's *Lover's Complaint:*
" His qualities were beauteous as his form,
" For maiden tongu'd he was, and thereof free;
" Yet, if men mov'd him, was he ſuch a ſtorm
" As oft 'twixt May and April is to ſee,
" When winds breathe ſweet, unruly though they be."
Malone.

[3] ——*'Tis wonder*ful,] Old copies—*wonder.* The correction is Mr. Pope's. So, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor:* " Keep a good ſtudent from his book, and *it is wonderful.*"
Steevens.

[4] *That an inviſible inſtinct ſhould frame them*——] The metre, ſays Mr. Heath, would be improved by reading:
That an inſtinct inviſible *ſhould frame them*——.
He probably did not perceive that in Shakſpeare's time the accent

To royalty unlearn'd; honour untaught;
Civility not ſeen from other; valour,
That wildly grows in them, but yields a crop
As if it had been ſow'd! Yet ſtill it's ſtrange,
What Cloten's being here to us portends;
Or what his death will bring us.

Re-enter GUIDERIUS.

Gui. Where's my brother?
I have ſent Cloten's clotpoll down the ſtream,
In embaſſy to his mother; his body's hoſtage
For his return. [*Solemn Muſick.*

Bel. My ingenious inſtrument!
Hark, Polydore, it ſounds! But what occaſion
Hath Cadwal now to give it motion! Hark!

Gui. Is he at home?

Bel. He went hence even now.

Gui. What does he mean? ſince death of my dear'ſt mother
It did not ſpeak before. All ſolemn things
Should anſwer ſolemn accidents. The matter?
Triumphs for nothing, and lamenting toys,[5]
Is jollity for apes, and grief for boys,
Is Cadwal mad?

was laid on the ſecond ſyllable of the word *inſtinct*. So, in one of our poet's Sonnets:

"As if by ſome *inſtinct* the wretch did find—."

The old copy is certainly right. MALONE.

[5] ——*lamenting* toys,] *Toys* formerly ſignified freaks, or frolicks. One of N. Breton's poetical pieces, printed in 1557, is called, "The *toyes* of an idle head." See Vol. XIV. p. 275, n. 6; and Cole's *Dict.* 1679, in v. MALONE.

Toys are *trifles*. So, in *King Henry VI.* P. I:

"That for a *toy*, a thing of no regard."

Re-enter ARVIRAGUS, *bearing* IMOGEN *as dead, in his Arms.*

Bel. Look, here he comes,
And brings the dire occaſion in his arms,
Of what we blame him for!

Arv. The bird is dead,
That we have made ſo much on. I had rather
Have ſkipp'd from ſixteen years of age to ſixty,
To have turn'd my leaping time into a crutch,
Than have ſeen this.

Gui. O ſweeteſt, faireſt lily!
My brother wears thee not the one half ſo well,
As when thou grew'ſt thyſelf.

Bel. O, melancholy!
Who ever yet could ſound thy bottom?[6] find
The ooze, to ſhow what coaſt thy ſluggiſh crare
Might eaſilieſt harbour in?[7]—Thou bleſſed th...g!

Again, in *Hamlet:*

" Each *toy* ſeems prologue to ſome great amiſs."

STEEVENS.

[6] *O, melancholy!*
Who ever yet could ſound thy bottom?] So, in *Alba, the Monthes Mind of a Melancholy Lover,* by R. T. 1598:

" This woeful tale, where ſorrow is the ground,
" Whoſe bottom's ſuch as nere the depth is found."

MALONE.

[7] ——*what coaſt thy ſluggiſh* crare
Might eaſilieſt harbour in?] The folio reads:

——*thy ſluggiſh* care?

which Dr. Warburton allows to be a plauſible reading, but ſubſtitutes *carrack* in its room; and with this, Dr. Johnſon tacitly acquieſced, and inſerted it in the text. Mr. Simpſon, among his notes on Beaumont and Fletcher, has retrieved the true reading, which is—

——*thy ſluggiſh* crare:

See *The Captain,* Act I. ſc. ii:

Jove knows what man thou might'ſt have made; but I,[8]
Thou dieds't, a moſt rare boy, of melancholy!—
How found you him?

" ——— let him venture
" In ſome decay'd *crare* of his own."

A *crare*, ſays Mr. Heath, is a ſmall trading veſſel, called in the Latin of the middle ages *crayera*. The ſame word, though ſomewhat differently ſpelt, occurs in Harrington's tranſlation of *Arioſto*, Book XXXIX. Stanza 28:

" To ſhips, and barks, with gallies, bulks and *crayes*," &c.

Again, in Heywood's *Golden Age*, 1611:

" Behold a form to make your *craers* and barks."

Again, in Drayton's *Miſeries of Queen Margaret*:

" After a long chaſe took this little *cray*,
" Which he ſuppos'd him ſafely ſhould convey."

Again, in the 22d Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion*:

" ——— ſome ſhell, or little *crea*,
" Hard labouring for the land on the high working ſea."

Again, in *Amintas for his Phillis*, publiſhed in *England's Helicon*, 1600:

" Till thus my ſoule dooth paſſe in Charon's *crare*."

Mr. Tollet obſerves that the word often occurs in Holinſhed, as twice, p. 906, Vol. II. STEEVENS.

The word is uſed in the ſtat. 2 Jac. I. c. 32: " ——the owner of every ſhip, veſſel, or *crayer*." TYRWHITT.

Perhaps Shakſpeare wrote—*thou*, ſluggiſh crare, *might'ſt*, &c. The epithet *ſluggiſh* is uſed with equal propriety, a *crayer* being a very ſlow-ſailing unwieldy veſſel. See Florio's *Italian Dict.* 1598, " *Varchio*. A hulke, a *crayer*, a lyter, a wherrie, or ſuch veſſel of burthen." MALONE.

[8] —— *but I*,] This is the reading of the firſt folio, which later editors not underſtanding, have changed into *but* ah! The meaning of the paſſage I take to be this:—*Jove knows, what man thou might'ſt have made, but I* know, *thou dieds't*, &c. TYRWHITT.

I believe, " but *ah!*" to be the true reading. *Ay* is through the firſt folio, and in all books of that time, printed inſtead of *ah!* Hence probably *I*, which was uſed for the affirmative participle *ay*, crept into the text here.

Heaven knows (ſays Belarius) *what a man thou would'ſt have been*, had'ſt thou lived; *but* alas! *thou dieds't of melancholy, while yet only a moſt accompliſhed boy*. MALONE.

Arv. Stark,[9] as you ſee:
Thus ſmiling, as ſome fly had tickled ſlumber,
Not as death's dart, being laugh'd at: his right cheek
Repoſing on a cuſhion.

Gui. Where?

Arv. O'the floor;
His arms thus leagu'd: I thought, he ſlept; and put
My clouted brogues[1] from off my feet, whoſe rudeneſs
Anſwer'd my ſteps too loud.

Gui. Why, he but ſleeps:[2]
If he be gone, he'll make his grave a bed;
With female fairies will his tomb be haunted,
And worms will not come to thee.[3]

[9] *Stark,*] i. e. ſtiff. So, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*
" ——————— guiltleſs labour
" When it lies *ſtarkly* in the traveller's bones."
Again, in *King Henry IV.* Part I.
" And many a nobleman lies *ſtark*—
" Under the hoofs of vaunting enemies." Steevens.

[1] —— clouted *brogues*—] are ſhoes ſtrengthened with *clout* or *hob*-nails. In ſome parts of England, thin plates of iron called *clouts,* are likewiſe fixed to the ſhoes of ploughmen and other ruſticks. *Brog* is the Iriſh word for a kind of ſhoe peculiar to that kingdom. Steevens.

[2] *Why, he but ſleeps:*] I cannot forbear to introduce a paſſage ſomewhat like this, from Webſter's *White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona,* [1612] on account of its ſingular beauty:
" Oh, thou ſoft natural death! thou art joint twin
" To ſweeteſt ſlumber! no rough-bearded comet
" Stares on thy mild departure: the dull owl
" Beats not againſt thy eatement: the hoarſe wolf
" Scents not thy carrion:—pity winds thy corſe,
" While horror waits on princes!" Steevens.

[3] *And worms will not come to* thee.] This change from the ſecond perſon to the third, is ſo violent, that I cannot help im-

Arv. With faireſt flowers,
Whilſt ſummer laſts,[4] and I live here, Fidele,
I'll ſweeten thy ſad grave: Thou ſhalt not lack
The flower, that's like thy face, pale primroſe; nor
The azur'd hare-bell, like thy veins; no, nor
The leaf of eglantine, whom not to ſlander,
Out-ſweeten'd not thy breath: the ruddock would,
With charitable bill (O bill, ſore-ſhaming
Thoſe rich-left heirs, that let their fathers lie
Without a monument!) bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moſs beſides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground thy corſe.[5]

puting it to the players, tranſcribers, or printers; and therefore wiſh to read:

And worms will not come to him. Steevens.

[4] *With faireſt flowers*
Whilſt ſummer laſts, &c.] So, in *Pericles, Prince of Tyre*, (edit. 1609):

" No, I will rob Tellus of her weede,
" To ſtrewe thy greene with flowers, the yellowes, blues,
" The purple violets and marygolds,
" Shall as a carpet hang upon *thy grave*,
" *While ſummer dayes doth laſt.*" Steevens.

[5] —— *the ruddock would,*
With charitable bill,——bring thee all this;
Yea, and furr'd moſs beſides, when flowers are none,
To winter-ground *thy corſe.*] Here again, the metaphor is ſtrangely mangled. What ſenſe is there in *winter-grounding* a corſe with *moſs?* A corſe might indeed be ſaid to be *winter-grounded* in good thick clay. But the epithet *furr'd* to *moſs* directs us plainly to another reading:

To winter-gown *thy corſe:*——

i. e. thy ſummer habit ſhall be a light *gown* of *flowers*, thy winter habit a good warm *furr'd gown* of *moſs*.

Warburton.

I have no doubt but that the rejected word was Shakſpeare's, ſince the protection of the dead, and not their ornament, was what he meant to expreſs. To *winter-ground* a plant, is to protect it from the inclemency of the winter-ſeaſon, by ſtraw, dung, &c. laid over it. This precaution is commonly taken in

Gui. Pr'ythee, have done;
And do not play in wench-like words with that

reſpect of tender trees or flowers, ſuch as Arviragus, who loved Fidele, repreſents her to be.

The *ruddock* is the *red-breaſt*, and is ſo called by Chaucer and Spenſer:

" The tame *ruddock*, and the coward kite."

The office of covering the dead is likewiſe aſcribed to the *ruddock*, by Drayton in his poem called *The Owl:*

" Cov'ring with moſs the dead's uncloſed eye,
" The little *red-breaſt* teacheth charitie."

See alſo, Lupton's *Thouſand Notable Things*, B. I. p. 10.

STEEVENS.

—— *the* ruddock *would*, &c.] Is this an alluſion to the *Babes of the Wood*, or was the notion of the red-breaſt covering dead bodies, general before the writing that ballad? PERCY.

In *Cornucopia, or divers Secrets wherein is contained the rare Secrets in Man, Beaſts, Foules, Fiſhes, Trees, Plantes, Stones, and ſuch like moſt pleaſant and profitable, and not before committed to bee printed in Engliſh. Newlie drawen out of divers Latine Authors into Engliſh, by* Thomas Johnſon, 4to. 1596, ſignat. E. it is ſaid: "The robin redbreſt if he find a man or woman dead, will cover all his face with moſſe, and ſome thinke that if the body ſhould remaine unburied that he would cover the whole body alſo." REED.

This paſſage is imitated by Webſter in his tragedy of *The White Devil*; and in ſuch manner as confirms the old reading:

" Call for the robin-red-breaſt and the wren,
" Since o'er ſhady groves they hover,
" And with leaves and flowers do cover
" The friendleſs bodies of unburied men;
" Call unto his funeral dole
" The ant, the field-mouſe, and the mole,
" To rear him *hillocks* that ſhall keep him warm," &c.

FARMER.

Which of theſe two plays was firſt written, cannot now be determined. Webſter's play was publiſhed in 1612, that of Shakſpeare did not appear in print till 1623. In the preface to the edition of Webſter's play, he thus ſpeaks of Shakſpeare: "And laſtly (without wrong laſt to be named) the right happy and copious induſtry of M. Shakſpeare," &c. STEEVENS.

We may fairly conclude that Webſter imitated Shakſpeare;

Which is ſo ſerious. Let us bury him,
And not protract with admiration what
Is now due debt.—To the grave.

Arv. Say, where ſhall's lay him?

Gui. By good Euriphile, our mother.

Arv. Be't ſo:
And let us, Polydore, though now our voices
Have got the manniſh crack, ſing him to the ground,
As once our mother;[6] uſe like note, and words,
Save that Euriphile muſt be Fidele.

Gui. Cadwal,
I cannot ſing: I'll weep, and word it with thee:
For notes of ſorrow, out of tune, are worſe
Than prieſts and fanes that lie.

for in the ſame page from which Dr. Farmer has cited the foregoing lines, is found a paſſage taken almoſt literally from *Hamlet*. It is ſpoken by a diſtracted lady:

" —— you're very welcome;
" Here's roſemary for you, and rue for you;
" Heart's eaſe for you; I pray make much of it;
" I have left more for myſelf."

Dr. Warburton aſks, " What ſenſe is there in *winter-grounding* a corſe with *moſs?*" But perhaps *winter-ground* does not refer to *moſs*, but to the laſt antecedent, *flowers*. If this was the conſtruction intended by Shakſpeare, the paſſage ſhould be printed thus:

Yea, and furr'd moſs beſides,—when flowers are none
To winter-ground thy corſe.

i. e. you ſhall have alſo a warm covering of moſs, when there are no flowers to adorn thy grave with that ornament with which Winter is uſually decorated. So, in *Cupid's Revenge*, by Beaumont and Fletcher, 1625: " He looks like Winter, ſtuck here and there with freſh *flowers*."—I have not, however, much confidence in this obſervation. Malone.

[6] *As once our mother;*] The old copy reads:

As once to *our mother;*——

The compoſitor having probably caught the word—*to* from the preceding line. The correction was made by Mr. Pope. Malone.

Arv. We'll ſpeak it then.

Bel. Great griefs, I ſee, medicine the leſs:[7] for Cloten
Is quite forgot. He was a queen's ſon, boys:
And, though he came our enemy, remember,
He was paid for that:[8] Though mean and mighty, rotting
Together, have one duſt; yet reverence,
(That angel of the world,[9]) doth make diſtinction
Of place 'tween high and low. Our foe was princely;
And though you took his life, as being our foe,
Yet bury him as a prince.

Gui. Pray you, fetch him hither.
Therſites' body is as good as Ajax,
When neither are alive.

[7] *Great griefs, I ſee, medicine the leſs:*] So again, in this play:

" ——— a touch more rare
" Subdues all pangs, all fears."

Again, in *King Lear:*

" ——— Where the greater malady is fix'd,
" The leſſer is ſcarce felt." Malone.

[8] *He was paid for that:*] Sir Thomas Hanmer reads:

He has paid for that: ———

rather plauſibly than rightly. *Paid* is for *puniſhed.* So, Jonſon:

" Twenty things more, my friend, which you know due,
" For which, or pay me quickly, or I'll *pay* you."

Johnson.

So Falſtaff, in *The Merry Wives of Windſor,* after having been beaten, when in the dreſs of an old woman, ſays, " I pay'd nothing for it neither, but *was paid* for my learning." See Vol. V. p. 185, n. 7; and Vol. XI. p. 286, n. 2. Malone.

[9] ——— reverence,
(*That angel of the world,*)—] *Reverence,* or due regard to ſubordination, is the power that keeps peace and order in the world. Johnson.

Arv. If you'll go fetch him.
We'll ſay our ſong the whilſt.—Brother, begin.
[*Exit* Belarius.

Gui. Nay, Cadwal, we muſt lay his head to the eaſt;
My father hath a reaſon for't.

Arv. 'Tis true.

Gui. Come on then, and remove him.

Arv. So,—Begin.

SONG.

Gui. *Fear no more the heat o'the ſun,*[1]
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly taſk haſt done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all muſt,
As chimney-ſweepers, come to duſt.

Arv. *Fear no more the frown o'the great,*
Thou art paſt the tyrant's ſtroke;
Care no more to clothe, and eat;
To thee the reed is as the oak:
The ſceptre, learning, physick, muſt
All follow this, and come to duſt.[2]

[1] *Fear no more* &c.] This is the topick of conſolation that nature dictates to all men on theſe occaſions. The ſame farewell we have over the dead body in Lucian. Τέκνον ἄθλιον οὐκέτι ἰψδήσεις, οὐκέτι πεινήσεις, &c. Warburton.

[2] *The ſceptre, learning,* &c.] The poet's ſentiment ſeems to have been this:—All human excellence is equally ſubject to the ſtroke of death:—neither the power of kings, nor the ſcience of ſcholars, nor the art of thoſe whoſe immediate ſtudy is the prolongation of life, can protect them from the final deſtiny of man. Johnson.

GUI. *Fear no more the lightning-flaſh,*
ARV. *Nor the all-dreaded thunder-ſtone;*[3]
GUI. *Fear not ſlander, cenſure raſh;*[4]
ARV. *Thou haſt finiſh'd joy and moan:*
BOTH. *All lovers young, all lovers muſt*
Conſign to thee,[5] *and come to duſt.*

GUI. *No exorciſer harm thee!*[6]
ARV. *Nor no witchcraft charm thee!*
GUI. *Ghoſt unlaid forbear thee!*
ARV. *Nothing ill come near thee!*
BOTH. *Quiet conſummation have;*[7]
And renowned be thy grave![8]

[3] ——*the all-dreaded* thunder-ſtone;] So, in Chapman's tranſlation of the fifteenth *Iliad*:

"——though I ſinke beneath
"The fate of being ſhot to hell by Joye's fell *thunder-ſtone.*" STEEVENS.

[4] *Fear not ſlander,* &c.] Perhaps:
Fear not ſlander's *cenſure raſh.* JOHNSON.

[5] *Conſign to* thee,] Perhaps:
Conſign to this,——
And in the former ſtanza, for—*All follow this,* we might read —*All follow* thee. JOHNSON.

Conſign to thee is right. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*:

"——*ſeal*
"A dateleſs bargain to engroſſing death."

To conſign to thee, is *to ſeal the ſame contract* with thee, i. e. add their names to thine upon the regiſter of death. STEEVENS.

[6] *No* exorciſer *harm thee!*] I have already remarked that Shakſpeare invariably uſes the word *exorciſer* to expreſs a perſon who can raiſe ſpirits, not one who lays them. M. MASON.

See Vol. VIII. p. 407, n. 3. MALONE.

[7] *Quiet* conſummation *have*;] *Conſummation* is uſed in the ſame ſenſe in *King Edward III.* 1596:

"My ſoul will yield this caſtle of my fleſh,
"This mangled tribute, with all willingneſs,
"To darkneſs, *conſummation,* duſt and worms."

Re-enter BELARIUS, *with the Body of* CLOTEN.

Gui. We have done our obſequies: Come lay him down.

Bel. Here's a few flowers; but about midnight, more:
The herbs, that have on them cold dew o'the night,
Are ſtrewings fitt'ſt for graves.—Upon their faces:[9]—
You were as flowers, now wither'd: even ſo
Theſe herb'lets ſhall, which we upon you ſtrow.—
Come on, away: apart upon our knees.
The ground, that gave them firſt, has them again:
Their pleaſures here are paſt, ſo is their pain.

[*Exeunt* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

IMO. [*Awaking.*] Yes, ſir, to Milford-Haven; Which is the way?—
I thank you.—By yon buſh?—Pray, how far thither?

Milton, in his *Epitaph on the Marchioneſs of Wincheſter*, is indebted to the paſſage before us:

"Gentle lady, may thy grave
"Peace and quiet ever have!" STEEVENS.

So Hamlet ſays:

"——'tis a *conſummation*
"Devoutly to be wiſh'd." M. MASON.

[8] —— *thy grave!*] For the obſequies of Fidele, a ſong was written by my unhappy friend, Mr. William Collins of Chicheſter, a man of uncommon learning and abilities. I ſhall give it a place at the end, in honour of his memory. JOHNSON.

[9] —— *Upon their faces:*] Shakſpeare did not recollect when he wrote theſe words, that there was but *one* face on which the flowers could be ſtrewed. This paſſage might have taught Dr. Warburton not to have diſturbed the text in a former ſcene. See p. 556, n. 2. MALONE.

'Ods pittikins![1]—can it be ſix miles yet?—
I have gone all night:—'Faith, I'll lie down and ſleep.
But, ſoft! no bedfellow:—O, gods and goddeſſes!
[*Seeing the Body.*
Theſe flowers are like the pleaſures of the world;
This bloody man, the care on't.—I hope, I dream;
For, ſo, I thought I was a cave-keeper,
And cook to honeſt creatures: But 'tis not ſo;
'Twas but a bolt of nothing, ſhot at nothing,
Which the brain makes of fumes:[2] Our very eyes
Are ſometimes like our judgments, blind. Good faith,
I tremble ſtill with fear: But if there be
Yet left in heaven as ſmall a drop of pity
As a wren's eye, fear'd gods, a part of it!
The dream's here ſtill: even when I wake, it is
Without me, as within me; not imagin'd, felt.
A headleſs man!—The garments of Poſthúmus!
I know the ſhape of his leg: this is his hand;
His foot Mercurial; his Martial thigh;
The brawns of Hercules: but his Jovial face[3]—

[1] *'Ods pittikins!*] This diminutive adjuration is uſed by Decker and Webſter in *Weſtward Hoe*, 1607; in *The Shoemaker's Holiday*, or *The Gentle Craft*, 1600. It is derived from *God's my pity*, which likewiſe occurs in *Cymbeline*. STEEVENS.

[2] *Which the* brain *makes of* fumes:] So, in *Macbeth*:
"That memory, the warder of the *brain*,
"Shall be a *fume*." STEEVENS.

[3] —— *his* Jovial *face*—] *Jovial* face ſignifies in this place, ſuch a face as belongs to Jove. It is frequently uſed in the ſame ſenſe by other old dramatick writers. So, Heywood, in *The Silver Age*:
"—— Alcides here will ſtand,
"To plague you all with his high *Jovial hand*."
Again, in Heywood's *Rape of Lucrece*, 1630:
"Thou *Jovial* hand hold up thy ſcepter high."

Murder in heaven?—How?—'Tis gone.—Piſanio,
All curſes madded Hecuba gave the Greeks,
And mine to boot, be darted on thee! Thou,
Conſpir'd with that irregulous devil,[4] Cloten,
Haſt here cut off my lord.—To write, and read,
Be henceforth treacherous!—Damn'd Piſanio
Hath with his forged letters,—damn'd Piſanio—
From this moſt braveſt veſſel of the world
Struck the main-top![5]—O, Poſthumus! alas,
Where is thy head? where's that? Ah me! where's that?
Piſanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,
And left this head on.[6]—How ſhould this be? Piſanio?
'Tis he, and Cloten: malice and lucre in them
Have laid this woe here. O, 'tis pregnant, pregnant![7]

Again, in his *Golden Age*, 1611, ſpeaking of Jupiter:

"——————all that ſtand,
"Sink in the weight of his high *Jovial* hand."

STEEVENS.

[4] *Conſpir'd with that* irregulous *devil,*] I ſuppoſe it ſhould be—*Conſpir'd with* th' irreligious *devil,*——. JOHNSON.

Irregulous (if there be ſuch a word) muſt mean lawleſs, licentious, out of rule, *jura negans ſibi nata.* In Reinolds's *God's Revenge againſt Adultery*, edit. 1679, p. 121, I meet with "*irregulated* luſt." STEEVENS.

[5] —— *the main-top!*] i. e. the top of the mainmaſt. STEEVENS.

[6] *Piſanio might have kill'd thee at the heart,*
And left this *head on.*—] I would willingly read:
And left thy *head on.* STEEVENS.

This head means the head of Poſthumus; the head that *did* belong to *this* body. See p. 582, n. 9. MALONE.

[7] ——*'tis* pregnant, pregnant!] i. e. 'tis a ready, appoſite concluſion. So, in *Hamlet:*

"How *pregnant* ſometimes his replies are?"

See Vol. VI. p. 191, n. 5. STEEVENS.

The drug he gave me, which, he ſaid, was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murd'rous to the ſenſes? That confirms it home:
This is Piſanio's deed, and Cloten's: O!—
Give colour to my pale cheek with thy blood,
That we the horrider may ſeem to thoſe
Which chance to find us: O, my lord, my lord!

Enter LUCIUS, *a* Captain, *and other* Officers, *and a* Soothſayer.

CAP. To them the legions garriſon'd in Gallia,
After your will, have croſs'd the ſea; attending
You here at Milford-Haven, with your ſhips:
They are here in readineſs.

LUC. But what from Rome?

CAP. The ſenate hath ſtirr'd up the cónfiners,
And gentlemen of Italy; moſt willing ſpirits,
That promiſe noble ſervice: and they come
Under the conduct of bold Iachimo,
Sienna's brother.[8]

LUC. When expect you them?

CAP. With the next benefit o'the wind.

LUC. This forwardneſs
Makes our hopes fair. Command, our preſent numbers
Be muſter'd; bid the captains look to't.—Now, ſir,
What have you dream'd, of late, of this war's purpoſe?

[8] *Sienna's brother.*] i. e. (as I ſuppoſe Shakſpeare to have meant) brother to the Prince of Sienna: but, unluckily, *Sienna* was a republick. See W. Thomas's *Hiſtorye of Italye*, 4to. bl. l. 1561, p. 7, b. STEEVENS.

Sooth. Laſt night the very gods ſhow'd me a viſion :[9]
(I faſt, and pray'd,[1] for their intelligence,) Thus :—
I ſaw Jove's bird, the Roman eagle, wing'd
From the ſpongy ſouth[2] to this part of the weſt,
There vaniſh'd in the ſunbeams : which portends,
(Unleſs my ſins abuſe my divination,)
Succeſs to the Roman hoſt.

Luc. Dream often ſo,
And never falſe.—Soft, ho! what trunk is here,
Without his top? The ruin ſpeaks, that ſometime
It was a worthy building.—How! a page!—
Or dead, or ſleeping on him? But dead, rather :
For nature doth abhor to make his bed
With the defunct, or ſleep upon the dead.—
Let's ſee the boy's face.

Cap. He is alive, my lord.

Luc. He'll then inſtruct us of this body.—Young one,
Inform us of thy fortunes; for, it ſeems,
They crave to be demanded : Who is this,
Thou mak'ſt thy bloody pillow? Or who was he,
That, otherwiſe than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture?[3] What's thy intereſt

[9] *Laſt night the* very *gods ſhow'd me a viſion :*] It was no common dream, but ſent from *the very gods,* or the gods themſelves. Johnson.

[1] *I* faſt, *and pray'd,*] *Faſt* is here very licentiouſly uſed for *faſted.* So, in the novel ſubjoined to this play, we find—*lift* for *lifted.* Malone.

[2] —— *the* ſpongy *ſouth* —] Milton has availed himſelf of this epithet, in his *Maſque at Ludlow Caſtle :*

" —————— Thus I hurl
" My dazzling ſpells into the *ſpungy* air." Steevens.

[3] ———— *who was he,*
That, otherwiſe than noble nature did,
Hath alter'd that good picture?] To *do* a picture, and a

In this ſad wreck? How came it? Who is it?
What art thou?

Imo. I am nothing: or if not,
Nothing to be were better. This was my maſter,
A very valiant Briton, and a good,
That here by mountaineers lies ſlain:—Alas!
There are no more ſuch maſters: I may wander
From eaſt to occident, cry out for ſervice,
Try many, all good, ſerve truly, never[4]
Find ſuch another maſter.

Luc. 'Lack, good youth!
Thou mov'ſt no leſs with thy complaining, than
Thy maſter in bleeding: Say his name, good friend.

Imo. Richard du Champ.[5] If I do lie, and do

picture is well *done*, are ſtanding phraſes; the queſtion therefore is,—Who has altered this picture, ſo as to make it otherwiſe than nature *did* it? JOHNSON.

Olivia, ſpeaking of her own beauty as of a *picture*, aſks Viola if it "is not well *done?*"

Again, in Chapman's verſion of the *Iliad:*

"——The golden ſcourge moſt elegantly *done*
"He tooke, and mounted to his ſeate—."

Again, in the 14th Book:

"——I'll grace thee with a throne
"Incorruptible, all of gold, and elegantly *done*
"By Mulciber." STEEVENS.

Fecit was, till lately, the technical term univerſally annexed to pictures and engravings. HENLEY.

[4] *Try many, all good, ſerve truly, never*—] We may be certain that this line was originally complete. I would, therefore, for the ſake of metre, read:

Try many, and *all good*; *ſerve truly, never* &c.

It may be here obſerved, that the following is Chapman's verſion of a paſſage in the 14th *Odyſſey* of Homer:

"——for I never ſhall
"Finde ſo humane a royall mayſter more,
"Whatever ſea I ſeeke, whatever ſhore." STEEVENS.

[5] *Richard du Champ,*] Shakſpeare was indebted for his mo-

No harm by it, though the gods hear, I hope
[*Aſide.*
They'll pardon it. Say you, ſir?

Luc. Thy name?

Imo. Fidele.[6]

Luc. Thou doſt approve thyſelf the very ſame:
Thy name well fits thy faith;[7] thy faith, thy name.
Wilt take thy chance with me? I will not ſay,
Thou ſhalt be ſo well maſter'd; but, be ſure,
No leſs belov'd. The Roman emperor's letters,
Sent by a conſul to me, ſhould not ſooner
Than thine own worth prefer thee: Go with me.

Imo. I'll follow, ſir. But firſt, an't pleaſe the gods,

dern names (which ſometimes are mixed with ancient ones) as well as his anachroniſms, to the faſhionable novels of his time. In a collection of ſtories, entitled *A Petite Palace of Pettie his Pleaſure*, 1576, I find the following circumſtances of ignorance and abſurdity. In the ſtory of the Horatii and the Curiatii, the *roaring of cannons* is mentioned. Cephalus and Procris are ſaid to be of the court of Venice; and "*that her father wrought ſo with the duke, that this Cephalus was ſent poſt in ambaſſage to the Turke.*—Eriphile, after the death of her huſband Amphiaraus, (*the Theban prophet*) calling to mind the affection wherein *Don Infortunio* was drowned towards her," &c. *Cannon-ſhot* is found in Golding's verſion of Ovid's *Metamorphoſis*, B. III.
STEEVENS.

This abſurdity was not confined to novels. In Lodge's *Wounds of Ciuill War*, 1594, one of the directions is, "*Enter Lucius Fauorinus, Pauſanias*, with Pedro a Frenchman," who ſpeaks broken Engliſh; the earlieſt dramatick ſpecimen of this ſort of jargon now extant. RITSON.

[6] *Fidele.*] Old copy—Fidele, *ſir*; but for the ſake of metre I have omitted this uſeleſs word of addreſs, which has already occurred in the ſame line. STEEVENS.

[7] *Thy name well fits thy faith;*] A ſimilar thought has been already met with in *King Henry V.* where Piſtol having announced his name, the King replies: "It ſorts well with your fierceneſs." STEEVENS.

I'll hide my maſter from the flies, as deep
As theſe poor pickaxes[8] can dig: and when
With wild wood-leaves and weeds I have ſtrew'd his grave,
And on it ſaid a century of prayers,
Such as I can, twice o'er, I'll weep, and ſigh;
And, leaving ſo his ſervice, follow you,
So pleaſe you entertain me.[9]

Luc. Ay, good youth;
And rather father thee, than maſter thee.—
My friends,
The boy hath taught us manly duties: Let us
Find out the prettieſt daizied plot we can,
And make him with our pikes and partiſans
A grave:[1] Come, arm him.[2]—Boy, he is preferr'd
By thee to us; and he ſhall be interr'd,
As ſoldiers can. Be cheerful; wipe thine eyes:
Some falls are means the happier to ariſe. [*Exeunt.*

[8] —— *theſe poor pickaxes*—] Meaning her fingers. JOHNSON.

[9] *So pleaſe you* entertain *me.*] i. e. hire me; receive me unto your ſervice. See Vol. V. p. 42, n. 6; and Vol. XVI. p. 177, n. 3. MALONE.

[1] *And make him with our* pikes *and* partiſans
A grave:] Surely the Roman troops had no pioneers among them; and how a grave could be made with ſuch inſtruments as are here ſpecified, our poet has not informed us. After all, a *grave* is *not* made; but Cloten is found lying on the ſurface of the earth, with the ſuppoſed remains of Imogen. STEEVENS.

[2] —— *arm him.*] That is, *Take him up in your arms.* HANMER.

So, in Fletcher's *Two Noble Kinſmen*:

" —— *Arm* your prize,
" I know you will not loſe her."

The *prize* was *Emilia.* STEEVENS.

SCENE III.

A Room in Cymbeline's *Palace.*[3]

Enter CYMBELINE, Lords, *and* PISANIO.

Cym. Again; and bring me word, how 'tis with her.
A fever with the abſence of her ſon;
A madneſs, of which her life's in danger:—Heavens,
How deeply you at once do touch me! Imogen,
The great part of my comfort, gone: my queen
Upon a deſperate bed; and in a time
When fearful wars point at me; her ſon gone,
So needful for this preſent: It ſtrikes me, paſt
The hope of comfort.—But for thee, fellow,
Who needs muſt know of her departure, and
Doſt ſeem ſo ignorant, we'll enforce it from thee
By a ſharp torture.

Pis. Sir, my life is yours,
I humbly ſet it at your will: But, for my miſtreſs,
I nothing know where ſhe remains, why gone,

[3] ——Cymbeline's *Palace.*] This ſcene is omitted againſt all authority by Sir T. Hanmer. It is indeed of no great uſe in the progreſs of the fable, yet it makes a regular preparation for the next Act. JOHNSON.

The fact is, that Sir Thomas Hanmer has inſerted this ſuppoſed omiſſion as the eighth ſcene of Act III. The ſcene which in Dr. Johnſon's firſt edition is the eighth of Act III. is printed in a ſmall letter under it in Sir T. Hanmer's, on a ſuppoſition that it was ſpurious. In this impreſſion it is the third ſcene of Act IV. and that which in Dr. Johnſon is the eighth ſcene of Act IV. is in this the ſeventh ſcene. STEEVENS.

Nor when ſhe purpoſes return. 'Beſeech your highneſs,
Hold me your loyal ſervant.

1 *Lord.* Good, my liege,
The day that ſhe was miſſing, he was here:
I dare be bound he's true, and ſhall perform
All parts of his ſubjection loyally.
For Cloten,—
There wants no diligence in ſeeking him,
And will,[4] no doubt, be found.

Cym. The time's troubleſome:
We'll ſlip you for a ſeaſon; but our jealouſy
[*To* Pisanio.
Does yet depend.[5]

1 *Lord.* So pleaſe your majeſty,

[4] *And* will,] I think it ſhould be read—*And* he'll. Steevens.

There are ſeveral other inſtances of the perſonal pronoun being omitted in theſe plays, beſide the preſent, particularly in *King Henry VIII.* nor is Shakſpeare the only writer of that age that takes this liberty. So, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 793, edit. 1631: "——after that he tooke boat at Queen Hith, and ſo came to his houſe; where miſſing the afore named counſellors, *fortified* his houſe with full purpoſe to die in his own defence."

Again, in the Continuation of Hardyng's *Chronicle*, 1543: "Then when they heard that Henry was ſafe returned into Britagne, *rejoyced* not a little."

Again, in Anthony Wood's *Diary*, ad ann. 1652: "One of theſe, a moſt handſome virgin,—kneel'd down to Thomas Wood, with tears and prayers to ſave her life: and being ſtrucken with a deep remorſe, *tooke* her under his arme, went with her out of the church," &c.

See alſo *King Lear*, Act II. ſc. iv. note on—"Having more man than wit about me, *drew*." Malone.

[5] —— *our jealouſy*
Does yet depend.] My ſuſpicion is yet undetermined; if I do not condemn you, I likewiſe have not acquitted you. We now ſay, the *cauſe* is *depending*. Johnson.

The Roman legions, all from Gallia drawn,
Are landed on your coaſt; with a ſupply
Of Roman gentlemen, by the ſenate ſent.

Cym. Now for the counſel of my ſon, and queen!—
I am amaz'd with matter.[6]

1 *Lord.* Good my liege,
Your preparation can affront no leſs
Than what you hear of:[7] come more, for more you're ready:
The want is, but to put thoſe powers in motion,
That long to move.

Cym. I thank you: Let's withdraw:
And meet the time, as it ſeeks us. We fear not
What can from Italy annoy us; but
We grieve at chances here.—Away. [*Exeunt.*

Pis. I heard no letter[8] from my maſter, ſince
I wrote him, Imogen was ſlain: 'Tis ſtrange:
Nor hear I from my miſtreſs, who did promiſe
To yield me often tidings; Neither know I
What is betid to Cloten; but remain
Perplex'd in all. The heavens ſtill muſt work:

[6] *I am* amaz'd *with matter.*] i. e. confounded by a variety of buſineſs. So, in *King John:*

"I am *amaz'd*, methinks, and loſe my way,
"Among the thorns and dangers of this world."

STEEVENS.

[7] *Your preparation can* affront *&c.*] Your forces are able to *face* ſuch an army as we hear the enemy will bring againſt us.

JOHNSON.

See p. 608, n. 6. MALONE.

[8] I heard *no letter*—] I ſuppoſe we ſhould read with Sir T. Hanmer:

I've had *no letter*——. STEEVENS.

Perhaps *letter* here means, not an epiſtle, but the elemental part of a ſyllable. This might have been a phraſe in Shakſpeare's time. We yet ſay—I have not *heard a ſyllable* from him.

MALONE.

Wherein I am falſe, I am honeſt; not true, to be true.[9]
Theſe preſent wars ſhall find I love my country,
Even to the note o'the king,[1] or I'll fall in them.
All other doubts, by time let them be clear'd:
Fortune brings in ſome boats, that are not ſteer'd.
[*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Before the Cave.

Enter BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Gui. The noiſe is round about us.
Bel. Let us from it.
Arv. What pleaſure, ſir, find we[2] in life, to lock it
From action and adventure?
Gui. Nay, what hope
Have we in hiding us? this way, the Romans
Muſt or for Britons ſlay us; or receive us
For barbarous and unnatural revolts[3]
During their uſe, and ſlay us after.

[9] —— *not true,* to be *true.*] The uncommon ronghneſs of this line perſuades me that the words—*to be,* are an interpolation, which, to prevent an ellipſis, has deſtroyed the meaſure. STEEVENS.

[1] —— *to the note o'the king,*] I will ſo diſtinguiſh myſelf, the king ſhall remark my valour. JOHNSON.

[2] ——*find we*—] Old copy— *we find.* Corrected by the editor of the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[3] —— *revolts*—] i. e. revolters. So, in *King John:*
" Lead me to the *revolts* of England here." STEEVENS.

Bel. Sons,
We'll higher to the mountains; there ſecure us.
To the king's party there's no going: newneſs
Of Cloten's death (we being not known, not muſter'd
Among the bands) may drive us to a render
Where we have liv'd;[4] and ſo extort from us
That which we've done, whoſe anſwer[5] would be death
Drawn on with torture.

Gui. This is, ſir, a doubt,
In ſuch a time, nothing becoming you,
Nor ſatisfying us.

Arv. It is not likely,
That when they hear the Roman horſes[6] neigh,
Behold their quarter'd fires,[7] have both their eyes
And ears ſo cloy'd importantly as now,

[4] ——— *a* render
Where we have liv'd;] An account of our place of abode. This dialogue is a juſt repreſentation of the ſuperfluous caution of an old man. JOHNSON.

Render is uſed in a ſimilar ſenſe in *Timon of Athens*, Act V:
"And ſends us forth to make their ſorrow'd *render*."
STEEVENS.

So, again, in this play:
"My boon is, that this gentleman may *render*,
"Of whom he had this ring." MALONE.

[5] —— *whoſe anſwer*—] The *retaliation* of the death of Cloten would be *death*, &c. JOHNSON.

[6] —— the *Roman horſes*—] Old copy—*their* Roman. This is one of the many corruptions into which the tranſcriber was led by his ear. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe.
MALONE.

[7] —— *their* quarter'd *fires*,] Their fires regularly diſpoſed.
JOHNSON.

Quarter'd fires I believe, means no more than *fires in the reſpective quarters* of the Roman army. STEEVENS.

That they will waſte their time upon our note,
To know from whence we are.

Bel. O, I am known
Of many in the army: many years,
Though Cloten then but young, you ſee, not wore him
From my remembrance. And, beſides, the king
Hath not deſerv'd my ſervice, nor your loves;
Who find in my exile the want of breeding,
The certainty of this hard life;[8] aye hopeleſs
To have the courteſy your cradle promis'd,
But to be ſtill hot ſummer's tanlings, and
The ſhrinking ſlaves of winter.

Gui. Than be ſo,
Better to ceaſe to be. Pray, ſir, to the army:
I and my brother are not known; yourſelf,
So out of thought, and thereto ſo o'ergrown,[9]
Cannot be queſtion'd.

Arv. By this ſun that ſhines,
I'll thither: What thing is it, that I never
Did ſee man die? ſcarce ever look'd on blood,
But that of coward hares, hot goats, and veniſon?
Never beſtrid a horſe, ſave one, that had
A rider like myſelf, who ne'er wore rowel
Nor iron on his heel? I am aſham'd
To look upon the holy ſun, to have
The benefit of his bleſs'd beams, remaining
So long a poor unknown.

Gui. By heavens, I'll go:

[8] *The* certainty *of this hard life;*] That is, the certain conſequence of this hard life. Malone.

[9] —— *o'ergrown,*] Thus, Spenſer:
" ——— *o'ergrown* with old decay,
" And hid in darkneſs that none could behold
" The hue thereof." Steevens.

If you will bleſs me, ſir, and give me leave,
I'll take the better care; but if you will not,
The hazard therefore due fall on me, by
The hands of Romans!

Arv. So ſay I; Amen.

Bel. No reaſon I, ſince on your lives you ſet
So ſlight a valuation, ſhould reſerve
My crack'd one to more care. Have with you, boys:
If in your country wars you chance to die,
That is my bed too, lads, and there I'll lie:
Lead, lead.—The time ſeems long; their blood thinks ſcorn, [*Aſide.*
Till it fly out, and ſhow them princes born.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

A Field between the Britiſh *and* Roman *Camps.*

Enter Posthumus, *with a bloody Handkerchief.*[1]

Post. Yea, bloody cloth,[2] I'll keep thee; for I wiſh'd[3]
Thou ſhould'ſt be colour'd thus. You married ones,

[1] —— *bloody handkerchief.*] The bloody token of Imogen's death, which Piſanio in the foregoing Act determined to ſend. Johnson.

[2] *Yea, bloody cloth,* &c.] This is a ſoliloquy of nature, uttered when the effervescence of a mind agitated and perturbed, ſpontaneouſly and inadvertently diſcharges itſelf in words. The ſpeech throughout all its tenor, if the laſt conceit be excepted, ſeems to iſſue warm from the heart. He firſt condemns his own violence; then tries to diſburden himſelf by imputing part of the

If each of you would take this courſe, how many
Muſt murder wives much better than themſelves,
For wrying but a little ?[4]—O, Piſanio!
Every good ſervant does not all commands:
No bond, but to do juſt ones.—Gods! if you
Should have ta'en vengeance on my faults, I never
Had liv'd to put on[5] this: ſo had you ſaved

crime to Piſanio; he next ſooths his mind to an artificial and momentary tranquillity, by trying to think that he has been only an inſtrument of the gods for the happineſs of Imogen. He is now grown reaſonable enough to determine, that having done ſo much evil, he will do no more; that he will not fight againſt the country which he has already injured; but as life is not longer ſupportable, he will die in a juſt cauſe, and die with the obſcurity of a man who does not think himſelf worthy to be remembered. JOHNSON.

[3] ——*I wiſh'd*—] The old copy reads—*I* am *wiſh'd*. STEEVENS.

The correction was made by Mr. Pope. MALONE.

[4] *For* wrying *but a little?*] This uncommon verb is likewiſe uſed by Stanyhurſt in the third book of the tranſlation of Virgil, 1582:

" —— the mayſters *wrye* their veſſels."

Again, in Sidney's *Arcadia*, Lib. I. edit. 1633, p. 67: "— that from the right line of vertue are *wryed* to theſe crooked ſhifts."

Again, in Daniel's *Cleopatra*, 1599:

" —— in her ſinking down ſhe *wryes*
" The diadem ——." STEEVENS.

The following paſſage in *Troilus and Creſſida*, may help to explain the word—*encounter*. In Vol. XV. p. 407, *Ulyſſes ſays*:

" O, theſe *encounterers* ſo glib of tongue
" That give *accoſting* welcome ere it come."

Accoſting is ſurely the true reading; and I am ſtill inclined to read *ſtrayed* inſtead of *ſtained*. So, in *Cymbeline*:

" ——————how many
" Muſt murder wives much better than themſelves,
" For *wrying* but a little." M. MASON.

[5] ——*to put on*—] Is to *incite* to *inſtigate*. JOHNSON.

So, in *Macbeth*:

" ——the powers above
" *Put on* their inſtruments." STEEVENS.

The noble Imogen to repent; and ſtruck
Me wretch, more worth your vengeance. But, alack,
You ſnatch ſome hence for little faults; that's love,
To have them fall no more: you ſome permit
To ſecond ills with ills, each elder worſe;[6]
And make them dread it to the doer's thrift.[7]

[6] ——*each elder worſe*;] For this reading all the later editors have contentedly taken,

——*each* worſe than other;

without enquiries whence they have received it. Yet they knew, or might know, that it has no authority. The original copy reads:

——*each elder worſe*;

The laſt deed is certainly not the oldeſt, but Shakſpeare calls the *deed* of an *elder* man an *elder deed*. JOHNSON.

——*each elder worſe*;] i. e. where corruptions are, they grow with years, and the oldeſt ſinner is the greateſt. You, Gods, permit ſome to proceed in iniquity, and the older ſuch are, the more their crime. TOLLET.

I believe our author muſt anſwer for this inaccuracy, and that he inadvertently conſidered the latter evil deed as the elder; having probably ſome general notion in his mind of a quantity of evil commencing with our firſt parents, and gradually accumulating in proceſs of time by a repetition of crimes.

MALONE.

[7] *And make them* dread it *to the doers' thrift.*] The divinity ſchools have not furniſhed juſter obſervations on the conduct of Providence, than Poſthumus gives us here in his private reflections. You gods, ſays he, act in a different manner with your different creatures:

"You ſnatch ſome hence for little faults; that's love,
"To have them fall no more:—."

Others, ſays our poet, you permit to live on, to multiply and increaſe in crimes:

"And make them *dread it*, to the doers' thrift."

Here is a relative without an antecedent ſubſtantive; which is a breach of grammar. We muſt certainly read:

And make them dreaded, *to the doer's thrift.*

i. e. others you permit to aggravate one crime with more; which enormities not only make them revered and dreaded, but turn in

But Imogen is your own: Do your beſt wills,

other kinds to their advantage. Dignity, reſpect, and profit, accrue to them from crimes committed with impunity.

THEOBALD.

This emendation is followed by Sir T. Hanmer. Dr. Warburton reads, I know not whether by the printer's negligence:

And make them dread *to the doers' thrift.*

There ſeems to be no very ſatisfactory ſenſe yet offered. I read, but with heſitation,—

And make them deeded, *to the doers' thrift.*

The word *deeded* I know not indeed where to find; but Shakſpeare has, in another ſenſe, *undeeded* in *Macbeth:*

" ——————my ſword
" I ſheath again *undeeded.*"

I will try again, and read thus:

—— *others you permit*
To ſecond ills with ills, each other worſe,
And make them trade it, *to the doers' thrift.*

Trade and *thrift* correſpond. Our author plays with *trade,* as it ſignifies a lucrative vocation, or a frequent practice. So Iſabella ſays:

" Thy ſin's, not accidental, but a *trade.*" JOHNSON.

However ungrammatical, I believe the old reading is the true one. To make them *dread it* is to make them *perſevere in the commiſſion of dreadful actions.* Dr. Johnſon has obſerved on a paſſage in *Hamlet,* that Pope and Rowe have not refuſed this mode of ſpeaking:—" To *ſinner it,* or *ſaint it,*"—and " to *coy it.*" STEEVENS.

Mr. Steevens's interpretation appears to me inadmiſſible.

MALONE.

There is a meaning to be extracted from theſe words as they now ſtand, and in my opinion not a bad one:—" Some you ſnatch from hence for little faults; others you ſuffer to heap ills on ills, and afterwards make them dread their having done ſo, to the eternal welfare of the doers."

The whole ſpeech is in a religious ſtrain.—*Thrift* ſignifies a *ſtate of proſperity.* It is not the commiſſion of the crimes that is ſuppoſed to be for the doer's thrift, but his dreading them afterwards, and of courſe repenting, which enſures his ſalvation.—The ſame ſentiment occurs in *The Falſe One,* though not ſo

And make me bleſs'd to obey![8]—I am brought hither
Among the Italian gentry, and to fight
Againſt my lady's kingdom: 'Tis enough
That, Britain, I have kill'd thy miſtreſs; peace!
I'll give no wound to thee. Therefore, good heavens,
Hear patiently my purpoſe: I'll diſrobe me
Of theſe Italian weeds, and ſuit myſelf
As does a Briton peaſant: ſo I'll fight
Againſt the part I come with; ſo I'll die
For thee, O Imogen, even for whom my life
Is, every breath, a death: and thus, unknown,
Pitied nor hated, to the face of peril
Myſelf I'll dedicate. Let me make men know
More valour in me, than my habits ſhow.
Gods, put the ſtrength o'the Leonati in me!
To ſhame the guiſe o'the world, I will begin
The faſhion, leſs without, and more within.

[*Exit.*

ſeriouſly introduced, where the Soldier, ſpeaking of the contrition of Septimius, who murdered Pompey, ſays, "he was happy he was a raſcal, to come to this." M. Mason.

[8] —— *Do your* beſt *wills,*
And make me bleſs'd to obey!] So the copies. It was more in the manner of our author to have written:
—— *Do your* bleſs'd *wills,*
And make me bleſs'd t' obey! Johnson.

SCENE II.

The ſame.

Enter at one Side, LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *and the* Roman *Army; at the other Side, the* Britiſh *Army;* LEONATUS POSTHUMUS *following it, like a poor Soldier. They march over, and go out. Alarums. Then enter again in ſkirmiſh,* IACHIMO *and* POSTHUMUS: *he vanquiſheth and diſarmeth* IACHIMO, *and then leaves him.*

IACH. The heavineſs and guilt within my boſom
Takes off my manhood: I have belied a lady,
The princeſs of this country, and the air on't
Revengingly enfeebles me; Or could this carl,[9]
A very drudge of nature's, have ſubdu'd me,
In my profeſſion? Knighthoods and honours, borne
As I wear mine, are titles but of ſcorn.
If that thy gentry, Britain, go before
This lout, as he exceeds our lords, the odds
Is, that we ſcarce are men, and you are gods.
[*Exit.*

[9] —— *this* carl,] *Carl* or *churl* (ceopl, *Sax.*) is a clown or huſbandman. RITSON.

Verſtegan ſays *ceorle,* now written *churle,* was anciently underſtood for *a ſturdy fellow.* REED.

Carle is uſed by our old writers in oppoſition to a *gentleman.* See the poem of *John the Reeve.* PERCY.

Carlot is a word of the ſame ſignification, and occurs in our author's *As you like it.* Again, in an ancient *Interlude,* or *Morality,* printed by Raſtell, without title or date:

" A *carlys* ſonne, brought up of nought."

The Battle continues; the Britons *fly;* CYMBELINE *is taken; then enter, to his reſcue,* BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Bel. Stand, ſtand! We have the advantage of the ground;
The lane is guarded: nothing routs us, but
The villainy of our fears.

Gui. Arv. Stand, ſtand, and fight!

Enter POSTHUMUS, *and ſeconds the* Britons: *They reſcue* CYMBELINE, *and exeunt. Then, enter* LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *and* IMOGEN.

Luc. Away, boy, from the troops, and ſave thy-ſelf:
For friends kill friends, and the diſorder's ſuch
As war were hood-wink'd.

Iach. 'Tis their freſh ſupplies.

Luc. It is a day turn'd ſtrangely: Or betimes
Let's re-enforce, or fly. [*Exeunt.*

The thought ſeems to have been imitated in *Philaſter:*
" The gods take part againſt me; could this *boor*
" Have held me thus elſe?" STEEVENS.

SCENE III.

Another Part of the Field.

Enter POSTHUMUS *and a* Britiſh Lord.

Lord. Cam'ſt thou from where they made the ſtand?

Post. I did:
Though you, it ſeems, come from the fliers.

Lord. I did.

Post. No blame be to you, ſir; for all was loſt,
But that the heavens fought:[1] The king himſelf
Of his wings deſtitute,[2] the army broken,
And but the backs of Britons ſeen, all flying
Through a ſtrait lane; the enemy full-hearted,
Lolling the tongue with ſlaughtering, having work
More plentiful than tools to do't, ſtruck down
Some mortally, ſome ſlightly touch'd, ſome falling
Merely through fear; that the ſtrait paſs was damm'd
With dead men, hurt behind, and cowards living
To die with lengthen'd ſhame.

Lord. Where was this lane?

[1] *But that the heavens fought:*]. So, in *Judges*, v. 20: "They fought from heaven: the ſtars in their courſes fought againſt Siſera." STEEVENS.

[2] ——*The king himſelf*
Of his wings deſtitute,] "The Danes ruſhed forth with ſuch violence upon their adverſaries, that firſt the right, and then after the left wing of the Scots, was conſtreined to retire and flee back.—HAIE beholding *the king*, with the moſt part of the nobles, fighting with great valiancie in the middle ward, now *deſtitute of the wings*," &c. Holinſhed. See the next note. MALONE.

Post. Close by the battle, ditch'd, and wall'd with turf;[3]
Which gave advantage to an ancient ſoldier,—
An honeſt one, I warrant; who deſerv'd
So long a breeding, as his white beard came to,
In doing this for his country;—athwart the lane,
He, with two ſtriplings, (lads more like to run
The country baſe,[4] than to commit ſuch ſlaughter;
With faces fit for maſks, or rather fairer
Than thoſe for preſervation cas'd, or ſhame,)[5]
Made good the paſſage; cry'd to thoſe that fled,

[3] *Cloſe by the battle,* &c.] The ſtopping of the Roman army by three perſons, is an alluſion to the ſtory of the Hays, as related by Holinſhed in his *Hiſtory of Scotland,* p. 155: "There was neere to the place of the battel, a long lane fenſed on the ſides with ditches and walles made of turfe, through the which the Scots which fled were beaten downe by the enemies on heapes.

"Here Haie with his ſonnes ſuppoſing they might beſt ſtaie the flight, placed themſelves overthwart the lane, beat them backe whom they meet fleeing, and ſpared neither friend nor foe; but downe they went all ſuch as came within their reach, wherewith divers hardie perſonages cried unto their fellowes to returne backe unto the battell," &c.

It appears from Peck's *New Memoirs,* &c. Article 88, that Milton intended to have written a play on this ſubject.

MUSGRAVE.

[4] *The country* baſe,] i. e. a ruſtick game called *priſon-bars,* vulgarly *priſon-baſe.* So, in the tragedy of *Hoffman,* 1632:

"——— I'll run a little courſe
"At *baſe,* or barley-brake———."

Again, in *The Antipodes,* 1638:

"——— my men can run at *baſe.*"

Again, in the 30th Song of Drayton's *Polyolbion:*

"At hood-wink, barley-brake, at tick, or *priſon-baſe.*"

Again, in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen,* Book V. ch. viii:

"So ran they all as they had been at *bace.*" STEEVENS.

See Vol. IV. p. 192, n. 2. MALONE.

[5] ——*for preſervation cas'd, or* ſhame,)] *Shame* for modeſty. WARBURTON.

Our Britain's *harts die flying, not our men:*
To darkneſs fleet, ſouls that fly backwards! Stand;
Or we are Romans, *and will give you that*
Like beaſts, which you ſhun beaſtly; and may ſave,
But to look back in frown: ſtand, ſtand.—Theſe three,
Three thouſand confident, in act as many,
(For three performers are the file, when all
The reſt do nothing,) with this word, *ſtand, ſtand,*
Accommodated by the place, more charming,
With their own nobleneſs, (which could have turn'd
A diſtaff to a lance,) gilded pale looks,
Part, ſhame, part, ſpirit renew'd; that ſome, turn'd coward
But by example (O, a ſin in war,
Damn'd in the firſt beginners!) 'gan to look
The way that they did, and to grin like lions
Upon the pikes o'the hunters. Then began
A ſtop i'the chaſer, a retire; anon,
A rout, confuſion thick: Forthwith, they fly
Chickens, the way which they ſtoop'd eagles; ſlaves,
The ſtrides they victors made:[6] And now our cowards
(Like fragments in hard voyages,) became
The life o'the need;[7] having found the back-door open

[6] —— they *victors made*:] The old copy has—*the* victors &c. The emendation was made by Mr. Theobald. MALONE.

[7] —— became
The life o'the need;] i. e. that *have become* the life, &c. Shakſpeare ſhould have written *become*, but there is, I believe, no corruption. In his 134th Sonnet, he perhaps again uſes *came* as a participle:
"The ſtatute of thy beauty thou wilt take,
"Thou uſurer, that put'ſt forth all to uſe,
"And ſue a friend, *came* debtor for thy ſake."

Of the unguarded hearts, Heavens, how they wound!
Some, ſlain before; ſome, dying; ſome, their friends
O'er-borne i'the former wave: ten, chac'd by one,
Are now each one the ſlaughter-man of twenty:
Thoſe, that would die or ere reſiſt, are grown
The mortal bugs[8] o'the field.

Lord. This was ſtrange chance:
A narrow lane! an old man, and two boys!

Post. Nay, do not wonder at it:[9] You are made
Rather to wonder at the things you hear,
Than to work any. Will you rhyme upon't,
And vent it for a mockery? Here is one:
Two boys, an old man twice a boy, a lane,
Preſerv'd the Britons, was the Romans' bane.

Lord. Nay, be not angry, ſir.

Post. 'Lack, to what end?
Who dares not ſtand his foe, I'll be his friend:
For if he'll do, as he is made to do,
I know, he'll quickly fly my friendſhip too.
You have put me into rhyme.

Lord. Farewell; you are angry. [*Exit.*

Became, however, in the text may be a verb. If this was intended, the parentheſis ſhould be removed. Malone.

[8] ——*bugs*—] Terrors. Johnson.

So, in *The Firſt Part of Jeronimo,* 1605:

"Where nought but furies, *bugs,* and tortures dwell."

Again, in *The Battle of Alcazar,* 1594:

"Is Amurath Baſſa ſuch a *bug,*
"That he is mark'd to do this doughty deed?"

Steevens.

See Vol. XIV. p. 180, n. 3. Malone.

[9] *Nay, do not wonder at it:*] Poſthumus firſt bids him not wonder, then tells him in another mode of reproach, that wonder is all that he was made for. Johnson.

Post. Still going?—This is a lord![1] O noble misery!
To be i'the field, and aſk, what news, of me!
To-day, how many would have given their honours
To have ſav'd their carcaſſes? took heel to do't,
And yet died too? I, in mine own woe charm'd,[2]
Could not find death, where I did hear him groan;
Nor feel him, where he ſtruck: Being an ugly monſter,
'Tis ſtrange, he hides him in freſh cups, ſoft beds,
Sweet words; or hath more miniſters than we
That draw his knives i'the war.—Well, I will find him:
For being now a favourer to the Roman,[3]

[1] ——*This* is *a lord!*] Read:—*This a lord!* RITSON.

[2] ——*I, in mine own woe charm'd,*] Alluding to the common ſuperſtition of *charms* being powerful enough to keep men unhurt in battle. It was derived from our Saxon anceſtors, and ſo is common to us with the Germans, who are above all other people given to this ſuperſtition; which made Eraſmus, where, in his *Moriæ Encomium*, he gives to each nation its proper characteriſtick, ſay, "Germani corporum proceritate & magiæ cognitione ſibi placent." And Prior, in his *Alma*:

"North Britons hence have *ſecond ſight*;
"And *Germans free from gun-ſhot fight*."

WARBURTON.

See Vol. X. p. 289, n. 6. So, in Drayton's *Nymphidia*:

"Their ſeconds miniſter an oath
"Which was indifferent to them both,
"That, on their nightly faith and troth,
"No *magick* them ſupplied;
"And ſought them that they had no *charms*
"Wherewith to work each other's harms,
"But come with ſimple open arms
"To have their cauſes tried."

Again, in Chapman's verſion of the tenth Book of Homer's *Odyſſey*:

"Enter her roof; for thou'rt to all proof *charm'd*
"Againſt the ill day." STEEVENS.

[3] ——*favourer to the* Roman,] The editions before Sir Tho-

No more a Briton, I have re-ſum'd again
The part I came in: Fight I will no more,
But yield me to the veriеſt hind, that ſhall
Once touch my ſhoulder. Great the ſlaughter is
Here made by the Roman; great the anſwer be[4]
Britons muſt take; For me, my ranſome's death;
On either ſide I come to ſpend my breath;
Which neither here I'll keep, nor bear again,
But end it by ſome means for Imogen.

Enter Two Britiſh Captains, *and Soldiers.*

1 *Cap.* Great Jupiter be prais'd! Lucius is taken:
'Tis thought, the old man and his ſons were angels.

2 *Cap.* There was a fourth man, in a ſilly habit,[5]
That gave the affront with them.[6]

mas Hanmer's, for *Roman* read *Briton*; and Dr. Warburton reads *Briton* ſtill. Johnson.

[4] ——*great the* anſwer *be*—] *Anſwer*, as once in this play before, is *retaliation*. Johnson.

[5] ——*a* ſilly *habit*,] *Silly* is *ſimple* or *ruſtick*. So, in *King Lear*:

" —— twenty *ſilly* ducking obſervants——."

Steevens.

So, in the novel of Boccace, on which this play is formed: " The ſervant, who had no great good will to kill her, very eaſily grew pitifull, took off her upper garment, and gave her a poore ragged doublet, a *ſilly* chapperone," &c. *The Decameron*, 1620. Malone.

[6] *That gave the* affront *with them.*] That is, that turned their faces to the enemy. Johnson.

So, in Ben Jonſon's *Alchymiſt*:

" To day thou ſhalt have ingots, and to-morrow
" *Give* lords *the affront*." Steevens.

To *affront*, Minſheu explains thus in his *Dictionary*, 1617: " To come face to face. v. *Encounter*." *Affrontare*, Ital. Malone.

1 *Cap.* So 'tis reported:
But none of them can be found.—Stand![7] who is there?

Post. A Roman;
Who had not now been drooping here, if ſeconds
Had anſwer'd him.

2 *Cap.* Lay hands on him; a dog!
A leg of Rome ſhall not return to tell
What crows have peck'd them here: He brags his ſervice
As if he were of note: bring him to the king.

Enter Cymbeline,[8] *attended*; Belarius, Guiderius, Arviragus, Pisanio, *and* Roman *Captives. The* Captains *preſent* Posthumus *to* Cymbeline, *who delivers him over to a Gaoler: after which, all go out.*

[7] —— *Stand!*] I would willingly, for the ſake of metre, omit this uſeleſs word, and read the whole paſſage thus:

But none of them can be found.—Who's there?
Poſt. *A Roman;*—.

Steevens.

[8] *Enter* Cymbeline, *&c.*] This is the only inſtance in theſe plays of the buſineſs of the ſcene being entirely performed in dumb ſhow. The direction muſt have proceeded from the players, as it is perfectly unneceſſary, and our author has elſewhere [in *Hamlet*] expreſſed his contempt of ſuch mummery.

Ritson.

SCENE IV.

A Priſon.

Enter POSTHUMUS, *and Two* Gaolers.

1 *Gaol.* You ſhall not now be ſtolen,[9] you have locks upon you;
So, graze, as you find paſture.

2 *Gaol.* Ay, or a ſtomach.
[*Exeunt* Gaolers.

Post. Moſt welcome, bondage! for thou art a way,
I think, to liberty: Yet am I better
Than one that's ſick o'the gout: ſince he had rather
Groan ſo in perpetuity, than be cur'd
By the ſure phyſician, death; who is the key
To unbar theſe locks. My conſcience! thou art fetter'd
More than my ſhanks, and wriſts: You good gods, give me
The penitent inſtrument, to pick that bolt,
Then, free for ever! Is't enough, I am ſorry?
So children temporal fathers do appeaſe;
Gods are more full of mercy. Muſt I repent?
I cannot do it better than in gyves,
Deſir'd, more than conſtrain'd: to ſatisfy,
If of my freedom 'tis the main part, take

[9] *You ſhall not now be ſtolen,*] The wit of the Gaolor alludes to the cuſtom of putting a lock on a horſe's leg, when he is turned to paſture. JOHNSON.

No ſtricter render of me, than my all.[1]
I know, you are more clement than vile men,
Who of their broken debtors take a third,
A ſixth, a tenth, letting them thrive again
On their abatement; that's not my deſire:
For Imogen's dear life, take mine; and though
'Tis not ſo dear, yet 'tis a life; you coin'd it:
'Tween man and man, they weigh not every ſtamp;
Though light, take pieces for the figure's ſake:
You rather mine, being yours: And ſo, great powers,
If you will take this audit, take this life,
And cancel theſe cold bonds.[2] O Imogen!
I'll ſpeak to thee in ſilence. [*He ſleeps.*

[1] ——— *to ſatisfy;*
If of *my freedom 'tis the main part, take*
No ſtricter render of me, than my all.] Poſthumus queſtions whether contrition be ſufficient atonement for guilt. Then, to ſatisfy the offended gods, he deſires them to take no more than his preſent all, that is, his life, if it is the *main part*, the chief point, or principal condition of his freedom, i. e. of his freedom from future puniſhment. This interpretation appears to be warranted by the former part of the ſpeech. Sir T. Hanmer reads:
I doff *my freedom*,——. STEEVENS.

I believe Poſthumus means to ſay, "Since for my crimes I have been deprived of my freedom, and ſince life itſelf is more valuable than freedom, let the gods take my life, and by this let heaven be appeaſed, how ſmall ſoever the atonement may be." I ſuſpect, however, that a line has been loſt, after the word *ſatisfy*. If the text be right, *to ſatisfy* means, *by way of ſatisfaction*. MALONE.

[2] ——*cold bonds.*] This equivocal uſe of *bonds* is another inſtance of our author's infelicity in pathetick ſpeeches. JOHNSON.

An alluſion to the ſame legal inſtrument has more than once debaſed the imagery of Shakſpeare. So, in *Macbeth*:
"*Cancel* and tear to pieces that great *bond*
"That keeps me pale." STEEVENS.

Solemn Muſick.[3] *Enter, as an Apparition,* SICILIUS LEONATUS, *Father to* POSTHUMUS, *an old Man, attired like a Warrior; leading in his Hand an ancient Matron, his Wife, and Mother to* POSTHUMUS, *with Muſick before them. Then, after other Muſick, follow the Two young* Leonati, *Brothers to* POSTHUMUS, *with Wounds, as they died in the Wars. They circle* POSTHUMUS *round, as he lies ſleeping.*

Sici. No more, thou thunder-maſter, ſhow
Thy ſpite on mortal flies:
With Mars fall out, with Juno chide,
That thy adulteries
Rates and revenges.

[3] *Solemn muſick.* &c.] Here follow a *viſion*, a *maſque*, and a *propheſy*, which interrupt the fable without the leaſt neceſſity, and unmeaſurably lengthen this Act. I think it plainly foiſted in afterwards for mere ſhow, and apparently not of Shakſpeare. POPE.

Every reader muſt be of the ſame opinion. The ſubſequent narratives of Poſthumus, which render this maſque, &c. unneceſſary, (or perhaps the ſcenical directions ſupplied by the poet himſelf) ſeem to have excited ſome manager of a theatre to diſgrace the play by the preſent metrical interpolation. Shakſpeare, who has conducted his fifth Act with ſuch matchleſs ſkill, could never have deſigned the viſion to be twice deſcribed by Poſthumus, had this contemptible nonſenſe been previouſly delivered on the ſtage. The following paſſage from Dr. Farmer's *Eſſay* will ſhow that it was no unuſual thing for the players to indulge themſelves in making additions equally unjuſtifiable:—"We have a ſufficient inſtance of the liberties taken by the actors, in an old pamphlet by Naſh, called *Lenten Stuffe, with the Prayſe of the Red Herring*, 4to. 1599, where he aſſures us, that in a play of his called *The Iſle of Dogs, foure Acts*, without his conſent, or the leaſt gueſs of his drift or ſcope, were ſupplied by the players." STEEVENS.

In a note on Vol. II. (Article—SHAKSPEARE, FORD, and JONSON,) may be found a ſtrong confirmation of what has been here ſuggeſted. MALONE.

Hath my poor boy done aught but well,
Whoſe face I never ſaw?
I died, whilſt in the womb he ſtay'd
Attending Nature's law.
Whoſe father then (as men report,
Thou orphans' father art,)
Thou ſhould'ſt have been, and ſhielded him
From this earth-vexing ſmart.

Moth. Lucina lent not me her aid,
But took me in my throes;
That from me was Poſthúmus ript,[4]
Came crying 'mongſt his foes,
A thing of pity!

Sici. Great nature, like his anceſtry,
Moulded the ſtuff ſo fair,
That he deſerv'd the praiſe o'the world,
As great Sicilius' heir.

1 *Bro.* When once he was mature for man,
In Britain where was he
That could ſtand up his parallel;
Or fruitful object be
In eye of Imogen, that beſt
Could deem his dignity?

One would think that, Shakſpeare's ſtyle being too refined for his audiences, the managers had employed ſome playwright of the *old ſchool* to regale them with a touch of "King Cambyſes' vein." The margin would be too honourable a place for ſo impertinent an interpolation. Ritson.

[4] *That from me was Poſthúmus ript,*] Perhaps we ſhould read:
That from my womb *Poſthumus ript,*
Came crying 'mongſt his foes. Johnson.

This circumſtance is met with in *The Devil's Charter*, 1607. The play of *Cymbeline* did not appear in print till 1623:
"What would'ſt thou run again into my womb?
"If thou wert there, thou ſhould'ſt be *Poſthumus*,
"And ript out of my ſides," &c. Steevens.

Moth. With marriage wherefore was he mock'd,[5]
To be exil'd, and thrown
From Leonati' ſeat, and caſt
From her his deareſt one,
Sweet Imogen?

Sici. Why did you ſuffer Iachimo,
Slight thing of Italy,
To taint his nobler heart and brain
With needleſs jealouſy;
And to become the geck [6] and ſcorn
O' the other's villainy?

2 *Bro.* For this, from ſtiller ſeats we came,
Our parents, and us twain,
That, ſtriking in our country's cauſe,
Fell bravely, and were ſlain;
Our fealty, and Tenantius' [7] right,
With honour to maintain.

1 *Bro.* Like hardiment Poſthumus hath
To Cymbeline perform'd:
Then Jupiter, thou king of gods,
Why haſt thou thus adjourn'd
The graces for his merits due;
Being all to dolours turn'd?

Sici. Thy cryſtal window ope; look out;
No longer exerciſe,
Upon a valiant race, thy harſh
And potent injuries:

[5] *With* marriage *wherefore was he* mock'd,] The ſame phraſe occurs in *Meaſure for Meaſure*:
"I hope you will not *mock* me with a *husband*."
STEEVENS.

[6] *And to become the* geck—] And permit *Poſthumus* to become the geck, &c. MALONE.
A *geck* is a fool. See Vol. V. p. 415, n. 7. STEEVENS.

[7] —— *Tenantius'*—] See p. 407, n. 7. STEEVENS.

Moth. Since, Jupiter, our ſon is good,
Take off his miſeries.

Sici. Peep through thy marble manſion; help!
Or we poor ghoſts will cry
To the ſhining ſynod of the reſt,
Againſt thy deity.

2 *Bro.* Help, Jupiter; or we appeal,
And from thy juſtice fly.

JUPITER *deſcends*[8] *in Thunder and Lightning, ſitting upon an Eagle: he throws a Thunder-bolt. The Ghoſts fall on their Knees.*

Jup. No more, you petty ſpirits of region low,
Offend our hearing; huſh!—How dare you ghoſts,
Accuſe the thunderer, whoſe bolt you know,
Sky-planted, batters all rebelling coaſts?
Poor ſhadows of Elyſium, hence; and reſt
Upon your never-withering banks of flowers:
Be not with mortal accidents oppreſt;
No care of yours it is; you know, 'tis ours.
Whom beſt I love, I croſs; to make my gift,
The more delay'd, delighted.[9] Be content;
Your low-laid ſon our godhead will uplift:
His comforts thrive, his trials well are ſpent.

[8] *Jupiter deſcends*—] It appears from *Acolaſtus*, a comedy by T. Palſgrave, chaplain to King Henry VIII. bl. l. 1540, that the deſcent of deities was common to our ſtage in its earlieſt ſtate: "Of whyche the lyke thyng is uſed to be ſhewed now a days in ſtage-plaies, when ſome *God* or ſome Saynt is made to appere forth of a cloude, and ſuccoureth the parties which ſeemed to be towardes ſome great danger, through the Soudan's crueltie." The author, for fear this deſcription ſhould not be ſuppoſed to extend itſelf to our theatres, adds in a marginal note, "the lyke maner uſed nowe at our days in ſtage playes." STEEVENS.

[9] *The more delay'd,* delighted.] That is, the more delightful

Our Jovial ſtar reign'd at his birth, and in
Our temple was he married.—Riſe, and fade!—
He ſhall be lord of lady Imogen,
And happier much by his affliction made.
This tablet lay upon his breaſt; wherein
Our pleaſure his full fortune doth confine;
And ſo, away: no further with your din
Expreſs impatience, leſt you ſtir up mine.—
Mount, eagle, to my palace cryſtalline.[1]

[*Aſcends.*

Sici. He came in thunder; his celeſtial breath
Was ſulphurous to ſmell:[2] the holy eagle

for being delayed.—It is ſcarcely neceſſary to obſerve, in the eighteenth volume, that Shakſpeare uſes indiſcriminately the active and paſſive participles. M. Mason.

Delighted is here either uſed for delighted *in*, or for *delighting*. So, in *Othello*:

" If virtue no *delighted* beauty lack——." Malone.

Though it be hardly worth while to waſte a conjecture on the wretched ſtuff before us, perhaps the author of it, inſtead of *delighted* wrote *dilated*, i. e. expanded, rendered more copious. This participle occurs in *King Henry V.* and the verb in *Othello*. Steevens.

[1] ——*my palace crystalline.*] Milton has tranſplanted this idea into his verſes *In Obitum Præſulis Elienſis*:

" Ventum eſt Olympi & *regiam chrystallinam.*"

Steevens.

[2] *He came in thunder; his celeſtial breath*
Was ſulphurous to ſmell:] A paſſage like this one may ſuppoſe to have been ridiculed by Ben Jonſon, when in *Every Man in his Humour* he puts the following ſtrain of poetry into the mouth of Juſtice Clement:

" ——————teſtify,
" How Saturn ſitting in an ebon cloud,
" Diſrob'd his podex white as ivory,
" And through the welkin thunder'd all aloud"

If, however, the dates of Jonſon's play and Chapman's tranſlation of the eleventh Book of Homer's *Iliad*, are at all reconcileable, one might be tempted to regard the paſſage laſt quoted as a ridicule on the following:

Stoop'd, as to foot us:[3] his aſcenſion is
More ſweet than our bleſs'd fields: his royal bird
Prunes the immortal wing,[4] and cloys his beak,[5]
As when his god is pleas'd.

All. Thanks, Jupiter!

Sici. The marble pavement cloſes,[6] he is enter'd

" ——— *on a ſable cloud*
" (To bring them furious to the field) *ſat thundring out aloud.*" Fol. edit. p. 143.

STEEVENS.

[3] —— *to* foot *us*:] i. e. to graſp us in his pounces. So, Herbert:

" And till they *foot* and clutch their prey." STEEVENS.

[4] Prunes *the immortal wing,*] A bird is ſaid to *prune* himſelf when he clears his feathers from ſuperfluities. So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song I:

" Some ſitting on the beach, to *prune* their painted breaſts."

See Vol. VII. p. 115, n. 7; and Vol. XI. p. 189, n. 2.

STEEVENS.

[5] —— cloys *his beak,*] Perhaps we ſhould read:
—— claws *his beak.* TYRWHITT.

A *cley* is the ſame with a *claw* in old language. FARMER.

So in Gower, *De Confeſſione Amantis*, Lib. IV. fol. 69:

" And as a catte would eté fiſhes
" Without wetyng of his *clees.*"

Again, in Ben Jonſon's *Underwoods*:

" ——— from the ſeize
" Of vulture death and thoſe relentleſs *cleys.*"

Barrett, in his *Alvearie*, 1580, ſpeaks "of a diſeaſe in cattell betwixt the *clees* of their feete." And in *The Book of Hawking*, &c. bl. l. no date, under the article *Pounces*, it is ſaid, "The *cleis* within the fote ye ſhall call aright her pounces." To *claw* their beaks, is an accuſtomed action with hawks and eagles.

STEEVENS.

[6] *The marble pavement cloſes,*] So, in T. Heywood's *Troia Britannica*, Cant. xii. ſt. 77, 1609:

" A general ſhout is given,
" And ſtrikes againſt *the marble floors of heaven.*"

HOLT WHITE.

His radiant roof:—Away! and, to be bleſt,
Let us with care perform his great beheſt.
[*Ghoſts vaniſh.*

POST. [*Waking.*] Sleep, thou haſt been a grandſire, and begot
A father to me: and thou haſt created
A mother, and two brothers: But (O ſcorn!)
Gone! they went hence ſo ſoon as they were born.
And ſo I am awake.—Poor wretches that depend
On greatneſs' favour, dream as I have done;
Wake, and find nothing.—But, alas, I ſwerve:
Many dream not to find, neither deſerve,
And yet are ſteep'd in favours; ſo am I,
That have this golden chance, and know not why.
What fairies haunt this ground? A book? O, rare one!
Be not, as is our fangled world, a garment
Nobler than that it covers: let thy effects
So follow, to be moſt unlike our courtiers,
As good as promiſe.

[Reads.] *When as a lion's whelp ſhall, to himſelf known, without ſeeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a ſtately cedar ſhall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years, ſhall after revive, be jointed to the old ſtock, and freſhly grow; then ſhall* Poſthumus *end his miſeries,* Britain *be fortunate, and flouriſh in peace and plenty.*

'Tis ſtill a dream; or elſe ſuch ſtuff as madmen
Tongue, and brain not:[7] either both, or nothing:
Or ſenſeleſs ſpeaking, or a ſpeaking ſuch

[7] *Tongue, and brain not:*] To perfect the line we may read:

Do *tongue, and brain not:*—. STEEVENS.

As ſenſe cannot untie.[8] Be what it is,
The action of my life is like it, which
I'll keep, if but for ſympathy.

Re-enter Gaolers.

Gaol. Come, ſir, are you ready for death?

Post. Over-roaſted rather: ready long ago.

Gaol. Hanging is the word, ſir; if you be ready for that, you are well cooked.

Post. So, if I prove a good repaſt to the ſpectators, the diſh pays the ſhot.

Gaol. A heavy reckoning for you, ſir: But the comfort is, you ſhall be called to no more payments, fear no more tavern bills; which are often the ſadneſs of parting, as the procuring of mirth: you come in faint for want of meat, depart reeling with too much drink; ſorry that you have paid too much, and ſorry that you are paid too much;[9] purſe and

[8] *'Tis ſtill a dream; or elſe ſuch ſtuff as madmen*
Tongue, and brain not: either both, or nothing:
Or ſenſeleſs ſpeaking, or a ſpeaking ſuch
As ſenſe cannot untie.] The meaning, which is too thin to be eaſily caught, I take to be this: *This is a dream or madneſs, or both,—or nothing,—but whether it be a ſpeech without conſciouſneſs,* as in a dream, *or a ſpeech unintelligible,* as in madneſs, be it as it is, *it is like my courſe of life.* We might perhaps read:

Whether *both, or nothing,—.* Johnson.

[9] *——ſorry that you* have paid *too much, and ſorry that you* are paid *too much;*] i. e. ſorry that you *have paid* too much out of your pocket, and ſorry that you *are paid,* or *ſubdued,* too much by the liquor. So, Falſtaff: "——ſeven of the eleven I *paid.*" Again, in the fifth ſcene of the fourth Act of *The Merry Wives of Windſor.* Steevens.

The word has already occurred in this ſenſe, in a former ſcene:

brain both empty: the brain the heavier for being too light, the purſe too light, being drawn of heavineſs:[1] O! of this contradiction you ſhall now be quit.[2]—O the charity of a penny cord! it ſums up thouſands in a trice: you have no true debitor and creditor[3] but it; of what's paſt, is, and to come, the diſcharge:—Your neck, ſir, is pen, book, and counters; ſo the acquittance follows.

Post. I am merrier to die, than thou art to live.

Gaol. Indeed, ſir, he that ſleeps feels not the tooth-ach: But a man that were to ſleep your ſleep, and a hangman to help him to bed, I think, he would change places with his officer: for, look you, ſir, you know not which way you ſhall go.

Post. Yes, indeed, do I, fellow.

Gaol. Your death has eyes in's head then; I have not ſeen him ſo pictured: you muſt either be directed by ſome that take upon them to know; or take upon yourſelf that, which I am ſure you do not know; or jump the after-inquiry[4] on your own

" And though he came our enemy, remember
" He was *paid* for that."

See alſo Vol. XI. p. 286, n. 2. Malone.

[1] —— *being* drawn *of heavineſs:*] *Drawn* is *embowelled, exenterated.*—So in common language a fowl is ſaid to be *drawn,* when its inteſtines are taken out. Steevens.

[2] —— *of this contradiction you ſhall now be quit.*] Thus, in *Meaſure for Meaſure:*

" ——— Death,
" That makes theſe odds all even." Steevens.

[3] —— *debitor and creditor* —] For an *accounting look.* Johnson.

So, in *Othello:*

" By *debitor and creditor,* this *counter*-caſter;" ——. Steevens.

[4] —— *jump the after-enquiry* —] That is, *venture* at it without thought. So, *Macbeth:*

" We'd *jump* the life to come." Johnson.

peril: and how you ſhall ſpeed in your journey's end, I think you'll never return to tell one.

Post. I tell thee, fellow, there are none want eyes to direct them the way I am going, but ſuch as wink, and will not uſe them.

Gaol. What an infinite mock is this, that a man ſhould have the beſt uſe of eyes, to ſee the way of blindneſs! I am ſure, hanging's the way of winking.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Mess. Knock off his manacles; bring your priſoner to the king.

Post. Thou bringeſt good news;—I am called to be made free.

Gaol. I'll be hanged then.

Post. Thou ſhalt be then freer than a gaoler; no bolts for the dead.

[*Exeunt* Posthumus *and* Meſſenger.

Gaol. Unleſs a man would marry a gallows, and beget young gibbets, I never ſaw one ſo prone.[5]

To *jump* is to hazard. So, in the paſſage quoted from *Macbeth* by Dr. Johnſon. Again, in *Coriolanus:*

"To *jump* a body with a dangerous phyſick——." Malone.

[5] ——*I never ſaw one ſo prone.*] i. e. forward. In this ſenſe the word is uſed in Wilfride Holme's poem, entitled *The Fall and evil Succeſs of Rebellion,* &c. 1537:

"Thus lay they in Doncaſter, with curtol and ſerpentine,
"With bombard and baſiliſk, with men *prone* and vigorous."

Again, in Sir A. Gorges' tranſlation of the ſixth Book of Lucan:

"——Theſſalian fierie ſteeds
"For uſe of war ſo *prone* and fit." Steevens.

See Vol. VI. p. 211, n. 3. Malone.

Yet, on my conſcience, there are verier knaves deſire to live, for all he be a Roman: and there be ſome of them too, that die againſt their wills; ſo ſhould I, if I were one. I would we were all of one mind, and one mind good; O, there were deſolation of gaolers, and gallowſes! I ſpeak againſt my preſent profit; but my wiſh hath a preferment in't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.[6]

Cymbeline's *Tent.*

Enter CYMBELINE, BELARIUS, GUIDERIUS, ARVIRAGUS, PISANIO, Lords, *Officers, and Attendants.*

Cym. Stand by my ſide, you whom the gods have made
Preſervers of my throne. Woe is my heart,
That the poor ſoldier, that ſo richly fought,
Whoſe rags ſham'd gilded arms, whoſe naked breaſt
Stepp'd before targe of proof, cannot be found:
He ſhall be happy that can find him, if

[6] *Scene V.*] Let thoſe who talk ſo confidently about the ſkill of Shakſpeare's contemporary, Jonſon, point out the concluſion of any one of his plays which is wrought with more artifice, and yet a leſs degree of dramatick violence than this. In the ſcene before us, all the ſurviving characters are aſſembled; and at the expence of whatever incongruity the former events may have been produced, perhaps little can be diſcovered on this occaſion to offend the moſt ſcrupulous advocate for regularity: and, I think, as little is found wanting to ſatisfy the ſpectator by a cataſtrophe which is intricate without confuſion, and not more rich in ornament than in nature. STEEVENS.

Our grace can make him ſo.

Bel. I never ſaw
Such noble fury in ſo poor a thing;
Such precious deeds in one that promis'd nought
But beggary and poor looks.[7]

Cym. No tidings of him?

Pis. He hath been ſearch'd among the dead and living,
But no trace of him.

Cym. To my grief, I am
The heir of his reward; which I will add
To you, the liver, heart, and brain of Britain,
[*To* Belarius, Guiderius, *and* Arviragus.
By whom, I grant, ſhe lives: 'Tis now the time
To aſk of whence you are:—report it.

Bel. Sir,
In Cambria are we born, and gentlemen:
Further to boaſt, were neither true nor modeſt,
Unleſs I add, we are honeſt.

Cym. Bow your knees:
Ariſe, my knights o'the battle;[8] I create you
Companions to our perſon, and will fit you
With dignities becoming your eſtates.

[7] ——*one that promis'd nought*
But beggary and poor looks.] To promiſe *nothing but* poor *looks*, may be, to give no promiſe of courageous behaviour. Johnson.

So, in *King Richard II*:
"To *look* ſo *poorly*, and to ſpeak ſo fair." Steevens.

[8] ——*knights o'the battle*;] Thus, in Stowe's *Chronicle*, p. 164, edit. 1615: "Philip of France made Arthur Plantagenet *knight of the fielde*." Steevens.

Enter CORNELIUS *and* Ladies.

There's buſineſs in theſe faces:—Why ſo ſadly
Greet you our victory? you look like Romans,
And not o'the court of Britain.

Cor. Hail, great king!
To four your happineſs, I muſt report
The queen is dead.

Cym. Whom worſe than a phyſician[9]
Would this report become? But I conſider,
By medicine life may be prolong'd, yet death
Will ſeize the doctor too.[1]—How ended ſhe?

Cor. With horror, madly dying, like her life;
Which, being cruel to the world, concluded
Moſt cruel to herſelf. What ſhe confeſs'd,
I will report, ſo pleaſe you: Theſe her women
Can trip me, if I err; who, with wet cheeks,
Were preſent when ſhe finiſh'd.

Cym. Pr'ythee, ſay.

Cor. Firſt, ſhe confeſs'd ſhe never lov'd you; only
Affected greatneſs got by you, not you:
Married your royalty, was wife to your place;
Abhorr'd your perſon.

Cym. She alone knew this:
And, but ſhe ſpoke it dying, I would not
Believe her lips in opening it. Proceed.

[9] Whom *worſe than a phyſician*—] Old copy—*Who.* Corrected in the ſecond folio. MALONE.

[1] ——— *yet death*
Will ſeize the doctor too.] This obſervation has been already made at the end of the ſecond ſtanza of the funeral Song, p. 580:
"The ſceptre, learning, *phyſick*, muſt
"All follow this, and come to duſt." STEEVENS.

Cor. Your daughter, whom ſhe bore in hand to love[2]
With ſuch integrity, ſhe did confeſs
Was as a ſcorpion to her ſight; whoſe life,
But that her flight prevented it, ſhe had
Ta'en off by poiſon.

Cym. O moſt delicate fiend!
Who is't can read a woman?—Is there more?

Cor. More, ſir, and worſe. She did confeſs, ſhe had
For you a mortal mineral; which, being took,
Should by the minute feed on life, and, ling'ring,
By inches waſte you: In which time ſhe purpos'd,
By watching, weeping, tendance, kiſſing, to
O'ercome you with her ſhow: yes, and in time,[3]
(When ſhe had fitted you with her craft,) to work
Her ſon into the adoption of the crown:
But failing of her end by his ſtrange abſence,
Grew ſhameleſs-deſperate; open'd, in deſpite
Of heaven and men, her purpoſes; repented
The evils ſhe hatch'd were not effected; ſo,
Deſpairing, died.

Cym. Heard you all this, her women?

Lady. We did ſo, pleaſe your highneſs.

Cym. Mine eyes[4]
Were not in fault, for ſhe was beautiful;

[2] —— *bore in hand* to love —] i. e. inſidiouſly taught to depend on her love. See Vol. VI. p. 224, n. 9. Steevens.

[3] —— yes, *and in time,*] Thus the ſecond folio. The firſt, injuriouſly to the metre, omits—*yes*. Steevens.

[4] *Mine eyes* —] Sir Thomas Hanmer, very adroitly, in my opinion, ſupplies the ſyllable here wanting to the metre, by reading:
Yet, *mine eyes* &c. Steevens.

Mine ears, that heard her flattery; nor my heart,
That thought her like her ſeeming; it had been vicious,
To have mistruſted her: yet, O my daughter!
That it was folly in me, thou may'ſt ſay,
And prove it in thy feeling. Heaven mend all!

Enter LUCIUS, IACHIMO, *the* Soothſayer, *and other* Roman *Priſoners, guarded*; POSTHUMUS *behind, and* IMOGEN.

Thou com'ſt not, Caius, now for tribute; that
The Britons have raz'd out, though with the loſs
Of many a bold one; whoſe kinſmen have made ſuit,
That their good ſouls may be appeas'd with ſlaughter
Of you their captives, which ourſelf have granted:
So, think of your eſtate.

Luc. Conſider, ſir, the chance of war: the day
Was yours by accident; had it gone with us,
We ſhould not, when the blood was cool, have threaten'd
Our priſoners with the ſword. But ſince the gods
Will have it thus, that nothing but our lives
May be call'd ranſome, let it come: ſufficeth,
A Roman with a Roman's heart can ſuffer:
Auguſtus lives to think on't: And ſo much
For my peculiar care. This one thing only
I will entreat; My boy, a Briton born,
Let him be ranſom'd: never maſter had
A page ſo kind, ſo duteous, diligent,
So tender over his occaſions, true,
So feat,[5] ſo nurſe-like: let his virtue join

[5] *So feat,*] So ready; ſo dexterous in waiting. JOHNSON.
See p. 408, n. 1. MALONE.

With my requeſt, which, I'll make bold, your highneſs
Cannot deny; he hath done no Briton harm,
Though he have ſerv'd a Roman: ſave him, ſir,
And ſpare no blood beſide.

Cym. I have ſurely ſeen him:
His favour is familiar[6] to me.—
Boy, thou haſt look'd thyſelf into my grace,
And art mine own.—I know not why, nor wherefore,
To ſay, live, boy:[7] ne'er thank thy maſter; live:
And aſk of Cymbeline what boon thou wilt,
Fitting my bounty, and thy ſtate, I'll give it;
Yea, though thou do demand a priſoner,
The nobleſt ta'en.

Imo. I humbly thank your highneſs.

Luc. I do not bid thee beg my life, good lad;
And yet, I know, thou wilt.

Imo. No, no: alack,
There's other work in hand; I ſee a thing
Bitter to me as death: your life, good maſter,
Muſt ſhuffle for itſelf.

Luc. The boy diſdains me,
He leaves me, ſcorns me: Briefly die their joys,
That place them on the truth of girls and boys.—
Why ſtands he ſo perplex'd?

Cym. What would'ſt thou, boy?
I love thee more and more; think more and more

[6] *His* favour *is familiar*—] I am acquainted with his countenance. JOHNSON.

[7] *I know not why,* nor *wherefore,*
To *ſay, live, boy*:] I know not what ſhould induce me to ſay, live, boy. The word *nor* was inſerted by Mr. Rowe. The late editions have—*I* ſay, &c. MALONE.

What's beſt to aſk. Know'ſt him thou look'ſt on? ſpeak,
Wilt have him live? Is he thy kin? thy friend?

Imo. He is a Roman; no more kin to me,
Than I to your highneſs; who, being born your vaſſal,
Am ſomething nearer.

Cym. Wherefore ey'ſt him ſo?

Imo. I'll tell you, ſir, in private, if you pleaſe
To give me hearing.

Cym. Ay, with all my heart,
And lend my beſt attention. What's thy name?

Imo. Fidele, ſir.

Cym. Thou art my good youth, my page;
I'll be thy maſter: Walk with me; ſpeak freely.
[Cymbeline *and* Imogen *converſe apart.*

Bel. Is not this boy reviv'd from death?[8]

Arv. One ſand another
Not more reſembles: That ſweet roſy lad,
Who died, and was Fidele:—What think you?

Gui. The ſame dead thing alive.

Bel. Peace, peace! ſee further; he eyes us not; forbear;
Creatures may be alike: were't he, I am ſure
He would have ſpoke to us.

Gui. But we ſaw him dead.

Bel. Be ſilent; let's ſee further.

Pis. It is my miſtreſs:
[*Aſide.*

[8] ——*reviv'd* from death?] The words—*from death*, which ſpoil the meaſure, are an undoubted interpolation. From what elſe *but death* could Imogen, in the opinion of Belarius, have *revived?* Steevens.

Since ſhe is living, let the time run on,
To good, or bad.

[CYMBELINE *and* IMOGEN *come forward.*

Cym. Come, ſtand thou by our ſide;
Make thy demand aloud.—Sir, [*To* IACH.] ſtep you forth;
Give anſwer to this boy, and do it freely;
Or, by our greatneſs, and the grace of it,
Which is our honour, bitter torture ſhall
Winnow the truth from falſehood.—On, ſpeak to him.

Imo. My boon is, that this gentleman may render
Of whom he had this ring.

Post. What's that to him?
[*Aſide.*

Cym. That diamond upon your finger, ſay,
How came it yours?

Iach. Thou'lt torture me to leave unſpoken that
Which, to be ſpoke, would torture thee.

Cym. How! me?

Iach. I am glad to be conſtrain'd to utter that which[9]
Torments me to conceal. By villainy
I got this ring; 'twas Leonatus' jewel:
Whom thou didſt baniſh; and (which more may grieve thee,
As it doth me,) a nobler ſir ne'er liv'd

[9] ——*which*—] Mr. Ritſon (and I perfectly agree with him) is of opinion that this pronoun ſhould be omitted, as in elliptical language, on ſimilar occaſions, is often known to have been the caſe. How injurious this ſyllable is to the preſent meaſure, I think no reader of judgment can fail to perceive. STEEVENS.

'Twixt ſky and ground. Wilt thou hear more, my lord?[1]

Cym. All that belongs to this.

Iach. That paragon, thy daughter,—
For whom my heart drops blood, and my falſe ſpirits
Quail to remember,[2]—Give me leave; I faint.

Cym. My daughter! what of her? Renew thy ſtrength:
I had rather thou ſhould'ſt live while nature will,
Than die ere I hear more: ſtrive man, and ſpeak.

Iach. Upon a time, (unhappy was the clock
That ſtruck the hour!) it was in Rome, (accurs'd
The manſion where!) 'twas at a feaſt, (O 'would
Our viands had been poiſon'd! or, at leaſt,
Thoſe which I heav'd to head!) the good Poſthúmus,
(What ſhould I ſay? he was too good, to be
Where ill men were; and was the beſt of all
Among'ſt the rar'ſt of good ones,) ſitting ſadly,
Hearing us praiſe our loves of Italy
For beauty that made barren the ſwell'd boaſt

[1] —— *Wilt thou* hear *more, my lord?* &c.] The metre will become perfectly regular if we read:

'*Twixt ſky and ground. Wilt more, my lord?*
Cym. *All that*
Belongs to this.
Iach. *That paragon, thy daughter,*—.

In elliptical language, ſuch words as—*thou hear*, are frequently omitted; but the players, or tranſcribers, as in former inſtances, were unſatisfied till the metre was deſtroyed by the inſertion of whatever had been purpoſely left out. STEEVENS.

[2] Quail *to remember,*] To *quail* is to ſink into dejection. The word is common to many authors. So, in *The Three Ladies of London*, 1584: "She cannot *quail* me if ſhe come in likeneſs of the great Devil." See Vol. VIII. p. 46, n. 8; and Vol. XI. p. 372, n. 2. STEEVENS.

Of him that beſt could ſpeak: for feature, laming
The ſhrine of Venus, or ſtraight-pight Minerva,
Poſtures beyond brief nature;[3] for condition,
A ſhop of all the qualities that man
Loves woman for; beſides, that hook of wiving,
Fairneſs which ſtrikes the eye:——

Cym. I ſtand on fire:
Come to the matter.

Iach. All too ſoon I ſhall,

[3] ——— *for* feature, *laming*
The ſhrine of Venus, or ſtraight-pight Minerva,
Poſtures beyond brief nature;] *Feature* for proportion of parts, which Mr. Theobald not underſtanding, would alter to *ſtature*:

——— *for feature, laming*
The ſhrine of Venus, or ſtraight-pight Minerva,
Poſtures beyond brief *nature;*——

i. e. the ancient ſtatues of Venus and Minerva, which exceeded, in beauty of exact proportion, any living bodies, the work of *brief nature*; i. e. of haſty, unelaborate nature. He gives the ſame character of the beauty of the antique in *Antony and Cleopatra*:

" O'er picturing *that* Venus where we ſee
" *The fancy outwork nature.*"

It appears, from a number of ſuch paſſages as theſe, that our author was not ignorant of the fine arts. WARBURTON.

I cannot help adding, that paſſages of this kind are but weak proofs that our poet was converſant with what we at preſent call *the fine arts*. The pantheons of his own age (ſeveral of which I have ſeen) afford a moſt minute and particular account of the different degrees of beauty imputed to the different deities; and as Shakſpeare had at leaſt an opportunity of reading Chapman's tranſlation of Homer, the firſt part of which was publiſhed in 1596, with additions in 1598, and entire in 1611, he might have taken theſe ideas from thence, without being at all indebted to his own particular obſervation, or acquaintance with ſtatuary and painting. It is ſurely more for his honour to remark how well he has employed the little knowledge he appears to have had of ſculpture or mythology, than from his frequent alluſions to them to ſuppoſe he was intimately acquainted with either.

STEEVENS.

Unleſs thou would'ſt grieve quickly.—This Poſthúmus,
(Moſt like a noble lord in love, and one
That had a royal lover,) took his hint;
And, not diſpraiſing whom we prais'd, (therein
He was as calm as virtue) he began
His miſtreſs picture; which by his tongue being made,
And then a mind put in't, either our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen trulls, or his deſcription
Prov'd us unſpeaking ſots.

Cym. Nay, nay, to the purpoſe.

Iach. Your daughter's chaſtity—there it begins.
He ſpake of her as Dian[4] had hot dreams,
And ſhe alone were cold: Whereat, I, wretch!
Made ſcruple of his praiſe; and wager'd with him
Pieces of gold, 'gainſt this which then he wore
Upon his honour'd finger, to attain
In ſuit the place of his bed, and win this ring
By hers and mine adultery: he, true knight,
No leſſer of her honour confident
Than I did truly find her, ſtakes this ring;
And would ſo, had it been a carbuncle
Of Phœbus' wheel;[5] and might ſo ſafely, had it
Been all the worth of his car. Away to Britain
Poſt I in this deſign: Well may you, ſir,
Remember me at court, where I was taught
Of your chaſte daughter the wide difference
'Twixt amorous and villainous. Being thus quench'd

[4] ——*as* Dian—] i. e. as if Dian. So, in *The Winter's Tale*: "—he utters them *as* he had eaten ballads." See alſo, Vol. XII. p. 196, n. 9. Malone.

[5] ——*a* carbuncle &c.] So, in *Antony and Cleopatra*:
"He has deſerv'd it, were it *carbuncled*
"Like *Phœbus'* car." Steevens.

Of hope, not longing, mine Italian brain
'Gan in your duller Britain operate
Moſt vilely; for my vantage, excellent;
And, to be brief, my practice ſo prevail'd,
That I return'd with ſimular proof enough
To make the noble Leonatus mad,
By wounding his belief in her renown
With tokens thus, and thus; averring notes[6]
Of chamber-hanging, pictures, this her bracelet,
(O, cunning, how I got it!) nay, ſome marks
Of ſecret on her perſon, that he could not
But think her bond of chaſtity quite crack'd,
I having ta'en the forfeit. Whereupon,—
Methinks, I ſee him now,——

Post. Ay, ſo thou doſt,
[*Coming forward.*
Italian fiend!—Ah me, moſt credulous fool,
Egregious murderer, thief, any thing
That's due to all the villains paſt, in being,
To come!—O, give me cord, or knife, or poiſon,
Some upright juſticer![7] Thou, king, ſend out
For torturers ingenious: it is I

[6] ——*averring notes*—] Such marks of the chamber and pictures, as *averred* or confirmed my report. JOHNSON.

[7] *Some upright* juſticer!] I meet with this antiquated word in *The Tragedy of Darius*, 1603:

" ——————this day,
" Th' eternal *juſticer* ſees through the ſtars."

Again, in *Law Tricks*, &c. 1608:

" No: we muſt have an upright *juſticer*."

Again, in Warner's *Albion's England*, 1602, B. X. ch. liv:

" Precelling his progenitors, a *juſticer* upright."

STEEVENS.

Juſticer is uſed by Shakſpeare thrice in *King Lear*.

HENLEY.

The moſt ancient law books have *juſticers* of the peace, as frequently as *juſtices* of the peace. REED.

That all the abhorred things o'the earth amend,
By being worſe than they. I am Poſthúmus,
That kill'd thy daughter :—villain-like, I lie;
That caus'd a leſſer villain than myſelf,
A ſacrilegious thief, to do't :—the temple
Of virtue was ſhe; yea, and ſhe herſelf.[8]
Spit, and throw ſtones, caſt mire upon me, ſet
The dogs o'the ſtreet to bay me: every villain
Be call'd, Poſthúmus Leonatus; and
Be villainy leſs than 'twas!—O Imogen!
My queen, my life, my wife! O Imogen,
Imogen, Imogen!

Imo. Peace, my lord; hear, hear—

Post. Shall's have a play of this? Thou ſcornful page,
There lie thy part. [*Striking her: ſhe falls.*

Pis. O, gentlemen, help, help
Mine, and your miſtreſs:—O, my lord Poſthúmus!
You ne'er kill'd Imogen till now:—Help, help!—
Mine honour'd lady!

Cym. Does the world go round?

Post. How come theſe ſtaggers[9] on me?

Pis. Wake, my miſtreſs!

Cym. If this be ſo, the gods do mean to ſtrike me
To death with mortal joy.

Pis. How fares my miſtreſs?

Imo. O, get thee from my ſight;
Thou gav'ſt me poiſon: dangerous fellow, hence!
Breathe not where princes are.

[8] —— *and ſhe herſelf.*] That is,—She was not only *the temple of virtue,* but *virtue herſelf.* JOHNSON.

[9] —— *theſe ſtaggers*—] This wild and delirious perturbation. *Staggers* is the horſe's apoplexy. JOHNSON.

Cym. The tune of Imogen!

Pis. Lady,
The gods throw ſtones of ſulphur on me, if
That box I gave you was not thought by me
A precious thing; I had it from the queen.

Cym. New matter ſtill?

Imo. It poiſon'd me.

Cor. O Gods!—
I left out one thing which the queen confeſs'd,
Which muſt approve thee honeſt: If Piſanio
Have, ſaid ſhe, given his miſtreſs that confection
Which I gave him for a cordial, ſhe is ſerv'd
As I would ſerve a rat.

Cym. What's this, Cornelius?

Cor. The queen, ſir, very oft impórtun'd me
To temper poiſons for her; ſtill pretending
The ſatisfaction of her knowledge, only
In killing creatures vile, as cats and dogs
Of no eſteem: I, dreading that her purpoſe
Was of more danger, did compound for her
A certain ſtuff, which, being ta'en, would ceaſe
The preſent power of life; but, in ſhort time,
All offices of nature ſhould again
Do their due functions.—Have you ta'en of it?

Imo. Moſt lik[1] did, for I was dead.

Bel. My boys,
There was our error.

Gui. This is ſure, Fidele.

Imo. Why did you throw your wedded lady from you?
Think, that you are upon a rock;[1] and now

[1] *Think, that you are upon a rock;*] In this ſpeech, or in the anſwer, there is little meaning. I ſuppoſe, ſhe would ſay,—

Throw me again. [*Embracing him.*

Post. Hang there like fruit, my ſoul,
Till the tree die!

Cym. How now, my fleſh, my child?
What, mak'ſt thou me a dullard[2] in this act?
Wilt thou not ſpeak to me?

Imo. Your bleſſing, ſir.
[*Kneeling.*

Bel. Though you did love this youth, I blame ye not;

Conſider ſuch another act as equally fatal to me with precipitation from a rock, and now let me ſee whether you will repeat it.

JOHNSON.

Perhaps only a ſtage direction is wanting to clear this paſſage from obſcurity. Imogen firſt upbraids her huſband for the violent treatment ſhe had juſt experienced; then confident of the return of paſſion which ſhe knew muſt ſucceed to the diſcovery of her innocence, the poet might have meant her to ruſh into his arms, and while ſhe clung about him faſt, to dare him to throw her off a ſecond time, leſt that precipitation ſhould prove as fatal to them both, as if the place where they ſtood had been a rock. To which he replies, *hang there*, i. e. round my neck, till the frame that now ſupports you ſhall decay.

Though the ſpeeches that follow are neceſſary to the complete evolution of our author's plot, the intereſt of the drama may be ſaid to conclude with the re-union of Poſthumus and Imogen:

"——————receptum
"Fœdus, et intrepidos nox conſcia jungit amantes."

In defence of this remark, I may ſubjoin, that both Ariſtarchus, and Ariſtophanes the grammarian, were of opinion that the *Odyſſey* ſhould have concluded when Ulyſſes and Penelope—

"Ἀσπάσιοι λέκτροιο παλαιῆ δεσμὸν ἴκοντο."

STEEVENS

[2] ——*a* dullard.—] In this place means a perſon ſtupidly unconcerned. So, in *Hiſtriomaſtix, or the Player whipt*, 1610:

"What *dullard!* would'ſt thou doat in ruſty art?"

Again, Stanyhurſt in his verſion of the firſt Book of Virgil, 1582:

"We Moores, lyke *dullards*, are not ſo wytles abyding."

STEEVENS.

You had a motive for't.

[*To* GUIDERIUS *and* ARVIRAGUS.

Cym. My tears, that fall,
Prove holy water on thee! Imogen,
Thy mother's dead.

Imo. I am ſorry for't, my lord.

Cym. O, ſhe was naught; and 'long of her it was,
That we meet here ſo ſtrangely: But her ſon
Is gone, we know not how, nor where.

Pis. My lord,
Now fear is from me, I'll ſpeak troth. Lord Cloten,
Upon my lady's miſſing, came to me
With his ſword drawn; foam'd at the mouth, and ſwore,
If I diſcover'd not which way ſhe was gone,
It was my inſtant death: By accident,
I had a feigned letter of my maſter's
Then in my pocket; which directed him [3]
To ſeek her on the mountains near to Milford;
Where, in a frenzy, in my maſter's garments,
Which he inforc'd from me, away he poſts
With unchaſte purpoſe, and with oath to violate
My lady's honour: what became of him,
I further know not.

Gui. Let me end the ſtory:
I ſlew him there.

Cym. Marry, the gods forfend!
I would not thy good deeds ſhould from my lips
Pluck a hard ſentence: pr'ythee, valiant youth,
Deny't again.

Gui. I have ſpoke it, and I did it.

[3] —— *which* directed *him* —] Which led or induced him. MALONE.

Cym. He was a prince.

Gui. A moſt uncivil one: The wrongs he did me
Were nothing prince-like; for he did provoke me
With language that would make me ſpurn the ſea,
If it could ſo roar to me: I cut off's head;
And am right glad, he is not ſtanding here
To tell this tale of mine.

Cym. I am ſorry for thee:[4]
By thine own tongue thou art condemn'd, and muſt
Endure our law: Thou art dead.

Imo. That headleſs man
I thought had been my lord.

Cym. Bind the offender,
And take him from our preſence.

Bel. Stay, ſir king:
This man is better than the man he ſlew,
As well deſcended as thyſelf; and hath
More of thee merited, than a band of Clotens
Had ever ſcar for.—Let his arms alone;
[*To the Guard.*
They were not born for bondage.

Cym. Why, old ſoldier,
Wilt thou undo the worth thou art unpaid for,
By taſting of our wrath?[5] How of deſcent
As good as we?

Arv. In that he ſpake too far.

Cym. And thou ſhalt die for't.

[4] *I am* ſorry *for thee:*] The old copy has—
I am ſorrow *for thee.*
This obvious error of the preſs was corrected in the ſecond folio.
MALONE.

[5] *By* taſting *of our wrath?*] The conſequence is taken for the whole action; *by taſting* is *by forcing us to make thee to taſte.*
JOHNSON

Bel. We will die all three:
But I will prove, that two of us are as good
As I have given out him.—My ſons, I muſt,
For mine own part, unfold a dangerous ſpeech,
Though, haply, well for you.

Arv. Your danger is
Ours.

Gui. And our good his.

Bel. Have at it then.—
By leave;—Thou hadſt, great king, a ſubject, who
Was call'd Belarius.

Cym. What of him? he is
A baniſh'd traitor.

Bel. He it is, that hath
Aſſum'd this age:[6] indeed, a baniſh'd man;
I know not how, a traitor.

Cym. Take him hence;
The whole world ſhall not ſave him.

Bel. Not too hot:
Firſt pay me for the nurſing of thy ſons;
And let it be confiſcate all, ſo ſoon
As I have receiv'd it.

[6] Aſſum'd *this age:*] I believe is the ſame as *reached* or *attained this age.* Steevens.

As there is no reaſon to imagine that Belarius had aſſumed the appearance of being older than he really was, I ſuſpect that inſtead of *age,* we ſhould read *gage*; ſo that he may be underſtood to refer to *the engagement,* which he had entered into, a few lines before, in theſe words:

"We will die all three:
"But I will prove two of us are as good
"As I have given out him." Tyrwhitt.

Aſſum'd *this age,* has a reference to the different appearance which Belarius now makes, in compariſon with that when Cymbeline laſt ſaw him. Henley.

Cym. Nurſing of my ſons?

Bel. I am too blunt, and ſaucy: Here's my knee;
Ere I ariſe, I will prefer my ſons;
Then, ſpare not the old father. Mighty ſir,
Theſe two young gentlemen, that call me father,
And think they are my ſons, are none of mine;
They are the iſſue of your loins, my liege,
And blood of your begetting.

Cym. How! my iſſue?

Bel. So ſure as you your father's. I, old Morgan,
Am that Belarius whom you ſometime baniſh'd:
Your pleaſure was my mere offence,[7] my puniſhment
Itſelf, and all my treaſon; that I ſuffer'd,
Was all the harm I did. Theſe gentle princes
(For ſuch, and ſo they are,) theſe twenty years
Have I train'd up: thoſe arts they have, as I
Could put into them; my breeding was, ſir, as

[7] *Your pleaſure was my* mere *offence*, &c.] [Modern editors *near*.] I think this paſſage may better be read thus:

Your pleaſure was my dear *offence, my puniſhment*
Itſelf, was *all my treaſon; that I ſuffer'd,*
Was all the harm I did.——

The offence which coſt me ſo dear was only your caprice. My ſufferings have been all my crime. JOHNSON.

The reading of the old copies, though corrupt, is generally nearer to the truth than that of the later editions, which, for the moſt part, adopt the orthography of their reſpective ages.

Dr. Johnſon would read—*dear* offence. In the folio it is *neere*; which plainly points out to us the true reading—*meere*, as the word was then ſpelt. TYRWHITT.

My crime, my puniſhment, and all the treaſon that I committed, originated in, and were founded on, your caprice only. MALONE.

I have adopted Mr. Tyrwhitt's very judicious emendation; which is alſo commended by Mr. Malone. STEEVENS.

Your highneſs knows. Their nurſe, Euriphile,
Whom for the theft I wedded, ſtole theſe children
Upon my baniſhment: I mov'd her to't;
Having receiv'd the puniſhment before,
For that which I did then: Beaten for loyalty
Excited me to treaſon: Their dear loſs,
The more of you 'twas felt, the more it ſhap'd
Unto my end of ſtealing them. But, gracious, ſir,
Here are your ſons again; and I muſt loſe
Two of the ſweet'ſt companions in the world:—
The benediction of theſe covering heavens
Fall on their heads like dew! for they are worthy
To inlay heaven with ſtars.[8]

Cym. Thou weep'ſt, and ſpeak'ſt.[9]
The ſervice, that you three have done, is more
Unlike than this thou tell'ſt: I loſt my children;
If theſe be they, I know not how to wiſh
A pair of worthier ſons.

Bel. Be pleas'd a while.—
This gentleman, whom I call Polydore,
Moſt worthy prince, as yours, is true, Guiderius:
This gentleman, my Cadwal, Arvirágus,
Your younger princely ſon; he, ſir, was lapp'd
In a moſt curious mantle, wrought by the hand
Of his queen mother, which, for more probation,

[8] *To inlay* heaven *with* ſtars.] So, in *Romeo and Juliet:*
"Take him and cut him into little *ſtars,*
"And he will make the face of *heaven ſo fine,*" &c.
STEEVENS

[9] *Thou weep'ſt, and ſpeak'ſt.*] "Thy tears give teſtimony to the ſincerity of thy relation; and I have the leſs reaſon to be incredulous, becauſe the actions which you have done within my knowledge are more incredible than the ſtory which you relate." The King reaſons very juſtly. JOHNSON.

I can with eaſe produce.

Cym. Guiderius had
Upon his neck a mole, a ſanguine ſtar;
It was a mark of wonder.

Bel. This is he;
Who hath upon him ſtill that natural ſtamp:
It was wiſe nature's end in the donation,
To be his evidence now.

Cym. O, what am I
A mother to the birth of three? Ne'er mother
Rejoic'd deliverance more:—Bleſs'd may you be,[1]
That, after this ſtrange ſtarting from your orbs,
You may reign in them now!—O Imogen,
Thou haſt loſt by this a kingdom.

Imo. No, my lord;
I have got two worlds by't.—O my gentle brother,
Have we thus met? O never ſay hereafter,
But I am trueſt ſpeaker: you call'd me brother,
When I was but your ſiſter; I you brothers,
When you were ſo indeed.[2]

Cym. Did you e'er meet?

Arv. Ay, my good lord.

[1] —— may *you be,*] The old copy reads—*pray* you be. Steevens.

The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

[2] *When* you *were ſo indeed.*] The folio gives:
When we *were ſo, indeed.*
If this be right, we muſt read:
Imo. *I, you brothers.*
Arv. *When we were ſo, indeed.* Johnson.

The emendation which has been adopted, was made by Mr. Rowe. I am not ſure that it is neceſſary. Shakſpeare in his licentious manner might have meant,—"when we did really ſtand in the relation of brother and ſiſter to each other." Malone.

Gui. And at firſt meeting lov'd;
Continued ſo, until we thought he died.

Cor. By the queen's dram ſhe ſwallow'd.

Cym. O rare inſtinct!
When ſhall I hear all through? This fierce abridgement [3]
Hath to it circumſtantial branches, which
Diſtinction ſhould be rich in.[4]—Where? how liv'd you?
And when came you to ſerve our Roman captive?
How parted with your brothers? how firſt met them?
Why fled you from the court? and whither?[5] Theſe,
And your three motives to the battle,[6] with
I know not how much more, ſhould be demanded;
And all the other by-dependancies.
From chance to chance; but nor the time, nor place,

[3] ——fierce *abridgement*—] *Fierce*, is *vehement, rapid.* JOHNSON.

So, in *Timon of Athens*:
" O, the *fierce* wretchedneſs that glory brings!"
STEEVENS.

See alſo Vol. VII. p. 206, n. 6. MALONE.

[4] ——————*which*
Diſtinction ſhould be rich in.] i. e. which ought to be rendered diſtinct by a liberal amplitude of narrative. STEEVENS.

[5] ——*and* whither?] Old copy—*whether.* The correction was made by Mr. Theobald, who likewiſe reformed the pointing. MALONE.

[6] *And your three* motives *to the battle,*] That is, though ſtrangely expreſſed, the motives of you three for engaging in the battle. So, in *Romeo and Juliet*, " both our remedies," means *the remedy for us both.* M. MASON.

Will ſerve our long intergatories.[7] See,
Poſthúmus anchors upon Imogen;
And ſhe, like harmleſs lightning, throws her eye
On him, her brothers, me, her maſter; hitting
Each object with a joy; the counterchange
Is ſeverally in all. Let's quit this ground,
And ſmoke the temple with our ſacrifices.—
Thou art my brother; So we'll hold thee ever.
[*To* BELARIUS.

Imo. You are my father too; and did relieve me,
To ſee this gracious ſeaſon.

Cym. All o'erjoy'd,
Save theſe in bonds; let them be joyful too,
For they ſhall taſte our comfort.

Imo My good maſter,
I will yet do you ſervice.

Luc. Happy be you!

Cym. The forlorn ſoldier, that ſo nobly fought,
He would have well becom'd this place, and grac'd
The thankings of a king.

Post. I am, ſir,
The ſoldier that did company theſe three
In poor beſeeming; 'twas a fitment for

[7] *Will ſerve* our *long* intergatories.] So the firſt folio. Later editors have omitted *our*, for the ſake of the metre, I ſuppoſe; but unneceſſarily; as *interrogatory* is uſed by Shakſpeare as a word of five ſyllables. See *The Merchant of Venice* near the end, where in the old edition it is written *intergatory*.
TYRWHITT.

See alſo Vol. VIII. p. 357, n. 4. I believe this word was generally uſed as one of five ſyllables in our author's time. To the proofs already adduced may be added the following from *Novella*, by Brome, Act II. ſc. i:

" ——Then you muſt anſwer
" To theſe *intergatories*." REED.

The purpoſe I then follow'd;—That I was he,
Speak, Iachimo; I had you down, and might
Have made you finiſh.

Iach. I am down again:
[*Kneeling.*
But now my heavy conſcience ſinks my knee,
As then your force did. Take that life, 'beſeech you,
Which I ſo often owe: but, your ring firſt;
And here the bracelet of the trueſt princeſs,
That ever ſwore her faith.

Post. Kneel not to me;
The power that I have on you, is to ſpare you;
The malice towards you, to forgive you: Live,
And deal with others better.

Cym. Nobly doom'd:
We'll learn our freeneſs of a ſon-in-law;
Pardon's the word to all.

Arv. You holp us, ſir,
As you did mean indeed to be our brother;
Joy'd are we, that you are.

Post. Your ſervant, princes.—Good my lord of Rome,
Call forth your ſoothſayer: As I ſlept, methought,
Great Jupiter, upon his eagle back,
Appear'd to me, with other ſpritely ſhows[8]
Of mine own kindred: when I wak'd, I found
This label on my boſom; whoſe containing
Is ſo from ſenſe in hardneſs, that I can
Make no collection of it;[9] let him ſhow

[8] ——ſpritely *ſhows*—] Are groups of ſprites, ghoſtly appearances. Steevens.

[9] *Make no* collection *of it:*] A collection is a corollary, a con-

His ſkill in the conſtruction.

Luc. Philarmonus,——

Sooth. Here, my good lord.

Luc. Read, and declare the meaning.

Sooth. [Reads.] *When as a lion's whelp ſhall, to himſelf unknown, without ſeeking find, and be embraced by a piece of tender air; and when from a ſtately cedar ſhall be lopped branches, which, being dead many years ſhall after revive, be jointed to the old ſtock, and freſhly grow; then ſhall* Poſthumus *end his miſeries,* Britain *be fortunate, and flouriſh in peace and plenty.*

Thou, Leonatus, art the lion's whelp;
The fit and apt conſtruction of thy name,
Being Leo-natus, doth import ſo much:
The piece of tender air, thy virtuous daughter,
[*To* Cymbeline.
Which we call *mollis aer*; and *mollis aer*
We term it *mulier:* which *mulier* I divine,
Is this moſt conſtant wife; who, even now,
Anſwering the letter of the oracle,

ſequence deduced from premiſes. So, in Sir John Davies's poem on *The Immortality of the Soul:*

" When ſhe, from ſundry arts, one ſkill doth draw;
" Gath'ring from divers ſights, one act of war;
" From many caſes like, one rule of law:
" Theſe her *collections,* not the ſenſes are."

Steevens.

So, the Queen ſays to Hamlet:

" —— Her ſpeech is nothing,
" Yet the unſhaped uſe of it doth move
" The hearers to *collection.*"

Yet hoſe containing means, the *contents of which.*

M. Mason.

Unknown to you, unſought, were clipp'd about
With this moſt tender air.

Cym. This hath ſome ſeeming.

Sooth. The lofty cedar, royal Cymbeline,
Perſonates thee: and thy lopp'd branches point
Thy two ſons forth: who, by Belarius ſtolen,
For many years thought dead, are now reviv'd,
To the majeſtick cedar join'd; whoſe iſſue
Promiſes Britain peace and plenty.

Cym. Well,
My peace we will begin:[1]—And, Caius Lucius,
Although the victor, we ſubmit to Cæſar,
And to the Roman empire; promiſing
To pay our wonted tribute, from the which
We were diſſuaded by our wicked queen;
Whom heavens, in juſtice, (both on her, and hers,)
Have laid moſt heavy hand.[2]

[1] My *peace we will begin*:] I think it better to read:
By *peace we will begin*. JOHNSON.

I have no doubt but Johnſon's amendment is right. The Soothſayer ſays, that the label promiſed to Britain "*peace* and plenty." To which Cymbeline replies: "We will begin *with peace*, to fulfil the prophecy." M. MASON.

[2] Whom *heavens, in juſtice, (both on her, and hers,)*
Have laid moſt heavy hand.] i. e. have laid moſt heavy hand *on*. Thus the old copy, and thus Shakſpeare certainly wrote, many ſuch elliptical expreſſions being found in his works. So, in *The Rape of Lucrece*:

"Only he hath an eye to gaze on beauty,
"And dotes on *whom* he looks [*on*], 'gainſt law and duty."

Again, in *King Richard III*:

"Men ſhall deal unadviſedly ſometimes,
"*Which* after hours give leiſure to repent [*of*]."

Again, in *The Winter's Tale*:

Sooth. The fingers of the powers above do tune
The harmony of this peace. The viſion
Which I made known to Lucius, ere the ſtroke
Of this yet ſcarce-cold battle,[3] at this inſtant
Is full accompliſh'd: For the Roman eagle,
From ſouth to weſt on wing ſoaring aloft,
Leſſen'd herſelf, and in the beams o'the ſun
So vaniſh'd: which foreſhow'd our princely eagle,
The imperial Cæſar, ſhould again unite
His favour with the radiant Cymbeline,
Which ſhines here in the weſt.

Cym. Laud we the gods;
And let our crooked ſmokes climb to their noſtrils
From our bleſs'd altars! Publiſh we this peace
To all our ſubjects. Set we forward: Let
A Roman and a Britiſh enſign wave
Friendly together: ſo through Lud's town march:
And in the temple of great Jupiter

"——even as bad as thoſe,
"That vulgars give boldeſt titles [*to*]."

Again, *ibidem:*

"——The queen is ſpotleſs
"In that *which* you accuſe her [*of*]."

Again, in *King Henry VIII:*

"——*whoever* the king removes,
"The cardinal inſtantly will find employment [*for*]."

Again, in *Othello:*

"*What* conjurations and what mighty magick
"I won his daughter [*with*]."

Mr. Pope, inſtead of the lines in the text, ſubſtituted—

On whom heaven's juſtice (both on her and hers)
Hath lay'd moſt heavy hand.

and this capricious alteration was adopted by all the ſubſequent editors. Malone.

[3] ——this yet *ſcarce-cold battle,*] Old copy—*yet this* &c. The correction was made by Mr. Rowe. Malone.

Our peace we'll ratify; ſeal it with feaſts.—
Set on there :—Never was a war did ceaſe,
Ere bloody hands were waſh'd, with ſuch a peace.
[*Exeunt.*[4]

[4] This play has many juſt ſentiments, ſome natural dialogues, and ſome pleaſing ſcenes, but they are obtained at the expence of much incongruity. To remark the folly of the fiction, the abſurdity of the conduct, the confuſion of the names, and manners of different times, and the impoſſibility of the events in any ſyſtem of life, were to waſte criticiſm upon unreſiſting imbecility, upon faults too evident for detection, and too groſs for aggravation. JOHNSON.

A book entitled *Weſtward for Smelts, or the Waterman's Fare of mad Merry Weſtern Wenches, whoſe Tongues albeit, like Bell-clappers, they never leave ringing, yet their Tales are ſweet, and will much content you: Written by kinde Kitt of Kingſtone,*—was publiſhed at London in 1603; and again, in 1620. To the ſecond tale in that volume Shakſpeare ſeems to have been indebted for two or three of the circumſtances of *Cymbeline.* [See p. 400.] It is told by the Fiſhwife of *Stand on the Green,* and is as follows:

"*In the* troubleſome raigne of king Henry the Sixt, there dwelt in Waltam (not farre from London) a gentleman, which had to wife a creature moſt beautifull, ſo that in her time there were few found that matched her, none at all that excelled her; ſo excellent were the gifts that nature had beſtowed on her. In body was ſhe not onely ſo rare and unparaleled, but alſo in her gifts of minde, ſo that in this creature it ſeemed that Grace and Nature ſtrove who ſhould excell each other in their gifts toward her. The gentleman, her huſband, thought himſelfe ſo happy in his choiſe, that he believed, in chooſing her, he had tooke holde of that bleſſing which Heaven proffereth every man once in his life. Long did not this opinion hold for currant; for in his height of love he began ſo to hate her, that he ſought her death: the cauſe I will tell you.

"Having buſineſſe one day to London, he tooke his leave very kindly of his wife, and, accompanied with one man, he rode to London: being toward night, he tooke up his inne, and to be

briefe, he went to ſupper amongſt other gentlemen. Amongſt other talke at table, one tooke occaſion to ſpeake of women, and what excellent creatures they were, ſo long as they continued loyal to man. To whom anſwered one, ſaying, This is truth, ſir; ſo is the divell good ſo long as he doth no harme, which is meaner: his goodneſs and women's loyaltie will come both in one yeere; but it is ſo farre off, that none in this age ſhall live to ſee it.

"This gentleman loving his wife dearely, and knowing her to be free from this uncivill generall taxation of women, in her behalf, ſaid, Sir, you are too bitter againſt the ſexe of women, and doe ill, for ſome one's ſake that hath proved falſe to you, to taxe the generalitie of women-kinde with lightneſſe; and but I would not be counted uncivill amongſt theſe gentlemen, I would give you the reply that approved untruth deſerveth:—you know my meaning, ſir; conſtrue my words as you pleaſe. Excuſe me, gentlemen, if I be uncivil; I anſwere in the behalfe of one who is as free from diſloyaltie as is the ſunne from darknes, or the fire from cold. Pray, ſir, ſaid the other, ſince wee are oppoſite in opinions, let us rather talke like lawyers, that wee may be quickly friends againe, than like ſouldiers, which end their words with blowes. Perhaps this woman that you anſwere for, is chaſte, but yet againſt her will; for many women are honeſt, 'cauſe they have not the meanes and opportunitie to be diſhoneſt; ſo is a thief true in priſon, becauſe he hath nothing to ſteale. Had I but opportunitie and knew this ſame ſaint you ſo adore, I would pawne my life and whole eſtate, in a ſhort while to bring you ſome manifeſt token of her diſloyaltie. Sir, you are yong in the knowledge of women's ſlights; your want of experience makes you too credulous: therefore be not abuſed. This ſpeech of his made the gentleman more out of patience than before, ſo that with much adoe he held himſelfe from offering violence; but his anger being a little over, he ſaid,—Sir, I doe verily beleeve that this vaine ſpeech of yours proceedeth rather from a looſe and ill-manner'd minde, than of any experience you have had of women's looſeneſs: and ſince you think yourſelfe ſo cunning in that diveliſh art of corrupting women's chaſtitie, I will lay down heere a hundred pounds, againſt which you ſhall lay fifty pounds, and before theſe gentlemen I promiſe you, if that within a month's ſpace you bring me any token of this gentlewoman's diſloyaltie, (for whoſe ſake I have ſpoken in the behalfe of all women,) I doe freely give you leave to injoy the ſame; conditionally, you not performing it, I may enjoy your money. If that it be a match, ſpeake, and I will acquaint you where ſhe dwelleth: and beſides I vow, as I am a gentleman, not to give her notice of any ſuch intent that is toward her. Sir, quoth the man, your proffer is faire, and I accept the ſame. So the money

was delivered in the oaſt of the houſe his hands, and the ſitters by were witneſſes; ſo drinking together like friends, they went every man to his chamber. The next day this man, having knowledge of the place, rid thither, leaving the gentleman at the inne, who being aſſured of his wife's chaſtitie, made no other account but to winne the wager; but it fell out otherwiſe: for the other vowed either by force, policie, or free will, to get ſome jewell or other toy from her, which was enough to perſuade the gentleman that he was a cuckold, and win the wager he had laid. This villaine (for he deſerved no better ſtile) lay at Waltam a whole day before he came at the ſight of her; at laſt he eſpied her in the fields, to whom he went, and kiſſed her (a thing no modeſt woman can deny); after his ſalutation, he ſaid, Gentlewoman, I pray, pardon me, if I have beene too bold: I was intreated by your huſband, which is at London, (I riding this way) to come and ſee you; by me he hath ſent his commends to you, with a kind intreat that you would not be diſcontented for his long abſence, it being ſerious buſineſs that keepes him from your ſight. The gentlewoman very modeſtlie bade him welcome, thanking him for his kindnes; withall telling him that her huſband might command her patience ſo long as he pleaſed. Then intreated ſhee him to walke homeward, where ſhe gave him ſuch entertainment as was fit for a gentleman, and her huſband's friend.

"In the time of his abiding at her houſe, he oft would have ſingled her in private talke, but ſhe perceiving the ſame, (knowing it to be a thing not fitting a modeſt woman,) would never come to his ſight but at meales, and then were there ſo many at boord, that it was no time for to talke of love-matters: therefore he ſaw he muſt accompliſh his deſire ſome other way; which he did in this manner. He having laine two nights at her houſe, and perceiving her to be free from luſtful deſires, the third night he fained himſelf to bee ſomething ill, and ſo went to bed timelier than he was wont. When he was alone in his chamber, he began to thinke with himſelfe that it was now time to do that which he determined: for if he tarried any longer, they might have cauſe to think that he came for ſome ill intent, and waited opportunity to execute the ſame. With this reſolution he went to her chambre, which was but a paire of ſtaires from his, and finding the doore open, he went in, placing himſelf under the bed. Long had he not lyne there, but in came the gentlewoman with her maiden; who, having been at prayers with her houſhold, was going to bed. She preparing herſelf to bedward, laid her head-tyre and thoſe jewels ſhe wore, on a little table thereby: at length he perceived her to put off a little crucifix of gold, which daily ſhe wore next to her heart; this jewell he thought fitteſt for his turne, and therefore obſerved where ſhe did lay the ſame.

" At length the gentlewoman, being untyred her ſelfe, went to bed; her maid then bolting of the doore, took the candle, and went to bed in a withdrawing roome, onely ſeparated with arras. This villaine lay ſtill under the bed, liſtening if hee could heare that the gentlewoman ſlept: at length he might hear her draw her breath long; then thought he all ſure, and like a cunning villaine roſe without noiſe, going ſtraight to the table, where finding of the crucifix, he lightly went to the doore, which he cunningly unbolted: all this performed he with ſo little noiſe, that neither the miſtreſs nor the maid heard him. Having gotten into his chamber, he wiſhed for day that he might carry this jewell to her huſband, as ſigne of his wife's diſloyaltie; but ſeeing his wiſhes but in vaine, he laid him downe to ſleepe: happy had ſhe beene, had his bed proved his grave.

" In the morning ſo ſoon as the folkes were ſtirring, he roſe and went to the horſe-keeper, praying him to helpe him to his horſe, telling him that he had tooke his leave of his miſtris the laſt night. Mounting his horſe, away rode he to London, leaving the gentlewoman in bed; who, when ſhe roſe, attiring herſelf haſtily, ('cauſe one tarried to ſpeak with her,) miſſed not her crucifix. So, paſſed ſhe the time away, as ſhe was wont other dayes to doe, no whit troubled in minde, though much ſorrow was toward her; onely ſhe ſeemed a little diſcontented that her gheſt went away ſo unmannerly, ſhe uſing him ſo kindely. So leaving her, I will ſpeake of him, who the next morning was betimes at London; and coming to the inne, he aſked for the gentleman who was then in bed, but he quickly came downe to him; who ſeeing him returned ſo ſuddenly, hee thought hee came to have leave to releaſe himſelfe of his wager; but this chanced otherwiſe, for having ſaluted him, he ſaid in this manner:—Sir, did not I tell you that you were too young in experience of woman's ſubtilties, and that no woman was longer good than till ſhe had cauſe, or time to do ill? This you believed not; and thought it a thing ſo unlikely, that you have given me a hundred pounds for the knowledge of it. In brief, know, your wife is a woman, and therefore a wanton, a changeling:—to confirm that I ſpeake, ſee heere (ſhewing him the crucifix;) know you this? If this be not ſufficient proofe, I will fetch you more.

" At the ſight of this, his blood left his face; running to comfort his faint heart, which was ready to breake at the ſight of this crucifix, which he knew ſhe alwayes wore next her heart; and therefore he muſt (as he thought) goe ſomething neere, which ſtole ſo private a jewell. But remembering himſelfe, he cheeres his ſpirits, ſeeing that was ſufficient proofe, and he had wonne the wager, which he commanded ſhould be given to him.

Thus was the poore gentleman abuſed, who went into his chamber and being weary of this world, (ſeeing where he had put his only truſt he was deceived,) he was minded to fall upon his ſword, and ſo end all his miſeries at once: but his better genius perſuaded him contrary, and not ſo, by laying violent hand on himſelfe, to leap into the divel's mouth. Thus being in many mindes, but reſolving no one thing, at laſt he concluded to puniſh her with death, which had deceived his truſt, and himſelfe utterly to forſake his houſe and lands, and follow the fortunes of king Henry. To this intent, he called his man, to whom he ſaid,—George, thou knoweſt I have ever held thee deare, making more account of thee than thy other fellowes; and thou haſt often told me that thou diddeſt owe thy life to me, which at any time thou wouldeſt be ready to render up to doe me good. True, ſir, anſwered his man, I ſaid no more then, than I will now at any time, whenſoever you pleaſe, performe. I believe thee, George, replyed he; but there is no ſuch need: I onely would have thee do a thing for me, in which is no great danger; yet the profit which thou ſhalt have thereby ſhall amount to my wealth. For the love that thou beareſt to me, and for thy own good, wilt thou do this? Sir, anſwered George, more for your love than any reward, I will doe it, (and yet money makes men valiant,) pray tell me what it is? George, ſaid his maſter, this it is; thou muſt goe home, praying thy miſtreſs to meet me halfe the way to London; but having her by the way, in ſome private place kill her; I mean as I ſpeake, kill her, I ſay: this is my command, which thou haſt promiſed to performe; which if thou performeſt not, I vow to kill thee the next time thou comeſt in my ſight. Now for thy reward, it ſhall be this.—Take my ring, and when thou haſt done my command, by virtue of it, doe thou aſſume my place till my returne, at which time thou ſhalt know what my reward is; till then govern my whole eſtate, and for thy miſtreſs' abſence and my own, make what excuſe thou pleaſe; ſo be gone. Well, ſir, ſaid George, ſince it is your will, though unwilling I am to do it, yet I will perform it. So went he his way toward Waltam; and his maſter preſently rid to the court, where hee abode with king Henry, who a little before was inlarged by the earl of Warwicke, and placed in the throne again.

"George being come to Waltam, did his duty to his miſtris, who wondered to ſee him, and not her huſband, for whom ſhe demanded of George; he anſwered her, that he was at Enfield, and did requeſt her to meet him there. To which ſhee willingly agreed, and preſently rode with him toward Enfield. At length, they being come into a by-way, George began to ſpeake to her in this manner: Miſtris, I pray you tell me, what that wife de-

ſerves, who through ſome lewd behaviour of hers hath made her huſband to neglect his eſtates, and meanes of life, ſeeking by all meanes to dye, that he might be free from the ſhame which her wickedneſſe hath purchaſed him? Why George, quoth ſhee, haſt thou met with ſome ſuch creature? Be it whomſoever, might I be her judge, I thinke her worthy of death. How thinkeſt thou? 'Faith miſtris, ſaid he I think ſo to, and am ſo fully perſuaded that her offence deſerves that puniſhment, that I purpoſe to be executioner to ſuch a one myſelfe: Miſtris, you are this woman; you have ſo offended my maſter, (you know beſt, how, yourſelfe,) that he hath left his houſe, vowing never to ſee the ſame till you be dead, and I am the man appointed by him to kill you. Therefore thoſe words which you mean to utter, ſpeake them preſently, for I cannot ſtay. Poor gentlewoman, at the report of theſe unkinde words (ill deſerved at her hands) ſhe looked as one dead, and uttering aboundance of teares, ſhe at laſt ſpake theſe words: And can it be, that my kindneſs and loving obedience hath merited no other reward at his hands than death? It cannot be. I know thou only tryeſt me, how patiently I would endure ſuch an unjuſt command. I'le tell thee heere, thus with body proſtrate on the earth, and hands lift up to heaven, I would pray for his preſervation; thoſe ſhould be my worſt words: for death's fearful viſage ſhewes pleaſant to that ſoule that is innocent. Why then prepare yourſelfe, ſaid George, for by heaven I doe not jeſt. With that ſhe prayed him ſtay, ſaying,—And is it ſo? Then what ſhould I deſire to live, having loſt his favour (and without offence) whom I ſo dearly loved, and in whoſe ſight my happineſſe did conſiſt? Come, let me die. Yet George, let me have ſo much favour at thy hands, as to commend me in theſe few words to him: Tell him, my death I willingly imbrace, for I have owed him my life (yet no otherwiſe but by a wife's obedience) ever ſince I called him huſband; but that I am guilty of the leaſt fault toward him, I utterly deny; and doe, at this hour of my death, deſire that Heaven would pour down vengeance upon me, if ever I offended him in thought. Intreat him that he would not ſpeake aught that were ill on mee, when I am dead, for in good troth I have deſerved none. 'Pray Heaven bleſſe him; I am prepared now, ſtrike pr'ythee home, and kill me and my griefes at once.

" George, ſeeing this, could not with-hold himſelfe from ſhedding teares, and with pitie he let fall his ſword, ſaying,—Miſtris, that I have uſed you ſo roughly, pray pardon me, for I was commanded ſo by my maſter, who hath vowed, if I let you live, to kill me. But I being perſwaded that you are innocent, I will rather undergoe the danger of his wrath than to ſtaine my hands with the bloud of your cleere and ſpotleſſe breſt: yet let me in-

treat you ſo much, that you would not come in his ſight, leſt in his rage he turne your butcher, but live in ſome diſguiſe, till time have opened the cauſe of his miſtruſt, and ſhewed you guiltleſs; which, I hope, will not be long.

"To this ſhe willingly granted, being loth to die cauſeleſſe, and thanked him for his kindneſſe; ſo parted they both, having teares in their eyes. George went home, where he ſhewed his maſter's ring, for the government of the houſe till his maſter and miſtris returne, which he ſaid lived a while at London, 'cauſe the time was ſo troubleſome, and that was a place where they were more ſecure than in the country. This his fellowes believed, and were obedient to his will; amongſt whom he uſed himſelfe ſo kindely that he had all their loves. This poore gentlewoman (miſtris of the houſe) in ſhort time got man's apparell for her diſguiſe; ſo wandered ſhe up and downe the countrey, for ſhe could get no ſervice, becauſe the time was ſo dangerous that no man knew whom he might truſt: onely ſhe maintained herſelfe with the price of thoſe jewels which ſhe had, all which ſhe ſold. At the laſt, being quite out of money, and having nothing left (which ſhe could well ſpare) to make money of, ſhe reſolved rather to ſtarve than ſo much to debaſe herſelfe to become a beggar. With this reſolution ſhe went to a ſolitary place beſide Yorke, where ſhe lived the ſpace of two dayes on hearbs, and ſuch things as ſhe could there finde.

"In this time it chanced that king Edward, being come out of France, and lying thereabout with the ſmall forces hee had, came that way with ſome two or three noblemen, with an intent to diſcover if any ambuſhes were laid to take them at an advantage. He ſeeing there this gentlewoman, whom he ſuppoſed to be a boy, aſked her what ſhe was, and what ſhe made there in that private place? To whom ſhee very wiſely and modeſtly withall, anſwered, that ſhe was a poore boy, whoſe bringing up had bin better than her outward parts then ſhewed, but at that time ſhe was both friendleſſe and comfortleſſe, by reaſon of the late warre. He beeing moved to ſee one ſo well featured as ſhe was, to want, entertained her for one of his pages: to whom ſhe ſhewed herſelf ſo dutifull and loving, that in ſhort time ſhe had his love above all her fellows. Still followed ſhe the fortunes of K. Edward, hoping at laſt (as not long after it did fall out) to be reconciled to her huſband.

"After the battell at Barnet, where K. Edward got the beſt, ſhe going up and downe amongſt the ſlaine men, to know whether her huſband, which was on K. Henrie's ſide, was dead or eſcaped, happened to ſee the other who had been her gheſt, lying there for dead. She remembring him, and thinking him to be one whom her huſband loved, went to him, and finding

him not dead, ſhe cauſed one to helpe her with him to a houſe there-by; where opening his breſt to dreſſe his wounds, ſhe eſpied her crucifix, at ſight of which her heart was joyfull, hoping by this to find him that was the originall of her diſgrace: for ſhe remembring herſelfe, found that ſhe had loſt that crucifix ever ſince that morning he departed from her houſe ſo ſuddenly. But ſaying nothing of it at that time, ſhe cauſed him to be carefully looked unto, and brought up to London after her, whither ſhe went with the king, carrying the crucifix with her.

"On a time, when he was a little recovered, ſhe went to him, giving him the crucifix which ſhe had taken from about his necke; to whom he ſaid, 'Good gentle youth, keep the ſame; for now in my miſery of ſicknes, when the ſight of that picture ſhould be moſt comfortable, it is to me moſt uncomfortable; and breedeth ſuch horrour in my conſcience, when I think how wrongfully I got the ſame, that long as I ſee it I ſhall never be at reſt.' Now knew ſhe that he was the man that cauſed the ſeparation 'twixt her huſband and her ſelfe; yet ſaid ſhe nothing, uſing him as reſpectively as ſhe had before: onely ſhe cauſed the man in whoſe houſe he lay, to remember the words he had ſpoken concerning the crucifix. Not long after, ſhe being alone, attending on the king, beſeeched his grace to do her juſtice on a villain that had bin the cauſe of all the miſery ſhe had ſuffered. He loving her above all his other pages, moſt dearly, ſaid, 'Edmund (for ſo had ſhe named herſelf,) thou ſhalt have what right thou wilt on thy enemy; cauſe him to be ſent for, and I will be thy judge my ſelfe.' She being glad of this, with the king's authority ſent for her huſband, whom ſhe heard was one of the priſoners that was taken at the battle of Barnet; the appointing the other, now recovered, to be at the court at the ſame time. They being both come, but not one ſeeing of the other, the king ſent for the wounded man into the preſence; before whom the page aſked him how he came by the crucifix. He fearing that his villainy would come forth, denyed the words he had ſaid before his oaſt, affirming he bought it. With that, ſhe called in the oaſt of the houſe where he lay, bidding him boldly ſpeake what he had heard this man ſay concerning the crucifix. The oaſt then told the king, that in the preſence of this page he heard him intreat that the crucifix might be taken from his ſight, for it did wound his conſcience, to thinke how wrongfully he had gotten the ſame. Theſe words did the page averre; yet he utterly denyed the ſame, affirming that he bought it, and if that he did ſpeake ſuch words in his ſickneſſe, they proceeded from the lightneſſe of his braine, and were untruthes.

"She ſeeing this villain's impudency, ſent for her huſband in, to whom ſhe ſhewed the crucifix, ſaying, Sir, doe you know

When howling winds, and beating rain,
In tempeſts ſhake the ſylvan cell;
Or midſt the chace on every plain,
The tender thought on thee ſhall dwell.

Each lonely ſcene ſhall thee reſtore;
For thee the tear be duly ſhed:
Belov'd, till life could charm no more;
And mourn'd till pity's ſelf be dead.

END OF VOL. XVIII.

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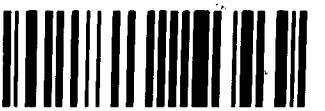
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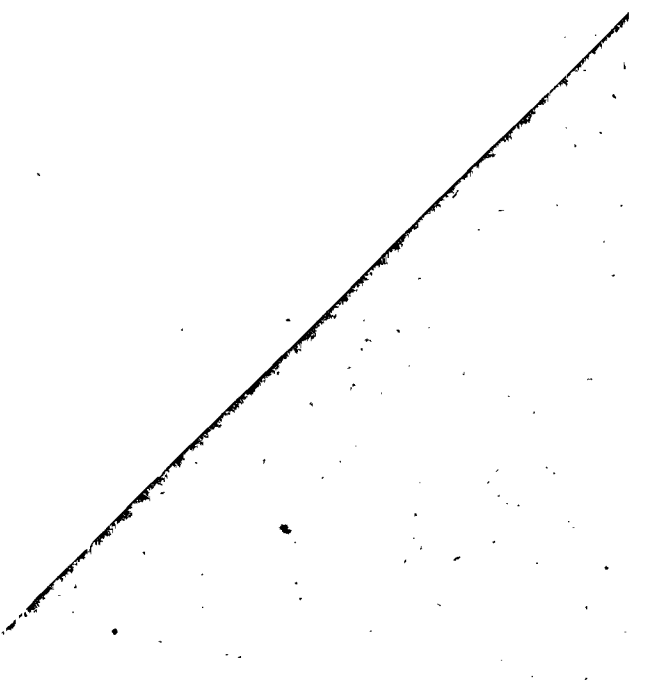

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